WEEK
ENDING
MAR. 14, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybo

OVER
2,500,000
AVERAGE
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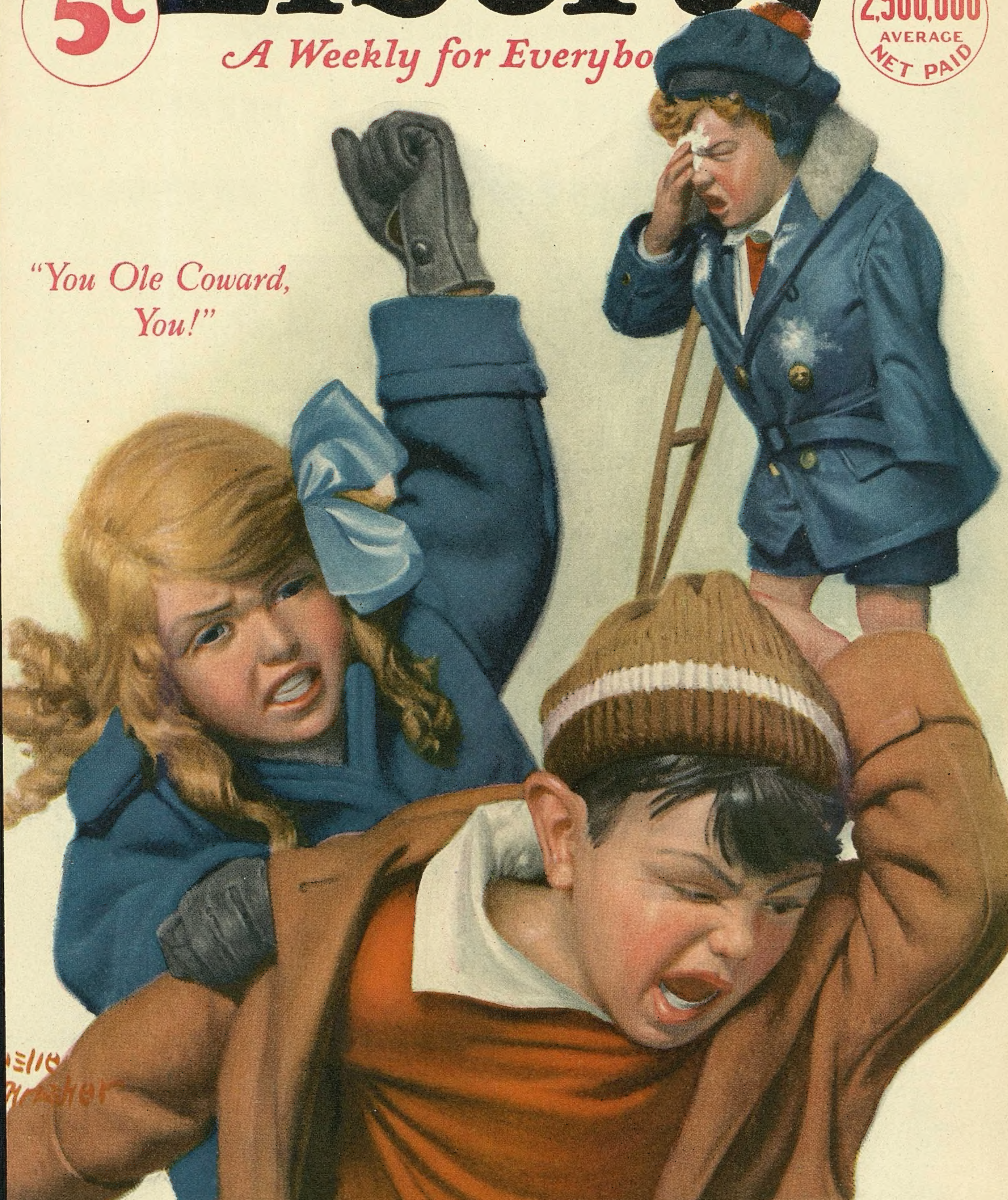


"You Ole Coward,
You!"

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW ~ **MARCUS KAVANAGH** ~ **REX BEACH** ~ **ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS** ~ **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

A letter from Oklahoma brought me this complexion news

I *do* get the warmest, friendliest, most interesting letters in answer to these Camay articles of mine.

Just this minute one came from Holdenville, Oklahoma. And it's such a *very* nice letter that I want to read snatches of it to all of you. After telling me that she started using Camay on the advice of a friend whose lovely, clear skin she had always envied, the writer says:

"You see, I am indoors and outdoors, in the sun and the dry prairie wind, and in the steamy kitchen. So it is a real problem to find a soap that will keep my skin clean and not dry it out too much.

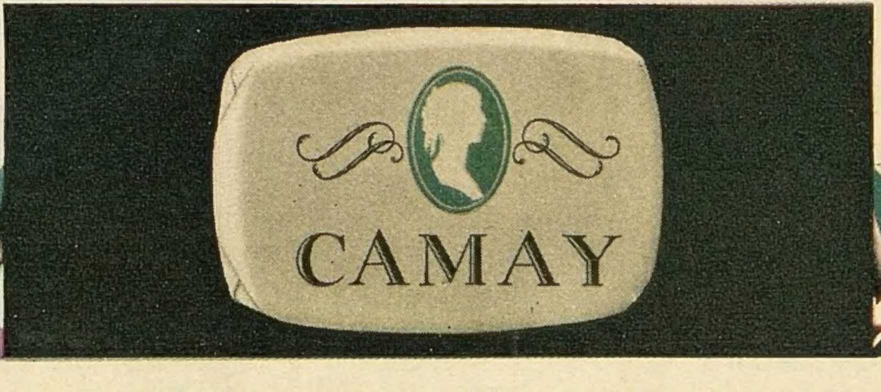
"I don't care for 'perfume-y' soaps, but the delicate flower-scent of Camay is really most pleasing. I like Camay because it is pure and mild, and because it gives that delightful, dainty cleanliness that I love. In fact, I *like* Camay!"

And she adds: "Our whole family like Camay as well as I do. It is free-lathering, but hard-milled, so it is economical for the children (who belong to the Ancient and Honorable Order of Soap-Soakers) to use."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered about Camay is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of feminine complexions.

If you've read my earlier Camay articles, you'll remember that these physicians gave Camay their unanimous approval as an unusually mild soap—the right kind for even the most delicate complexions.



Those of us who have made our own discovery that Camay is the perfect soap for our complexions are highly pleased, I know, to have such authorities agree with us!

And those of you who have yet to make this important complexion discovery can feel equally important when you join *your* enthusiasm to the first scientific approval any soap ever had in all history!

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M. D.

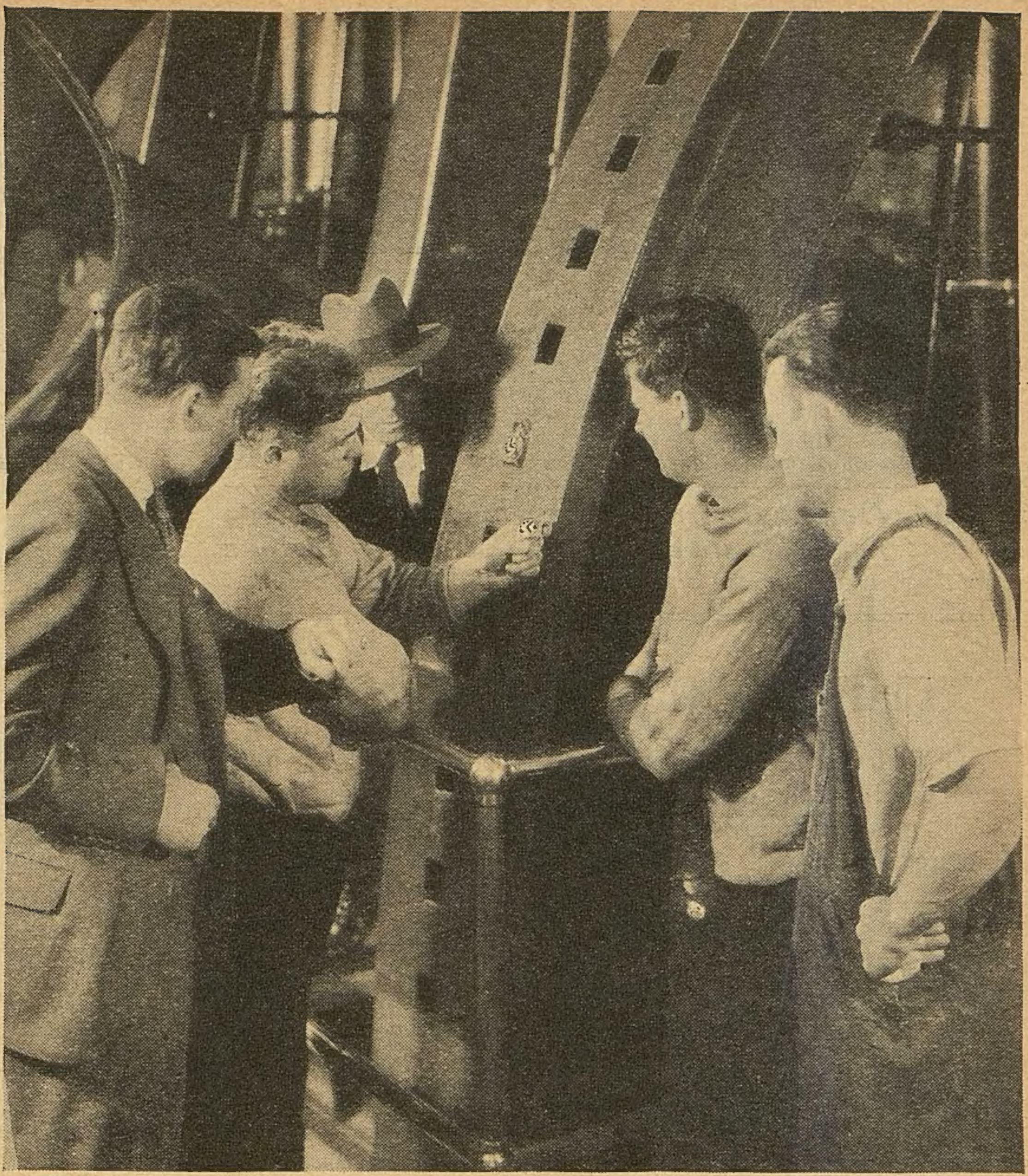
(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-31, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10¢ A CAKE

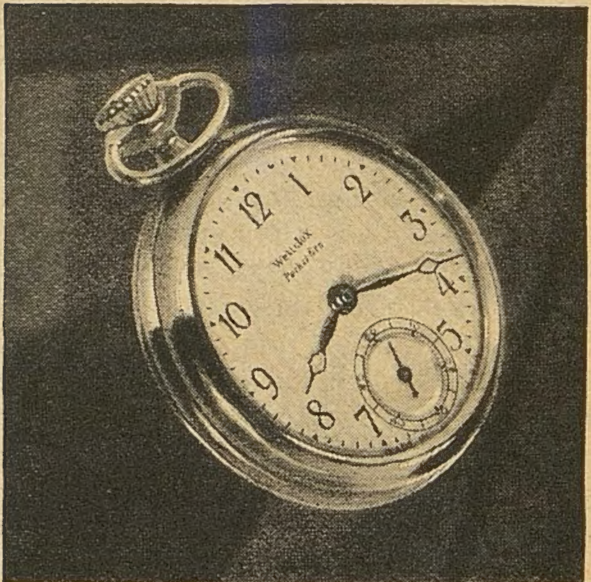
11:14 A. M. The engineers of the Pumping Station gather about as the great flywheel is brought to a stop after Pocket Ben's more than 20 hour ride on the rim. They find the little watch still running—and on time to the dot!



POCKET BEN RIDES 20 HOURS

On the Rim of Giant Flywheel

—and still keeps accurate time!



Pocket Ben, $1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

A handsome watch—and a sturdy one, although no other low-priced watch is smaller or thinner than Pocket Ben. He comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed, and is a member of the Westclox family of LaSalle, Illinois, makers of the famous Big Ben.

POCKET BEN, already famous for his capacity for taking punishment, has once more proven his extraordinary stamina—this time by riding the rim of a giant flywheel for twenty hours.

For this "stunt," a large Chicago municipal Pumping Station was selected. Chief Operating Engineer, John M. Golden, brought one of his 545 horse power pumping engines to a stop just long enough to fasten Pocket Ben to the rim of the 22½ foot flywheel. Then, with his hands pointing to 3:12 P. M., Pocket Ben began his 20 hour ride.

Hour after hour with never a stop—on through the night and into the next morning—Pocket Ben turned somersault after somersault on the tremendous wheel—in all, more than 24,000 revolutions. And at 11:14 A. M.—with the engineers of the Pumping Station gathered about to see the result of the test—the steam engine was again shut down long enough to free the little watch from the wheel. To everyone's astonishment, Pocket Ben was still ticking away with his usual steady beat! And, despite his long, better than 20 hour ride, his hands pointed to exactly 11:14!

More than ever, now, Pocket Ben deserves to be called the "shock-proof watch." Those thousands who own a Pocket Ben know they can depend upon him to be always on the job, on the dot—whether he is with men working forty floors above the street building skyscrapers, or moving about in polite drawing rooms—whether he's taken on hunting or fishing jaunts, or carried by boys on scouting trips.

Westclox . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . ALARMS . . . AUTO CLOCKS

POCKET BEN

MARCH 14, 1931

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 8 No. 11

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE BONUS QUESTION

Out of the recent discussion of the veterans' bonus, and the various ideas advanced as to what should or should not be done about it, certain general principles emerge which seem worth discussing.

The question, of course, was to what extent, if any, insurance policies which fall due in 1945 should be cashed immediately for the veterans. Some said nothing of the sort should be done. Some urged cash payments now of the entire amounts involved. And in between, many suggestions were made for fractional "loans" of one kind and another.

It was argued that, presumably because of the hard times, the veterans need money now more than they will need it in 1945, and that the sums they had previously been permitted to borrow on their certificates are inadequate. The total average amount involved is about $1,000 per man.

There are a number of things to be considered in trying to penetrate to the heart of the question as to the nation's obligation to its veterans.

We had about 4,000,000 men under arms. Of these, approximately 2,000,000 reached France and 1,000,000 reached the combat lines—many of them remaining there for a few days only.

Let's exclude this last million of those who actually fought, and ponder first the case of the others. As to these, we venture to say that they are better off in many ways because they served time in uniform.

Many of them were young men, chosen because they had few if any dependents. They were given wholesome, if not appetizing, food, and lots of fresh air, exercise, and cleanliness. It's tough at the time to have to obey a second lieutenant, but even that isn't so bad in retrospect.

During the war period these men probably felt better than they would if they had not been in the service. It may be said that some of them died of influenza, but it must also be said that they died in the army in no greater proportion than in civil life.

What then about the million combatants? Of these about 50,000 were killed in action or died of wounds, and of the remainder 180,000 were wounded.

There can be no question as to the country's debt to the dependents of those who were killed—to those whose sole support was removed by our participation in the war.

Then, there are the wounded. A large number of these have completely recovered, but there is also a considerable number who have not recovered. They are cripples, or have other seemingly incurable ailments. No doubt the nation owes a debt to these as long as their ailments last.

But, having said that the 3,000,000 who did not fight are better off for having been in the army, we must add that we believe those combatants who were not permanently wounded are better off still for having been in battle. They have had the great experience of going through the furnace of war. Their memories will last as long as they live, in the very inner core of their consciousness.

So much for those who were under arms. No doubt many of them are the victims of hard times—as indeed we all are. Hard times do not single out veterans for attack. The question is, to what extent, either to alleviate hard times or to serve the ends of justice, should these 4,000,000 and their families be given preference over other citizens?

Many men have grown to maturity since the war. Many were told by the government that they had better stay home in 1917, and did. Many were over the draft age, but complied with all orders and requirements.

Of course the veterans are organized in the Legion, and theirs is the voice most emphatically heard, but still the question may fairly be raised as to how far they should be given preference over everybody else.

We are speaking only of those who left the army completely recovered, and have been assimilated in the life of the United States. The situation for them is different now from what it was when they were just back from the ranks.

Then a man found that someone else had taken his girl and his job, and he felt that his country was ungrateful. Later in most cases he found a new job and a new girl—perhaps better ones than he left behind.

Having advanced these thoughts—on a question which is much debated as these lines are written and presumably will be settled when you read them—we expect to be accused of various forms of heresy and lack of patriotism. But at a time when we are all hard hit economically, we are considerably in doubt as to whether the veterans should be given preference in everything—particularly when our secretary of the treasury has warned us that it may mean further depression for everybody.

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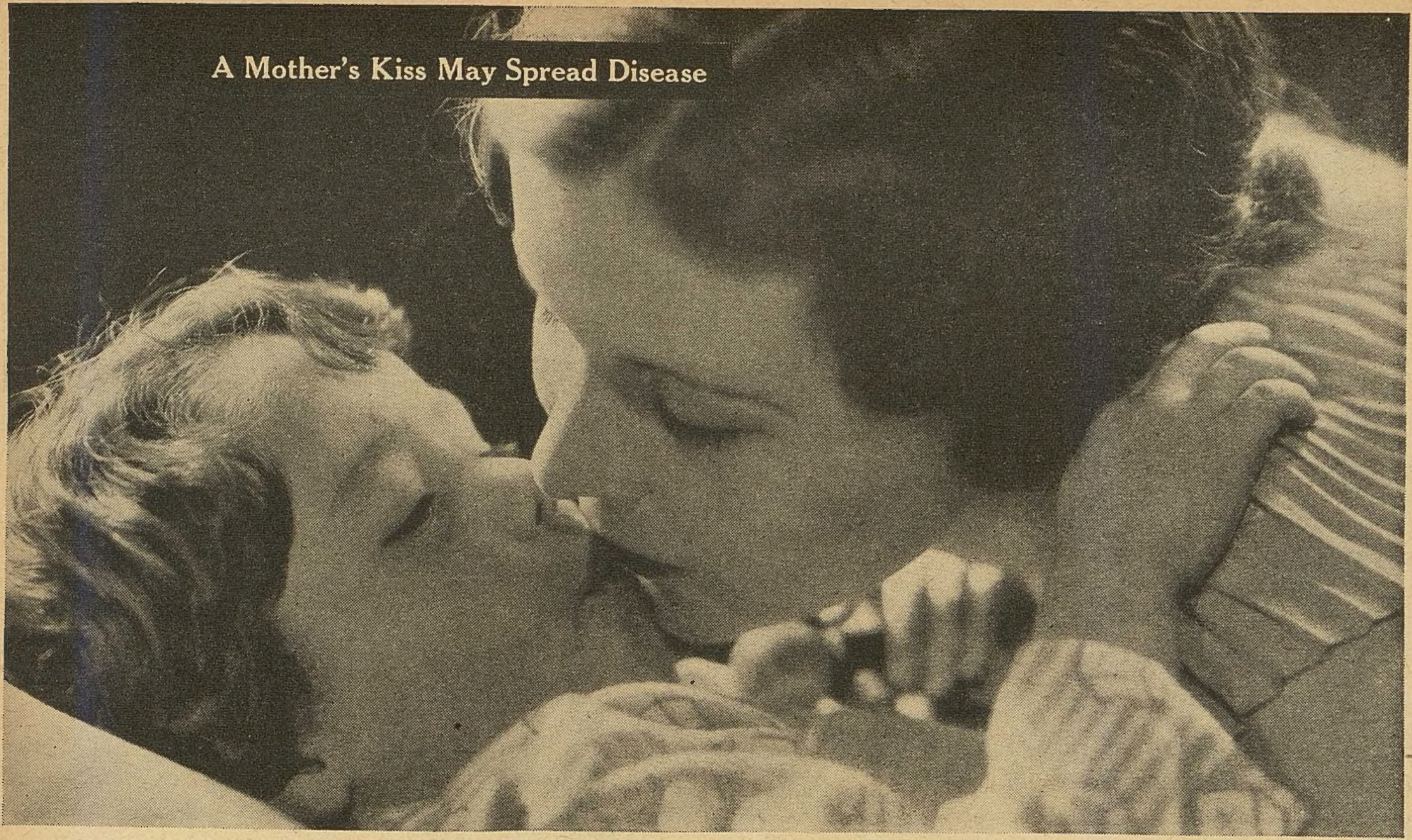
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

THE PERFECT FACE POWDER FINDS THE PERFECT LIPSTICK

Both created by Coty—the one to complete the other. Coty Face Powder is known to all women for its perfection—its incomparably finer texture, its individually keyed shades. Now there is a Lipstick to match—in gloriously smart colours. It goes on exquisitely—stays on unfadingly—with a satiny, moist brilliance, infinitely alluring, keeping the lips smooth and unwrinkled—the climax to your make-up.

Coty

Face Powder—Twelve colour-perfect tones.
All Coty odeurs $1.00, Double size $1.50.
Lipstick (Permanent), Light, Medium, Dark $1.00.


A Mother's Kiss May Spread Disease

New discovery! Pepsodent Mouth Wash 3 to 11* times more powerful than other leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!

"THIS new and revolutionary discovery by Pepsodent proves how far science has advanced in the past decade in its fight against dangerous germs. Fifty years ago little was known about bacteria, hence little could be done in our effort to destroy them. Today, with the discovery of the powerful Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash, we stand far better equipped."

Those are the words of a distinguished scientist after completing laboratory tests on this far-reaching new discovery. Some of America's leading bacteriological laboratories duplicate his work and find the same phenomenal results. That is impressive proof of its superiority.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats bad breath immediately.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid,* for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing.*

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—faster, we believe, than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes."

Tests prove that it kills in the same time germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath far longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweeth breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

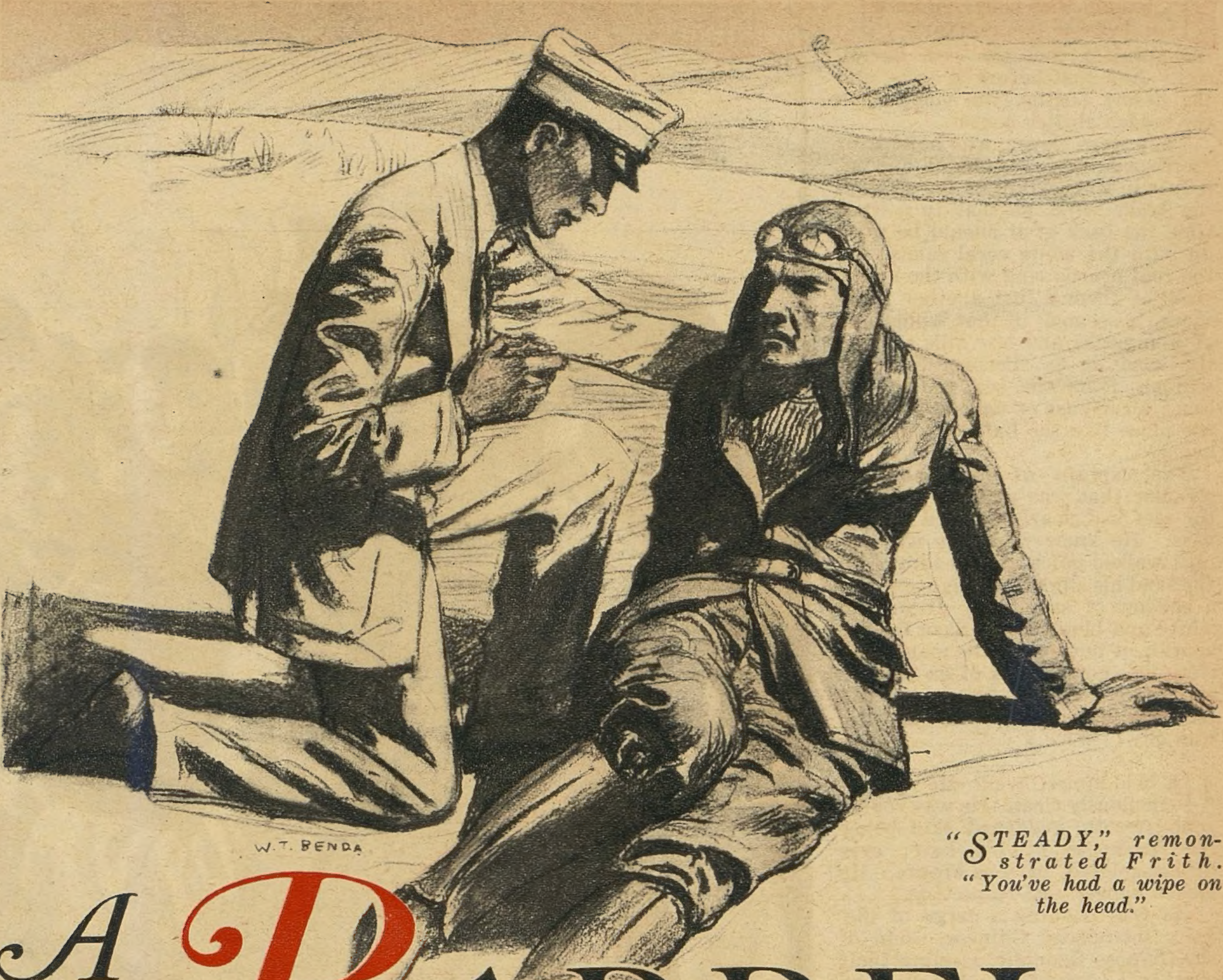
Pepsodent Antiseptic

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories



"STEADY," remonstrated Frith. "You've had a wipe on the head."

A BARREL and Forty Thieves

The Story of a Man, a Girl, and a Strange Adventure at the Other End of the World

(Reading time: 31 min. 20 sec.)

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

whose travels among the savage scenes and savage men of whom she writes have mostly been made alone. She is of Irish parentage, went to school in Ireland and England, and has lived for years in the Territory of Papua, on the island of New Guinea.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

YOU could have run within biscuit toss of the shore and never noticed the shelter hut. Once you were past Cape Faraway you did not expect to see signs of human habitation. Certainly you did not trouble to look for them if you were a ship captain bent on piloting your ship in safety along that most dangerous coast. And no one else ever came—almost no one.

The sea thereabouts is shallow, blue-green—a merry color with a laugh in it. The land is lavender in distance, brick color close at hand, and like the sea and the immense clear sky, it laughs. No one ever yet has attained to translate that laugh, which, perhaps, has something a little sinister at the back of it.

From the sea the sand looks like snow; the little hills are streaked with drifts and glaciers of it. Behind the shore it stretches out, eating into the bent grass and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A BARREL AND FORTY THIEVES
Continued from page seven

the spinifex and the red, barren soil. And just before it ends, and the desert begins, you come upon the hidden shelter house.

They were clever, who built it of driftwood and grass thatch and set it fair in the current of the streaming trade wind, so that in a little time the back of it should be piled up with the white coral sands, and the roof overflowing with the mimic snow of them. Just another hummock, it seemed, in that wilderness of hummocks and low hills. From the land it is discoverable, but scarcely from the sea, unless you carry a compass or unless you know the place like the hall of your own house.

The captain of the small old steamer that was anchored outside the reef had clearly no need of compass. He knew where he was going; walked quick and steadily. On the sand his slight, long figure threw a shadow of saxe-blue. It was all white and blue there. Save for the sparkle of buttons on the man's drill clothing and the peak of an officer's cap above his black hair, you could scarcely have seen him a little way off.

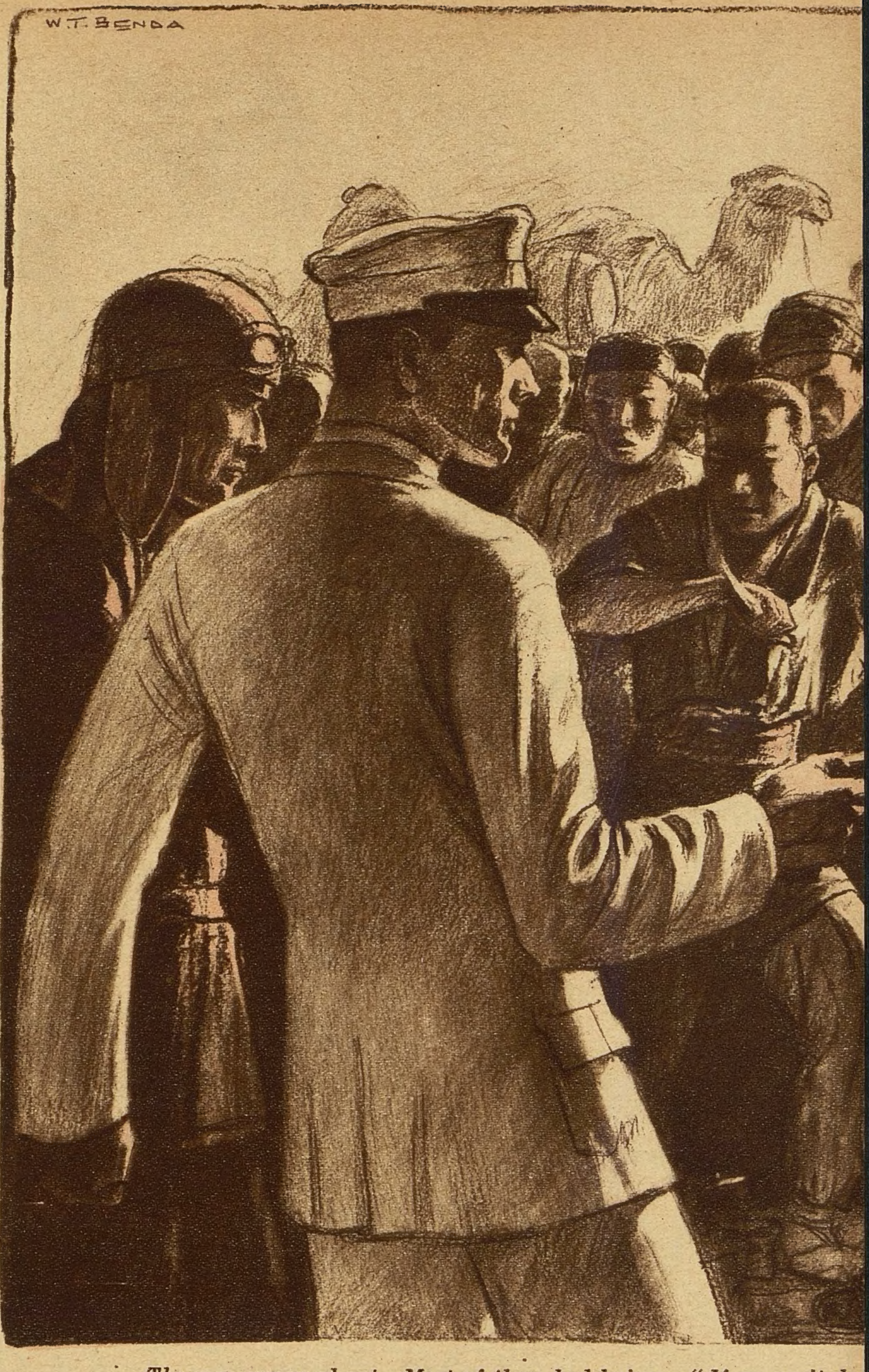
HE held himself well. He was meticulously clean. He was young, with smooth, reddened skin below the blackness of his hair; eyes bronze-colored, hard as bronze. He looked honest, self-respecting.

He was running a cargo of illegally introduced Chinese, scum of the Chinese Republic, stealing their way into Australia. Thieves, by that action; men without the law.

As to what Tom Frith was: in his own opinion he was a man who was getting back a bit of his own. He had been dismissed from the Australian navy and barely escaped the inside of a prison to boot. The healed white scar across his right-hand knuckles told half that tale for who could read. His commanding officer's dentist could have told the rest. Also the ship's doctor, who had put some stitches in a lip.

Also one Dorothy, gone God knows where. . . .

Tom Frith, three generations Australian and up till then patriotic, felt that he owed no loyalty to a land that had broken and disgraced him for trying to protect his own.



The men swarmed out. Most of them had knives. "If we can't do

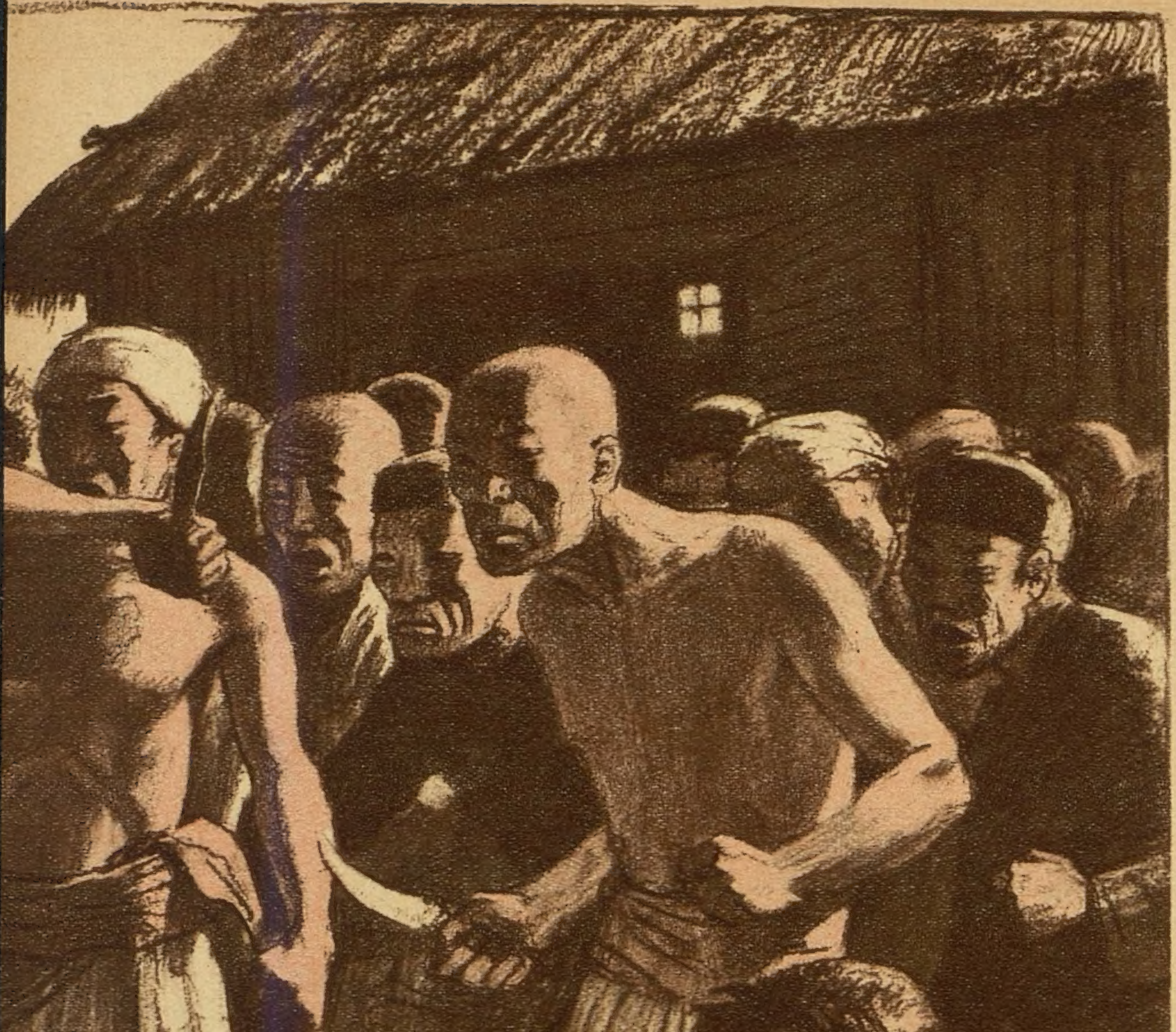
Frith, young, sober, afraid of nothing, was far and away the best shipmaster "they" had ever had. He landed his illegal cargoes under the nose of immigration authorities. He picked them up in Oriental ports where the serried native quarters stank of murder, and a well-dressed European went with life in hand.

He took out his crazy ship in the face of brewing hurricanes and objecting boards of trade, and wangled immediate pratique for her from port officials who wanted to put him into three weeks' quarantine. Fish and rice he carried as a blind, for more reasons than one: the fish—dried, Oriental—smelled to heaven, masking the smell of other matters not so innocent; the rice was rations. He cracked the Commonwealth immigration laws as a dog cracks bones, and drew more commission than any other man in the trade.

And today of all days—so it seemed—his luck was like to break.

Everything had been all right. He had got pratique at the port one must not name, because it sells immunity as its shops sell opium—under the rose. When the two smokes went up from shore, he ran close in each time, landed his ill-smelling, blinking, sulkily thankful cargo, saw the convey meet it, ready to guide it through trackless wastes of sand and spill it judiciously, once the routes were reached. Not till then did he put off.

He knew, as an escaping prisoner knows the march of sentries and warders, the run of every ship on the coast. When the Ching-Lee was due. When the Mothersill would probably pass. When the Tandstick might be apprehended, if she didn't sink on the way. What tramps, of habit irregular, were coming up and down.



ith said, "I'll pop as many as I can, while you—get her."

And to Frith, in the course of his many thieveries of Australian citizenship, no word became more lucent, more significant, than the well battered phrase, "The coast is clear."

Today new hazards entered. The coast indeed was clear, but the sky was not.

If the thing had happened before he landed his cargo, it would have been all right. One could have hung about, put out to sea if necessary, anyhow, waited. But the thirty-seven coolies were all ashore in the shelter house—that clever construction that couldn't be seen from the sea—when the plane came down. Frith saw it a long way off, coming dismayingly fast, as planes do come when you have any reason for not desiring their presence; saw it suddenly waver, slip drunkenly down, and nose-dive into the sand hills.

At the moment he was engaged in shepherding the last of the coolies into the shelter house, where it was necessary they should wait until next morning. The man was obstinate, wanted to stay outside; saw the pack camels and the Afghan guide, and did not understand why he should not be off at once. Frith didn't trouble to explain about the desert crossing and the necessity of taking the first part in full day. He disliked his cargoes, had never met any other than the scum of the Chinese race, and frankly didn't believe they had as much soul as a good dog.

It followed that he kicked Soon Sing and abused him roundly in Chinese. Frith had a gift of tongues and was rather vain of it. Once in a way his vanity let him down. It happened that on this occasion he used, unwittingly, the deadliest and most appalling insult in the Chinese language; a phrase that, if written (but it never, in European characters, is written), would burn the very paper on which it appeared.

SOON SING fell limp as a driven sheep, cast one murderous look at Frith, and stumbled into the inclosure. Frith did not see. He was staring hard at the place where the plane had vanished, and cursing his luck. Customs? No. They wouldn't have used a Moth. Transcontinental mails? Impossible! There was no route within hundreds of miles. Crazy flyer of some sort? No doubt. But it was a pity the fellow couldn't find some other place to display his craziness, or some other time. Well, it was always possible the fool might have been killed. One would have to find out.

Sharply he told the Afghan to take himself and his camels well to northward, warned the men in the hut, for their own sakes, not to stir outside, and started away. He heard the coolies, as he left, beginning to chatter in their chopstick-sounding Chinese. "Beasts," he thought unemotionally. He had never visioned them as men with feelings and passions like to his own.

More disturbed than he would have cared to allow, he tramped through the endless sand hills, easily keeping to the course he had set himself, although for most men that blaring, blue-and-white desert would have been a maze with only the Minotaur of death at the end.

Frith could master the desert as he could master the sea. Mastery was the plum in the pudding of life, the alcohol sting in its cup. Even if it was only mastery of the Commonwealth laws against prohibited immigrants. Crime had a bite to it that common industry lacked. Especially what a man might call innocent crime, that hurt nobody. Frith couldn't feel that a few score coolies less or more were going to do anybody any harm, and the smuggling of them did him much good—besides the money part of it, which was undeniably pleasant.

If his game was to be threatened by the inopportune arrival of this airplane, he could almost have found it in his heart to wish that the pilot might have met with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A BARREL AND FORTY THIEVES
Continued from page nine

fatal crash. Didn't he deserve it anyhow, noseying about where no one ever went?

Right on the wreck he came, straight as a captain making landfall from high seas. There it was—crumpled wings, cracked propeller, bent struts. No fire, thank goodness. You might wish a man in hell, Pickwickianly speaking, without wanting actually to see him arrive there. . . .

Where was the fellow, anyhow? It didn't look like a bad crash—more like a forced landing that had not quite come off. The plane, half buried in the sand, had nobody in the smashed cockpit, nobody (thank goodness again) underneath. Round about, the sand was so torn up that you couldn't make anything of any tracks there might be, and further on, the Afghan and the camels, passing along an hour or two before, had left so many marks that no one short of a black tracker could have read them accurately. Frith found himself wishing hard for one of those bush magicians. But the country behind Cape Faraway, as he knew well, was uninhabited by black or white.

He began to circle about the wreck, making wider and wider rings as he went. No tracks so far. No tracks. No tracks. No—

By Gad, though, there was something. There was a man, lying in a hollow where he had been pitched by the violent landing of the plane.

THE man was young, rather below medium height, dressed in flying kit. Blood on his jacket, slowly dripping from an injured head. Limbs unbroken—Frith felt them with a practiced hand. Internal injuries not probable, since the bones were whole. Head? Nothing to speak of. A trifle of concussion, he dared say. The cut was shallow; a touch of iodine and a dressing from his first-aid kit, and that was that. . . . The fellow was speaking, beginning to move. Delirious a bit. That would be the whack on the head. . . .

"Where is she?" The flyer tried to sit up.

"Steady on," remonstrated Frith. "You've had a wipe on the head; give yourself time."

The man lay down again. His head, from which Frith had carefully removed the flying bonnet, showed orange upon the lime white of the sand. Only a thin streak of scarlet remained.

"Ginger for pluck," thought Frith. "He took some risks, coming down here. What am I to do with the beggar?"

"Where is she?" demanded the newcomer again. Confidentially he added, "She's a winner, you know. Pretty—My God!" He did not attempt to get up again; simply lay staring at the sky and at the face of Frith, bent over.

"She's all right," Frith said at a venture. He thought, now, that he had seen this man before; impossible to say where. There was something about his build— Frith, well made himself, always took note of that. A chunky fellow, shortish, but with shoulders that would have fitted a middleweight boxer. Neck of a young bull. Reddest of red hair, almost orange-colored; jutting beaky nose—

Frith suddenly knew. It was the notorious flyer, Limps. Notorious for taking risks, attempting stunts, that almost no other man would try, for something else that Frith could not at the moment recall. Whatever it was, it had put Limps' name and portrait in all the papers fairly recently.

Intrigued by this discovery, he forgot for the moment that the flyer was likely to bring destruction to his own plans, and burst out excitedly with, "I know you; you're the Ace."

Limps was clearly recovering. "No damn' business of yours who I am," he snarled. "And, anyhow, where's the girl?"

Frith saw that he was still a little off his head. One humored people in that condition. Frith knew something about it.

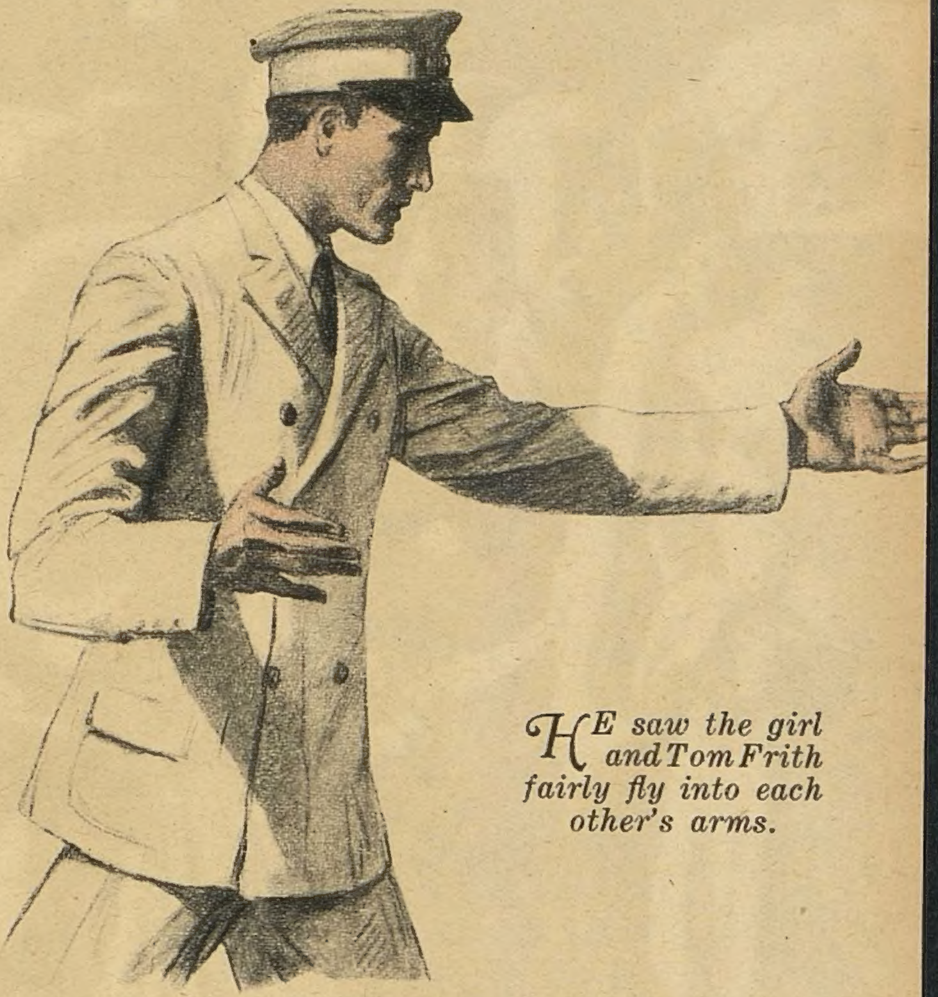
"The girl's all right," he said soothingly. To himself, "You're the kind that has one in every port and two for Sundays, if all tales are true. No wonder you babble of—"

He was interrupted by Limps, who felt his head and asked for a drink.

"Will you wait here till I get it?" demanded Frith, on thorns lest the half-crazed man should attempt to follow.

The other said. "No. You won't come back if you go. She didn't. Where is she?"

To please him, Frith looked widely about over the long sweeps of ivory-colored sand hills that rose continuously one behind another, melting at last into the reddish gray of the desert, over the flats near the beach, where bent grass, harried by the wind, kept restlessly drawing and erasing geometrical circles in the sand, up into the splendid blue above, as if he expected another plane to drive down out of the void. It was very quiet in this sandy, lonely spot; you could hear the rhythmic crash of the breakers out of sight, catch the sudden "Haw!" of a volplaning crow that wanted further information about the apparently dead man lying in the hollow. Nothing more, save, once, the sound of a brief outburst from the direction of the shelter hut, a noise of men in loud dispute, that ended as rapidly as it had begun. Limps didn't notice it. He was listening to another bird, audible now that the crow had ceased to call. Some sea bird with the plaintive note that one associates with winds and lonely shores.



HE saw the girl and Tom Frith fairly fly into each other's arms.

Frith couldn't remember the bird. It was new to this place. That, and the example of Limps, made him listen closely. It was a queer sound. It went on and on, and suddenly stopped, as if the bird had died.

LIMPS was on his feet, clutching at Frith's arm to steady himself. "Hey! Don't keep me," he said, and began to swear. "I heard her," he declared. "Let's be-off." He was scrambling up the side of the sand hollow, saying things to himself as he went. "This is a nice go," Frith thought. "Me with a lunatic on my hands, and all those coolies."

The lunatic, once given his head, seemed sensible enough. "What do you do in a place like this?" he asked, breathing hard and staring about him. "I mean when anyone gets lost. I mean do they get lost here?"

Frith said: "Do they? You may believe they do." And he kicked at a cage of ribs and sternum that happened to be lying on the hollow's edge. "That's one of 'm," he said.

Limps was visibly pulling himself together. "Don't let's waste time," he said. "You take this side and

I'll take that. Look out for footsteps first. She can't have gone far."

"Back into your brain, where she came out of," was Frith's mental reply. Aloud he said, "That's right. You go down to the beach there"—pointing out a place well below the shelter hut—"and I'll look inland." He did not mean to have a lost airman on his hands in the Adrian Desert, if he could help it.

"She might have made for the beach," agreed Limps.

Frith stood still and watched him out of sight in the safe direction of the sea. "If I can only head him off down the coast, chasing his imaginary girl," he thought, "I might get my cargo safely away after all."

He lit a cigarette while he waited. Bothers and difficulties were all in the day's work. He hoped the Afghan had sense enough to keep well away until he was sent for. Two camels, loaded with water barrels, were likely to excite comment even from a man who had gone crazy from a knock on the head. And the craziness would clear off. Frith knew. Knocks on the head were common in his trade.

The butt of the cigarette fell, glowing, on the sand, and Frith, instinctively careful about fire, bent down and retrieved it, in order to pinch it out. Something came along with it, sticking to his fingers.

A little gold hair clasp with a snap. The sort of thing girls wear in the bundles of curls above their ears.

FRITH seldom swore, seldom called on the Deity. Now, holding the clasp in his hand and staring at it as if it had been alive, he slowly said, "My God!" and then, "Fool I have been!" In another moment he was running hard toward the beach. "That bird!" he thought as he ran. Barely he noticed, on the side of the hollow that he had not investigated, the trace of steps smaller than Limps' or his own. It didn't matter now. There was only one danger point, and that was not the unkind sea or the desert, but the shelter hut that held the thirty-seven Chinese.

How long had they been left to themselves, with a white girl, a girl described by Limps as "a winner," only a few yards away? How long had he lingered in the hollow, dressing Limps' trifling wound, trying to quiet down the ravings of a man who was sane as himself?

Somehow, he had taken it for granted that any passenger on that little two-seater plane would have been found beside it, or under, after the crash. Why hadn't he guessed that the girl, unhurt, had gone to look for help? Simply because he was thinking of himself, disturbed lest he miss any of the profit that he was looking for after the safe delivery of the Chinese.

Well, it was as bad to be thinking of himself now; no time, this, for self-reproach. He had to find that girl. Coolies—the sweepings of the East—paid for by a master smuggler who would collect usurious price from them through following years. Chinese from the slums of Pekin and Shanghai, the lowest of their race. Potential criminals, possible murderers, every one. He'd known all that, all along, and hadn't cared; he had ferried them as he would have ferried skunks or tigers, given the price. Now he realized for the first time what he had been doing. . . .

The shelter hut, low and crazy, bent by the winds, shedding from its galvanized-iron roof great gouts of sand, as roofs in colder countries drip with snow. No sound from it. Quiet. Door not shut, leaning half ajar. Even before he entered, he could see, inside, the humped forms of his human cargo, lying about the roughly boarded floor. He could smell the queer faint odor of the opium pipe that somebody had been smoking. Nothing more peaceful in the world. What a fool he had been!

Nevertheless, he opened the door wide and strode in, as a slave owner of nineteenth-century days might have entered, with the air of a master, his reeking barracoons. Yes, they were there, the rascally crew, no sign of trouble apparent.

THERE was Soon Sing, whom he had heartily abused a while ago, sitting on the biscuit barrel and grinning like a goanna. He didn't seem to bear malice, anyhow. Biscuit wouldn't be improved, for white men's use, by a dirty Chink sitting right in the top of an opened barrel, but, after all, it was the Chinks themselves who had to eat it. That and water was all they were allowed in the way of rations for the desert journey. No time to stop and cook in the gamble with death that was the four days' trip. The camels carried, besides their Afghan driver, just enough water in wooden breakers for the needs of the men.

Once in a way the tank of the shelter hut was filled from the ship, but you couldn't rely on that; passing fisher boats in extremity had been known to find and empty it. They had done so now; water for the men's evening meal must be brought from the steamer that night. At daydawn they would leave. . . . All this went through the mind of Frith, half-consciously, as he stood within the door of the hut, looking about him.

He would have liked to reprove Soon Sing for spoiling the food, but instinct warned him against antagonizing the man unnecessarily. Soon Sing was a bad lot, among a bad crowd, and nobody wanted trouble until that girl was found. Silly little coot! How had she managed to miss the way?

Sharply he told the coolies to keep within the hut. "If I see one of you outside," he warned them in the awkward but comprehensible Chinese that he had mastered for trade use, "I'll put a bullet through him." And he tapped the pocket wherein, as all the coolies knew, he carried night and day a loaded Browning. They had no weapons save, perhaps, a hidden knife or so.

It was as well to lock the door, and he locked it. But he carried away with him one last glimpse that, somehow, troubled him. A look on the face of Soon Sing. Almost a flash of triumph. . . .

That was in his mind as he started out to overtake the airman, Limps. It died, however, when he saw—and greeted with a shout—the plain track of little shoes in the white sand, leading seaward.

"Just missed the shelter hut," he thought. "Headed to the beach with some idea of signaling."

He was going with great strides—time pressed. In another hour the sudden dark of those low altitudes would come down and all hope of finding a lost little girl would be gone. He knew—none better—how quickly you could get "bushed" in these interminable sand hills, once you let yourself lose sight of the sea. But there seemed to be no great difficulty about the matter. Nothing could be plainer than those small sharp tracks, made by shoes with foolishly high heels, leading always away from the hut, first along the beach, then a little way behind it through the seaward hills, then—

Limps. There was Limps hurrying along ahead of him. He hailed the pilot, caught him up. "I say," he gasped.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A BARREL AND FORTY THIEVES
Continued from page eleven

"I'm sorry. I didn't understand. I—I found a hair clasp. I know you aren't off your head now, but I thought for the moment—"

Limps had little attention to give him. He merely nodded, said, "She stowed away, but she's a winner. We've got to find that kid."

"Stowed away!"

"M-m. You see, I've no license now. Not since I killed that cocky, stunting low over his house. Who was going to know he'd come out on the roof? You never saw such a mess. And when you're a flyer, it's plain hell not to fly. I meant to steal the Moth and get away to Dutch territory. Nighttime and all that. And I didn't know the little beggar had crept in when I was scouting round to see there was no one about."

"Why did she?"

"Film actress out of a job. She said some man had behaved like a brute to her—fiancé too. She said the trip would be the making of her when it got into the papers. Pretty as a peach. Pretty name—Lindsay Lee. I was fair snakeheaded about it at first, but she was so damned plucky— And when the petrol leaked, and we had to make a forced landing in those confounded hills and crashed, she must have gone to get help. Maybe thought I was dead. Poor kid. I say, talk of people going off their heads—I reckon she must have gone off hers, the course she's been steering. What do you think?"

They paused together on the top of one of the sand craters. Right into it, and as far away as possible from the beach, went the small sharp tracks. A mile at least had been covered, and not a trace of the girl was to be seen; nothing save those footsteps, leading inland, up and down crater slopes, along the sides of sand hills, with no hesitation, no wavering in their steady march.

"It isn't natural," panted Limps. "We should have caught sight of her long ago. Why, hang it, the girl's going like a hare!"

Frith said, "She had a start." But he was dissatisfied; he could not have told why.

Follow—it was all that they could do. With increasing uneasiness Frith went on, and the airman tramped beside. Sun was getting low. Minutes, precious as gold, were dropping one by one from hands that clutched but could not keep.

ON a stretch of flat sand, Frith suddenly halted. "Limps," he said quickly, "you're a shorter man than I am. Measure those steps with yours."

Limps put his feet into the small tracks, took a step or two. "About my reach," he said; "I'm five feet five."

"What height is she?" Frith spoke sharply.

"Little. Not over five one."

"And in sand, in high-heeled shoes! Come back!"

They flung round together. Limps, without questioning, followed the other man, who merely tossed him a hasty word as they ran—for it was running now.

"Shoes—a blind! Step on it!"

Sidney Limps had not won his title of Ace without learning to think quickly; think in the midst of action. One angry word of Frith's as they ran—a Chinese name, spat out furiously—told him the whole business. He'd heard of Chink smuggling before. He knew what the low-class Chinese coolie can be.

And now he was as eager to get back again as Frith himself. And as angry, at having been duped by a man running in a woman's shoes.

When they came, breathless, upon the shelter hut, everything was quiet. The door of the hut was closed. A little way behind it the sun was setting, golden-haired, on the edge of a plum-blue sea. The sand was white and little disturbed, but Frith did not miss, this time, something that he had passed without noticing on that hurried outward rush.

Biscuits. Biscuits broken, thrown down at the back of the hut.

On that he checked, and Limps could hear him grit his teeth. But he said nothing. In a moment he was at the closed front door, striking it with fists and feet, Limps, meanwhile, worthily assisting. No explanations had been given and none were needed.

Utter silence greeted the attack. The door had been strongly made and it held fast. Frith knew by the feel of it that it was shored up inside, probably with timbers wrenched off the floor. He had no ax, and there was not so much as a stick of driftwood in sight about the beach.

"You haven't a gun on you?" he asked Limps. There were white dents alongside his nostrils and he was breathing hard.

The other shook his head. "Nor in the plane," he said. "How many's inside there?"

"Thirty-seven."

TOM FRITH fired through the door. He was hoarding his eleven shots like diamonds. He could not spare more than one.

"If you don't open, I'll shoot every man of you dead!" he bluffed.

There was a moment's silence, and then a Chinese voice replied with two rattling sentences. Quiet fell again.

"What's he say?" asked Limps. Frith had turned darkly red.

"Something I said to him before. I'll break that door or burst. There's coral. Come!"

The beach was only a few yards away. In the shallow green of the lagoon loose knobs of brainstone coral, hard as marble, lay for the taking. Limps and Tom Frith were back in a minute, panting beneath the weight of the stone they carried. Under this new and crushing impact the door shook, split, all but gave way. They could see in. There was no one there—to all appearance—save the milling mob of Chinese. But Frith, now, was not deceived. It had not needed the stinging tail that Soon Sing tied on to his sentence to tell him what was afoot.

These fellows, always more or less out of hand, had revolted in good earnest. Safe ashore, they thought themselves kings of the situation. They knew that for prudential reasons Frith carried a scant crew, all Eastern and low-class; that the very engineers were half-caste Chinese; that nobody on the steamer would interfere with them; that they could start away at their own time, taking with them a girl who, by her looks, would bring good money in the Chinese quarter of any town; who, besides, had excited the coarse admiration of every man in the gang. Frith could kill a few of the party. With Oriental fatalism they were prepared for that. It was what they loved, a gamble. The survivors would kill him and this other white man, and keep the girl.

Limps understood most of it. "I've got a knife," he said as coolly as if he had been sitting at the controls of his plane with maybe an awkward landing ahead. "I can do for a few of 'm, and so can you. And at the worst we'll keep 'm from getting her."

"That's right," said Frith. He crashed again on the door, and Limps, running back, kicked hard. It gave way. The men swarmed out like angry bees, shouting horribly. Most of them had knives in their hands. Heaven knew where they had hid them during the voyage, thought Frith, even while he retreated, covering the crowd with his Browning.

"If we can't do it," he said to Limps, "I'll pop as many as I can, while you—get her."

"Where?"

He was not answered. Frith had come to a sudden stand after one swift glance over his shoulder. Limps, holding his knife ready, saw with the tail of an eye that Frith had made a half turn and was going to fire toward the left, on the northern side of the hut.

The pistol crashed, and almost with the crash came a warning shout from Tom Frith, something in Chinese that Limps could not understand. Venturing to take his eyes for an instant from the swarming, half-held coolies, he saw that which caused him to utter a delighted burst of profanity. Two stately camels, swinging slowly down from northward, had been halted close to the hut by a well aimed bullet that bored through one of the water breakers, sending a thin stream of precious water on to the sand.

A simultaneous yell from the Chinese and an attempted advance were stopped by Frith, who kept the camels covered, shouting meanwhile his firm intention of spilling every drop in the breakers if the men did not at once clear away and stand on the beach while Limps went through the hut.

Almost weeping, the Afghan, like a Dutch hero of the dikes, stood with his finger jammed into the hole that Frith had made. “You no shpill,” he begged. “'Fore God, you kill all this man—kill me!”

“Yes,” called Frith through the tumult. “I will just do that thing if you don't clear out—all except Ali.”

The Chinese crumpled. They were in a strange country. The big chief, of whom they were all more or less afraid, had their lives in the barrel of that Browning, despite the fact that they were thirty-seven and the pistol had only nine shots left. Three would be enough—one for the Afghan and two for the water breakers. They knew quite well that they would die of thirst in the desert without the water. They had heard things; seen things, too, since they landed.

As for the ship—

But Frith had thought of that. Ably seconded by Limps, he herded the coolies back from the beach, set them in a line, and went down to the edge of the sea, driving before him the Afghan, who was fairly blubbering now, and the two water camels. He kept them between himself and the sea. He had the pistol ready.

Answering his signal, the boat came out, and the Chinese inshore dared not make a sign. If they could have had ten minutes alone with the crew— But they might as well have wished for ten thousand pounds.

LIMPS had lost no time getting into the hut, tearing out by Frith's shouted directions the layer of biscuit that was on the top of the big barrel, and lifting from underneath a choking, gagged, half-suffocated girl. Her small feet in their silken stockings had no shoes. He twisted the gag out of her mouth, and, supporting her, walked her to the beach and the boat. “Cheer up, kid!” he told her. “It's all over now but the shouting. And, my oath, you've got the biggest advertisement a picture star ever had.”

The girl, with her gold hair tumbled, her dress half torn away, stumbled and sobbed as she walked, but kept on pluckily. “You saved me,” she said through swollen lips, dashing back her tears. “They always said you were the b-b-bravest man!”

“Hold on! You've got the wrong idea. This is the chap,” Limps told her—“the one who did everything. Let me introduce Mr. What-is-his-name—you didn't tell me. old boy—to Miss Lindsay Lee.”

He made a leg and bowed. Not peril, agony, or death had ever availed to divorce Sidney Limps from his gay humors.

But he was struck into dumbness now, when he saw the girl and Tom Frith fairly fly into each other's arms. “Hang your Lindsay Lees!” said Frith, as soon as he could cease from kissing. “This is Miss Dorothy Wright, my fiancée.” And he added, “Let's get aboard.”

The Afghan did not see them embark; he was too busy stopping up the bullet hole in the breaker with a wad of dirty cotton. In the shelter hut that night, after the boat had steamed away, the Chinese coolies contentedly played fan-tan with biscuits, somewhat broken and a little sandy, as the stakes. And just before dawn they started away on their desert crossing, as previously arranged by Thomas Frith, champion smuggler of coolies. . . .

There was not much room for chairs on the deck of the crazy steamer. But three people could sit on the latch cover with comfort and look up at the stars while they talked.

Frith did the most of the talking at first. He began by saying, as he flung a cigar end almost viciously over the ship's rail, “What worries me most is that I didn't get a chance of bashing in the face of Soon Sing. It would have done him a lot of good—and me.”

He stopped to light another cigar. “There's something else, though,” he said. Whatever it was, it seemed to come with difficulty. He took a couple of pulls at the cigar, cleared his throat, and went on, “Dorothy might like to know—”

She said “Yes?” encouragingly.

“I'm through. Done. Finished.”

Nobody spoke.

“SOON SING,” said Frith meditatively, making rings of smoke. “The lowest villain unbeheaded. 'S as if he'd waked me up. No. I don't see myself stealing Australian citizenship for any more Soon Sings. I shall,” he said cheerfully, “I shall open a tobacco shop. In Adelaide. Or somewhere that's equally dashed respectable. Thank goodness,” he went on, “I have my tainted money safe in the bank.”

Dorothy was lying with her head on his arm. “I'll stand behind the counter and smile the customers in,” she contributed. “Or at the door. Like the person who ‘stood at the door of Burgess's fish sauce shop, Strand, welcoming him in.’ Say that three times rapidly.”

“Is it true,” asked Limps, to whom reverence and reserve were unknown, “that this chap—I don't know his name yet, except it's ‘darling’ or ‘you dear’—that he treated you horribly?”

“Quite true,” Dorothy said, turning her head a little toward the “chap.” “He found me in a situation that seemed to him—that seemed—”

“I found you in his cabin! And, of course, I believed—”

“What do you believe now?”

“There might be—some explanation. He did say—”

“If I had told you then, you wouldn't have believed a word. But you've had time to cool now, haven't you? And some day you'll know what—garters—can do, when they *don't* do. Especially when you're dressed principally in your stockings, as we were last year. Your captain was simply getting me his ‘hussif.’”

In the silence, the screw of the steamer thumped on. The stars seemed to move among the trucks and stays above, peering.

Limps said, chewing gum—he did not smoke, for the sake of his flying nerve—“Nobody seems to mind very much what happens to me.”

“You,” said Frith, “will always manage to fall on your feet. Even when you steal a plane, you get off.”

“Come to think of that, we're all thieves,” Dorothy said.

“All of us—and the Chinks,” amended Frith, looking thoughtfully at the dusk-blue east, where by and by the light of a new day would rise. . . .

Extract from the North Queensland Reporter:

GRUESOME DISCOVERY

Last Wednesday a bêche-de-mer fishing party which had traveled many miles from Bobbsville, working up the reef, landed on the northern side of Cape Faraway to look for firewood. They went some way into the sand-hill country without finding what they sought, and were about to turn back when they were arrested by the sight of a skeleton, the third seen that day.

The body of the man had long since been wasted away to bones by the fierce heat and drought of the place, where no water is known to exist. It is supposed he became lost and died of thirst. He was oddly clad in the remains of a pair of blue cotton trousers, and on his feet, which were small, a pair of lady's high-heeled shoes.

THE END

The Strange Return

How a Miracle of Love Balked Cruel Justice 200 Years Ago

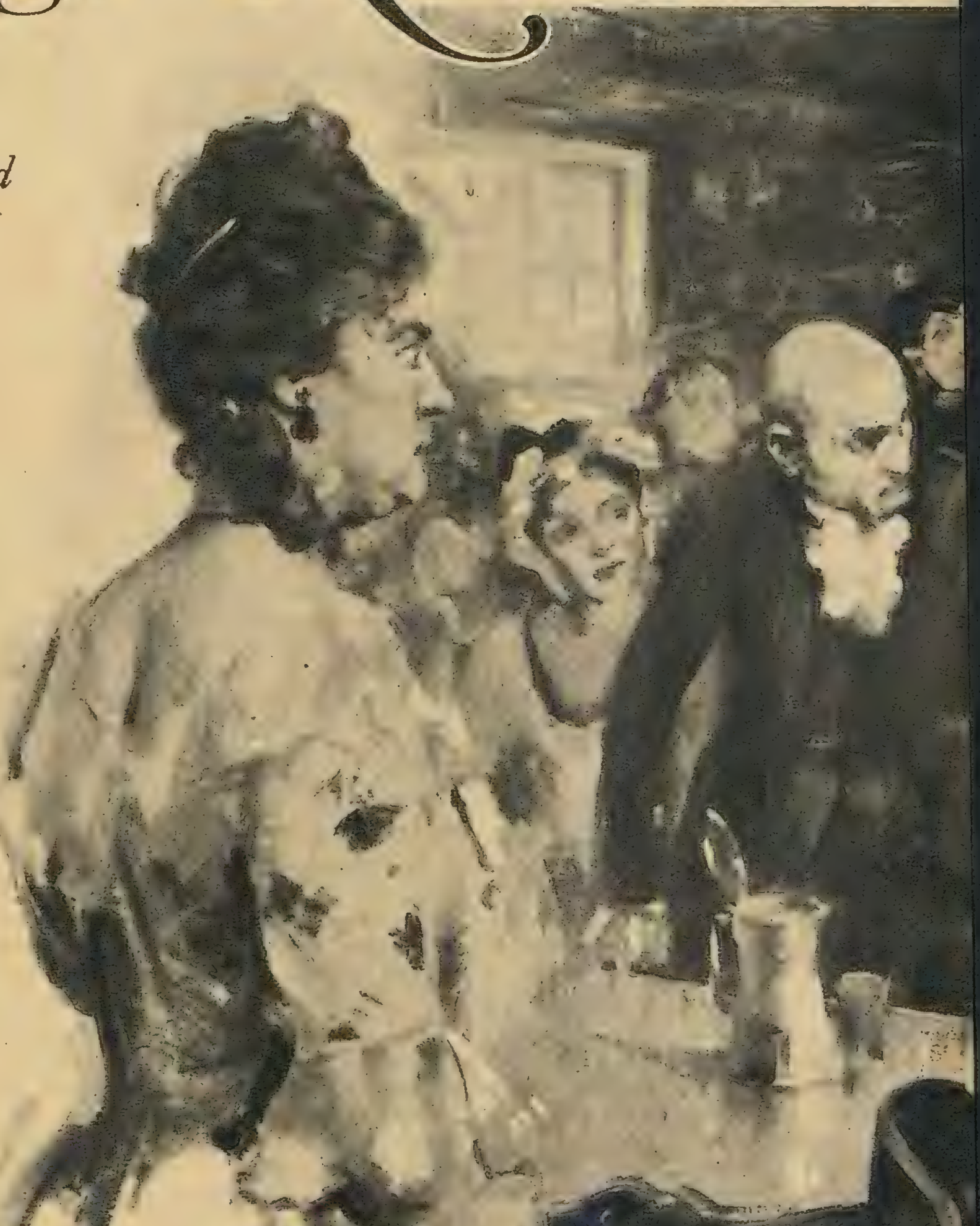
By

MARCUS KAVANAGH

who has been a judge of the Cook County Superior Court, in Chicago, since 1898, and before that was a well-known lawyer and a colonel of volunteers in the Spanish-American War. He was born at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1859 and took his law degree at the state university nineteen years later. Last year he was a witness before a special committee of the British House of Commons on capital punishment.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER, A. N. A., *and* HENRY A. THIEDE

(Reading time: 30 minutes 27 seconds.)



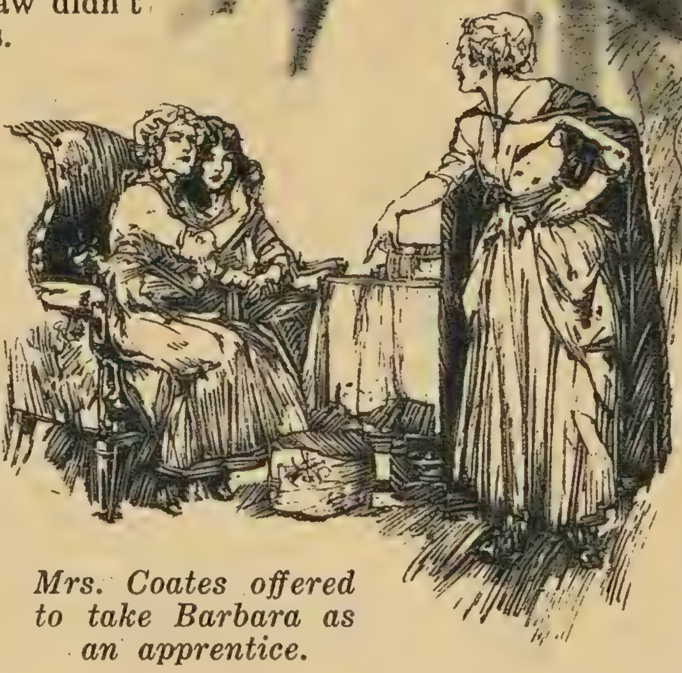
“Do you know what's the matt

ONE wild story, without my rehearing or reading it anywhere, has dragged clutching anchor through my remembrance for fifty years. I dare say few stranger or more interesting tales ever came out of a court of justice. The events date back to the ancient town of York and to a time when George the Second was king and bold Dick Turpin rode the London Great Road.

My first client, a fine old Yorkshireman, told it to me. He got it as a tradition, handed down from someone who one June day with thousands of others stood about the scaffold at Bootham Gate and saw the law take its vengeance on five poor swinging wretches. A not unusual sight for the time. The law didn't value human life much in those days.

To steal thirty shillings from a dwelling house was to incur the death penalty. And steal sixty shillings from the dwelling of Maria Coates was what poor Barbara Lee undoubtedly did, and she to be married in only two weeks to Mathew Ware, the young schoolmaster.

Last May I went from London up to York for no other purpose than to obey a vagrant urge to visit the scenes of the wild old tale and to verify the story.



Mrs. Coates offered to take Barbara as an apprentice.

Well, ancient York is still there, of course, glorying in the sturdy old walls and buildings which make permanent the history of more than a thousand years. The gloomy old castle still holds its condemned wretches and the criminal courts sitting in the old dismal court rooms still continue to pass out sentences of death and judgments of life. Happily the former are very few in these more merciful years.

My recollection of the name of Barbara's home village, which I knew was near York, was evidently a mistaken one and occasioned two days of vain searching, until the head porter of my hotel pronounced a name which, like a stone flung into a tree filled with blackbirds, startled into air a score of covered recollections. “I think,” ventured the porter, “you must be looking for Barmby sur Moor. Barmby Moor we call it now. It isn't on the London Road, but on the high road to Hull, twelve miles out from Bootham Gate. There were many posthouses in those days, yet its inn must have been the first and last posting place on the road to Hull.”

Barmby sur Moor! The name rang strange and yet familiar. To Barmby Moor I hurried. If the reader ever stops over to see the wonderful cathedral, the ancient

# of Barbara Lee

ith him? He's in love with the baggage! He wants the wench for himself."

walls, the castle, and the memory-filled byways of York, let him also drive or take a bus out to Barmby. There are some new houses there, to be sure, but get out at the church and cross among the graves. One cannot mistake the place. The old church, dominating a churchyard centuries older, can be seen for miles.

There at Barmby, up on the corner where the highroad sweeps down to Hull, stands a pleasant farmhouse which before its transformation into a modern, comfortable dwelling, had been known for two hundred years as the Bunch of Grapes. There can be no doubt about that. Its faded sign with a bunch of grapes painted thereon still rests in the attic. That other long, low, gabled house at the top of the lane was the dwelling and school where brave young Mathew Ware, nearly two hundred years ago, taught the Barmby lads and lasses. Today it looks stout enough for another hundred years. Three families live there and its front is hardly visible for flowers and vines.

In the churchyard three nameless graves lie close together on the north side of the old church just where the giant yew stands. Stop there a moment. It is probable that your feet rest upon the sheltering clay over the bodies of Barbara Lee, of Mathew, and of Mary Ware, the mother of Mathew. In all the thousands of ashen hearts that molder in that graveyard, none ever burned with a fiercer grief or a stranger deliverance than came to them.

THREE clear, indisputable circumstances link up Barmby Moor with the story and with the identity of the place where the events happened. Maybe any one of them alone might only establish a probability, but the three concurring leave little room for doubt.

First, the village was an ancient one and formed the first posting stage from York; second, the name of its rector was Richard Burton; third, the name of the inn, the Bunch of Grapes, probably cannot be found in another town in all of England. It is necessary to an understanding of what follows to know something of the inn and of its mistress, Maria Coates.

The Bunch of Grapes, it seems, in its day amounted to almost a north country institution. The inns of the period constituted a most important factor in the activities of the travelers. Without an inn every twelve or fifteen miles, a trip of more than fifty miles away would have proved an arduous adventure. Besides, old villagers will tell you still at Barmby Moor, their famous inn, now

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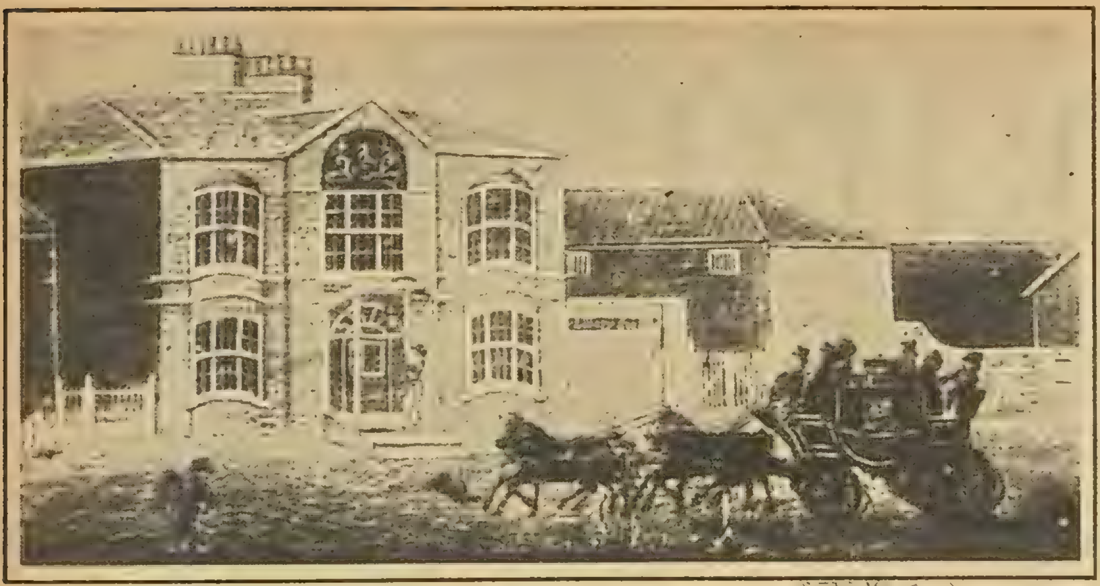


The ancient Bunch of Grapes inn at Barmby. From an old painting by an unknown artist, now preserved in the museum at Hull.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 15]

rebuilt and dwindled to a small farmhouse, at one time spread its further social influences over the neighboring countryside.

On the second floor a larger smoking room than the other offered a meeting place to the gentry of the surrounding riding. It was known as the Big Room. Here of an evening, about a long table, they met to discuss public affairs, to drink the strong Barmby ale for which the place was well known, and even the good wine brought from the Continent over to Hull forty miles away. Also here the young men played for high stakes. Many a duel had its inception there.

In 1734 this hostelry stood at the height of its importance. Every night its guest rooms were crowded, its stable yards echoed with the shouts of drivers, postilions, and postboys. Its great fireplace blazed above a fringe of tired and hungry strangers.

It was during this period that Maria Coates presided over the fortunes of this place. This stern mistress possessed none of the qualities which usually equip a successful hotelkeeper. She was neither cordial, generous, nor sweet-tempered. Her gloomy welcome sounded as indifferent as her godspeed. She ruled her servants with a scourging tongue, and for some of them kept a riding whip which hung beside the kitchen door.

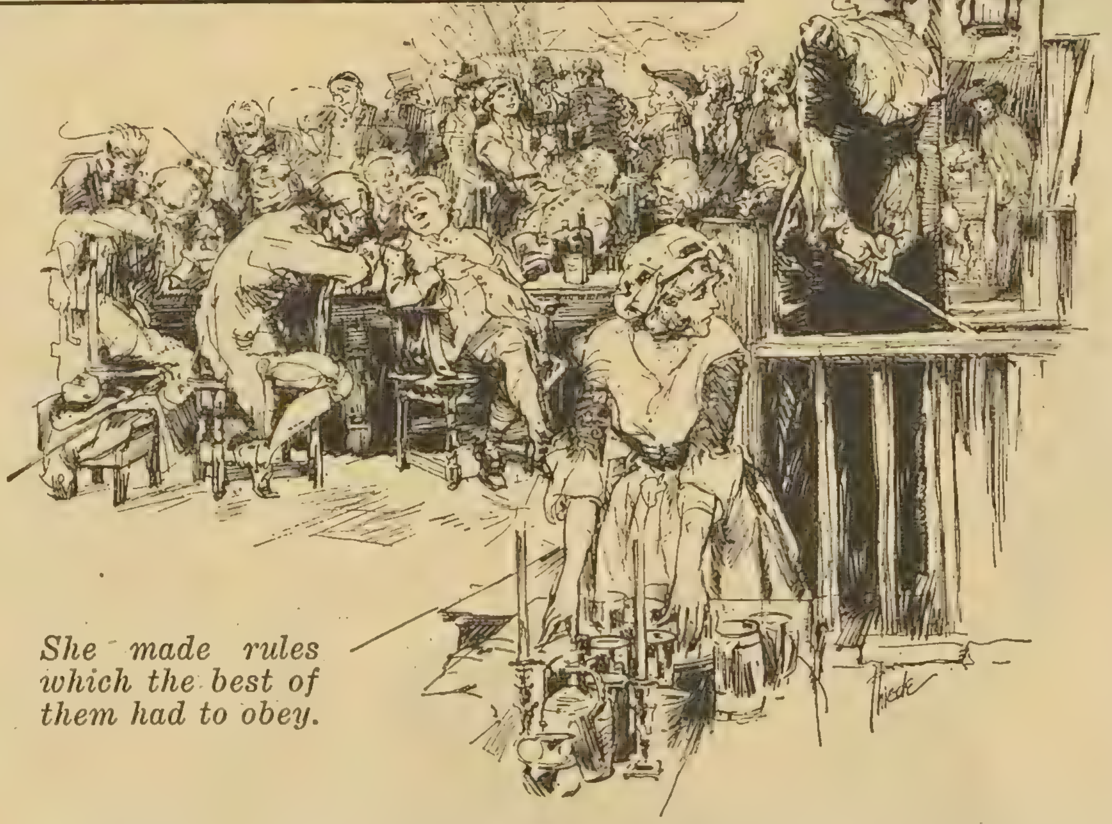
BUT the food she served was more plentiful, and the ale was heavier, than could be found anywhere else outside the city of York. The beds were clean and for the period soft, so that necessity and comfort more than evened up for the sour manners of the hostess.

Her place, offering as it did the only rendezvous for squires, country magistrates, and landed gentlemen, put them all under a sort of propitiatory obligation to the woman. They made the Big Room their place of meeting. She made rules which the best of them had to obey or else keep clear of her abode. Mrs. Coates herself never slept in the Bunch of Grapes. All the lights had to be out at midnight when she repaired to her own apartment, which was in a cottage adjoining the inn.

This account of the Bunch of Grapes and its proprietress concerns us only because linked forever with it is the wonderful story of young Barbara Lee.

The girl's father, it is believed, was the carpenter and joiner for the village. He made furniture, and sometimes, too, he made coffins, though this not very often, because Barmby, like several other towns in Yorkshire, kept a parish coffin which was used by the poor. People who could afford them were buried in oak caskets, but the commoner sort went to their last sleep wrapped in a cerecloth. No doubt they slept as easily as those who slumbered in rosewood.

Barbara's mother went to her long rest under the old yews when her daughter was only twelve years old. After that the child took up the task of caring for her father.



She made rules which the best of them had to obey.

SHE grew up a bright and pretty girl. Her schoolmaster, Mathew Ware, nicknamed her Rose, so that she must have been of that type often found in the north country — bronze - cheeked, with the deep red shining through; black-haired, red-lipped, tempestuous, warm-hearted, high-spirited. A girl of the sort that is born to give and receive heartaches.

When Barbara became sixteen her father died, which bereavement left her shelterless and, with the exception of the Wares, comparatively friendless.

She was about to become a parish charge and so subject to being placed at service by the parish authorities on some of the neighboring farms. However, kind old Mrs. Ware had grown fond of the orphan girl, so she and her son took her into their household. There she stayed, happy and busy, even relieving Mathew sometimes in the school, teaching the younger children. For young Ware served not only as school-teacher, but occasionally also as carpenter, glazier, thatcher, and at many other jobs.

Little by little, and almost unperceived at first, love crept in. The girl and the teacher went on without knowing when the feeling began, until suddenly a lightning stroke disclosed that they worshiped each other. This discovery happened about the month of October, 1734, and came about by reason of a vexatious mishap which befell the Bunch of Grapes.

The maid upon whom Mrs. Coates most relied fell into black misfortune. The same misfortune had caught in its net other maids who tended the bar and waited upon the hard-minded, deep-drinking young visitors at the inn. The gentry of the time harbored small reverence for the morals or reputation of good-looking barmaids. This wretched barmaid seemed above the average in point of character and intelligence. She wrote the letters and kept the accounts as well as superintended the bar. Nevertheless her mistress showed no touch of charity for the weeping, miserable young creature. With blistering abuse she scourged the despairing girl and her baby out to seek the angry charity of the parish officials.

Meantime the business kept mixing itself into confusion for want of someone who could write and cipher—the landlady herself being a trifle lame at these accomplishments. In her extremity the idea of Barbara flashed like an inspiration. That clever maid was a bit too young and yet might easily fill the gap. Straightway the lady visited Mrs. Ware at the school.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

To *low* . . . . . .
salaried women
To *wives* . . . . . .
keeping a budget
To *men* . . . . . .
just getting a start

–this delightful
Tooth Paste saves you $3 a year . .

WHY don't you save $3 a year or more by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c instead of high-priced dentifrices that accomplish no better results?

Listerine Tooth Paste is used by more than three million people. To a great many of them, price is no object. Results are their sole basis of judgment. And the results of Listerine Tooth Paste are so quickly apparent, once you try it, that you will wonder why you didn't use it long ago.

Buy Silk Hose With That $3 It Saves

Compared to dentifrices in the 50¢ class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves approximately $3 a year per person, on the basis of a tube per month being used. With that $3 you can buy many things, stockings, gloves, and razor blades are merely suggestions.

This dentifrice is made by the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. This alone guarantees its quality. That it can be sold at 25c is due to sharp economies effected by mass production and modern methods of manufacture.

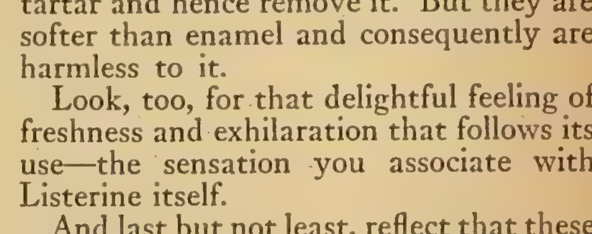
If you have not already used Listerine Tooth Paste, get a tube today. Give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any tooth paste you have ever used regardless of price, and judge by results alone. They will win you to this new thrift dentifrice as they won three million people before you.

We ask you to note how little brushing is necessary to impart to your teeth a charming, flashing brilliance. Note, too, how swiftly but how gently this tooth paste removes the stains, discolorations, and stubborn tartar.

After you have used it six months or a year, look at your teeth and see how free they are from cracks and fissures. That is because the cleansing and polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the gentlest known. They are harder than tartar and hence remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently are harmless to it.

Look, too, for that delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration that follows its use—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself.

And last but not least, reflect that these benefits are yours for about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Listerine Tooth Paste..25¢

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

Mrs. Coates offered to take Barbara as an apprentice and put by for her, till she became eighteen years old, forty shillings a year. Thus Barbara would have sixty shillings in the year and six months that would elapse.

The elder woman refused to let her charge accept. She sent Barbara down to the rectory and the girl brought back the parson, Richard Burton, to support Mrs. Ware in opposition. The old lady said indeed that she would sooner see a pure-minded young girl like Barbara go to her grave than have her live in the drunken contacts which such a one must endure in the Bunch of Grapes.

Mrs. Coates, ill-tempered, unused to opposition, turned furious. She berated the minister for a meddler and threatened that the girl would be brought to live with her whether she liked it or not. "What right have you, anyway, to the charge of the lass?" she asked Mrs. Ware. "You are neither mother, nor sister, nor any blood relation. And let me tell you now, there's many a whisper going around about her and your son! I'm thinking that my roof is a safer place for the wench than your own. Why, if you were to take sick tomorrow, she'd be on the parish. The justices will say whether you can keep her!"

The landlady was as good as her threat. She took counsel with a justice of the county who had been dozing the afternoon away in the Big Room.

The very next day a petition was drawn by him, signed by Mrs. Coates, stating that Barbara was friendless and an orphan, without trade, calling, or rightful home, and likely to become a parish charge; that she was now dependent upon the feeble charity of an infirm old woman, and the woman's young son, the latter not a fit companion for the girl, and that her abiding place was dangerous to her morals. The petitioner was willing to accept the girl as an apprentice and deal with her as the law of England ordered a mistress to care for an apprentice.

Forthwith a constable came and summoned Barbara to appear before the justice at the inn that same afternoon.

The sudden blow stupefied the three at the school with helpless dismay. In that sort of contest the influence of Mrs. Coates with the magistrate must prove overwhelming. No one of the commoner sort came into such close contact with the justices as did the innkeeper, or held them under such daily obligation for comfort and hospitality.

There existed for the discouraged family only one place for possible assistance. Readers familiar with the pictures of the period drawn by Smollett and by Fielding will realize that the country parson of the time often exercised and in some cases deserved little influence. When attached to the big houses he not seldom became a sort of upper servant. However, the countryside afforded hundreds of fine examples of Christian care in the churches of Yorkshire. And Richard Burton, who held the office of parson at Barmby, was a man of education and courage. To him the mother and son hurried in their despair. He went with them to the Bunch of Grapes.

The church of St. Katherine at Barmby.

THE session of the two justices was held that afternoon in the smoking room of the inn. The news had spread with surprising quickness into the fields, and even up to Wilberfess and other near-by villages, so that an hour before the justices took their places at the head of the table the wide room was jammed with servants, laborers, and chance travelers.

Mathew sat at the table near the door, between his mother and Barbara. Mrs. Coates herself ushered in the justices and took her place beside them. Presently the crowd made respectful way for Parson Burton.

The justices tossed resentful heads at the entrance of the minister. His interference might prove disagreeable. No man in the riding was more respected. Unlike most clergymen, Richard Burton possessed ample means of his own. The pulpit of the narrow, high-steepled church furnished a just and feared censor for the community. In that time good ministers laid a more intimate censure than any modern clergymen dare. A public reproof was feared by the gentry more than a judicial fine.

If the minister opposed this apprenticeship, he had the power to inflict rather punitive criticisms. On the other hand, it was impossible to refuse the landlady's petition. The two magistrates might bear being shut out of church, but life would lose much comfort if they were banished all the cheerless nights of winter from the boisterous jokes, exciting games, and the jolly, roaring companionship of the Bunch of Grapes. No—the petition must be granted, and the sooner the affair was over, the better.

THE younger of the two magistrates opened the hearing. After reading aloud the petition, he fixed his wig and turned a scowl on Mathew. "Does anyone gainsay this request?" he demanded sternly. A little abashed at first by this unusual presence, the young schoolmaster arose. "I, for one, strongly object!" he ventured. "Barbara is safe in my mother's keeping. The Bunch of Grapes is not a fit place for an innocent young girl."

Mrs. Coates started from her seat. The justice laid a pacifying hand on her arm. "What!" demanded his worship hotly. "Do you make so bold as to attack the character of this most worthy woman, and of this famous inn?"

Barbara and the mother clutched hands, fearing for the reply. The crowd shifted and breathed hard. Mathew felt the minister's reassuring touch on his shoulder. Gathering courage from his cause, the young fellow made answer: "I came neither to attack the character of Mrs. Coates nor to assail her house. But the truth I will speak out when the truth is needed." His voice took on a ring as the terrible selfishness and injustice of the affair sank deeper under the magistrate's sneer. "It is my duty," he went on, "to say what the world knows. Anyone in this countryside will tell you that she has the reputation of being a hard and a cruel mistress. Also it is well known that respectable farmers will not let their daughters go into her service."

From that moment on, Maria Coates hated the schoolmaster with a deadly hatred. She included in that loathing the girl Barbara and the teacher's mother.

A murmur of assent ran around the room. At this the landlady could suppress herself no longer. She stood up, shaking her finger at the justices. "Do you know what's the matter with him? Do you know what ails this lousy beggar? He's in love with the baggage! He wants the wench for himself." All at once the enormity of the insult to herself broke in upon the furious woman. Her rage whirled first of all at the justices themselves. "Well, then, bad luck to the pair of you," she shouted, "sitting there like two red-faced bull calves, only goggling your big gooseberry eyes and letting this scum of the moors insult me under my own roof!" She was going on when the elder of the two justices got up, leaned over the table, and whispered to the other. The younger magistrate pulled toward him the order for apprenticeship and dipped his quill in the inkhorn. He paused, pen lifted, for the well known, even voice of the parson caused everyone to turn. "I have another and perhaps a more potent objection," Mr. Burton said. "You have no more power to apprentice this girl to this business than you have to hang Mrs. Coates. The laws of England provide that a minor can be appren-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

She thought:
"If only someone would tell you that 'B.O.' keeps you from making good."
Yet, to be polite,
She said:
"I'm very sorry you're leaving us."

Couldn't hold a job

. . . *was 'B.O.' the reason?*

(Body Odor)

DISMISSED again! The president's secretary suspected why. So did others in the office. But no one wanted to tell him. It was too personal a matter.

Was "B.O." the reason—*body odor?* Judge by the facts. When he discovered his fault at last—and how to correct it—"luck" changed. Today he's a valued junior executive—advancing fast. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

◆ ◆ ◆

Even though you feel that you couldn't be guilty of "B.O.", this is too important a matter to take chances with. Remember this. We *all* perspire. Pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste even on cool days, science says.

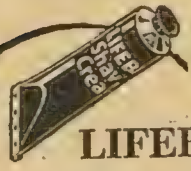
True we don't notice it *in ourselves* because we so soon become accustomed to an ever-present odor. But it can be most annoying to others. Why risk offending? It's so easy to be *safe*. Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy.

"Most refreshing soap I ever used!" say millions of delighted users. A Lifebuoy bath drives away fatigue, makes you feel gloriously fresh and fit. And no worries about "B.O." For this creamy, abundant, searching lather *purifies* pores—destroys all odor.

True complexion health

Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough, cleansing frees clogged pores of impurities—tones dull, sallow complexions back to healthy, radiant freshness. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*



New!
LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream
Tender spots from shaving vanish like magic when you use this new double-dense soothing lather.
At your druggist's

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

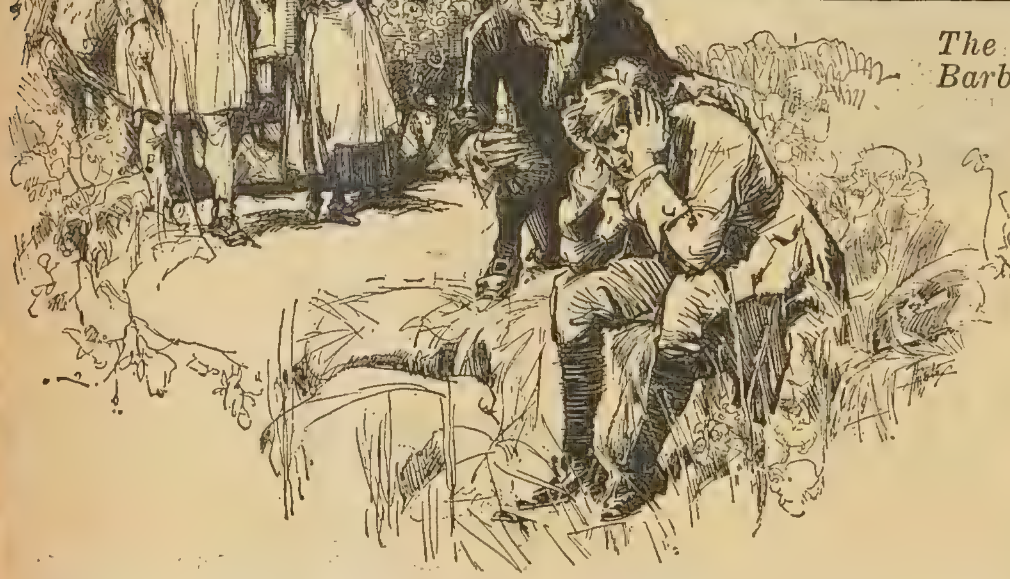
stops body odor—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

ticed only to a useful trade. You have as much right to apprentice this maid to an inn of this kind as you have to apprentice her to a pickpocket. The business of barmaid is not a useful trade. The city of York is only twelve miles from here. At the last assize's Michaelmas, Justice Malin of West Riding was fined and sent to prison for oppression in office."

The words of the clergyman produced an oppressive silence till Mrs. Coates, unable to control herself, stormed again: "Get out of my house—the whole pack of you—get out! And as for the both of you," she turned to their worships, "never cross my threshold again. Clear out as well as the others."

The churchyard corner where Barbara Lee and Mathew are believed to rest.



Mathew could walk no farther. Mr. Burton hurried over to the public house and returned with a glass of brandy.

The younger justice signed the order and tossed it to her. "Take her!" he shouted. "Do what you like with her—the lass belongs to you!"

Mr. Burton realized that a further contest must prove a terribly uneven one. Therefore the best thing was to mitigate the situation if possible. So, raising his hand for silence, he went on: "I have this suggestion to make to end all quarrels. Let the maid accept the apprenticeship. I know her. She is a good and clever young girl. But let it be understood that at eight o'clock every night she be sent to sleep with Mrs. Ware, and that she attend service at my church every Sunday."

After some barter, but glad of such an escape, the magistrate wrote these conditions into the articles of apprenticeship. Next morning Barbara took up her work.

HATE is an efficient taskmaster and hard to satisfy. It never yet made fingers defter or work lighter. However, Barbara did far better work than her unfortunate predecessor. She went about her duties courageously, shielded by the invisible watchfulness of the clergyman. The knowledge of that persistent protection blew constantly on the dull coals enkindled in the soul of her mistress.

There lay work enough to be untangled, goodness knows. The bar scores and table accounts of regular customers piled up in a discouraging jumble. Luckily, most of the girl's time was taken up with straightening out these, and the work had also to be done in the adjoining cottage, where the landlady kept her own living rooms. The money from the business was kept in a strong box, pushed far under the bed. Mrs. Coates carried the key with a bunch of others on a string beneath her petticoat.

The elder woman might easily, if she had wished, have won the friendship of the warm-hearted, ardent girl. But some people take actual joy in their enmities. Through all the eighteen months of her apprenticeship, Barbara's toil was never lightened by one word of appreciation.

Keeping an arm, as it were, averted for the blow that always threatened but never fell, the apprentice drifted along, till one morning, the last of April, 1736, when her bondage terminated.

Early that morning Barbara came to the cottage. The unfortunate girl whose place she had taken had already returned, and sat busy at the writing table. The mistress sat beside her.

"I came to say good-by, and to thank you." The icy blue eyes of the older woman sneered. "Good-by!" she said, and turned away. "And that isn't all—" Barbara stammered. "Mathew and I will have our banns published next Sunday, and we're to be married the Wednesday fortnight." Mrs. Coates never turned, but bent over her table. "And I'd like my money," Barbara added.

THE landlady whirled. "What money?" she cried.

"Why, the wages you promised—two pounds a year."

"You're mad!" replied the other. "I promised you that as wages if you'd come as a servant. You wouldn't. I had to apprentice you."

The girl's wits staggered an instant under the shock of denial. Then her temper overcame her. "You owe me sixty shillings on your promise—" she retorted. "Forty last year and twenty for these six months. You know you owe it to me."

Mrs. Coates arose and went toward her threateningly. "Not a shilling—not a farthing. You get what's in the articles. Tell that sheep-faced lover of yours and that meddling parson to look at your articles. Read your articles. Get out! Begone with you for an impudent hussy!" So saying, she pushed the astonished and frightened girl out of the cottage.

Overcome with dismay, Barbara hurried home. Sixty shillings! Why, in those times it was a small fortune to any poor people. The family had rested on and built upon the prospect of that wage, never doubting its realization. Nearly everyone they knew could be counted upon as honest. Surely Mrs. Coates had promised. The loss of that sum meant an upset in all the family plans—possibly even a postponement of the wedding.

All her life Barbara had wished to visit York. Few villagers in Barmby had gone so far. The girl had dreamed so often of the mountainous cathedral, with its magical music and colorful ceremonies; of the great hoary old castle, a prison and a hall of justice; of the glittering shops, and of the crowds of finely dressed people. Well, with fifteen shillings Mathew and she might spend four days of their honeymoon there. Now she might never go. A resentment, fierce as she was capable of, began to glow in the center of her heart.

Mr. Burton's advice capped the misfortune. "No," he said, "there is no promise of wages in the articles. The

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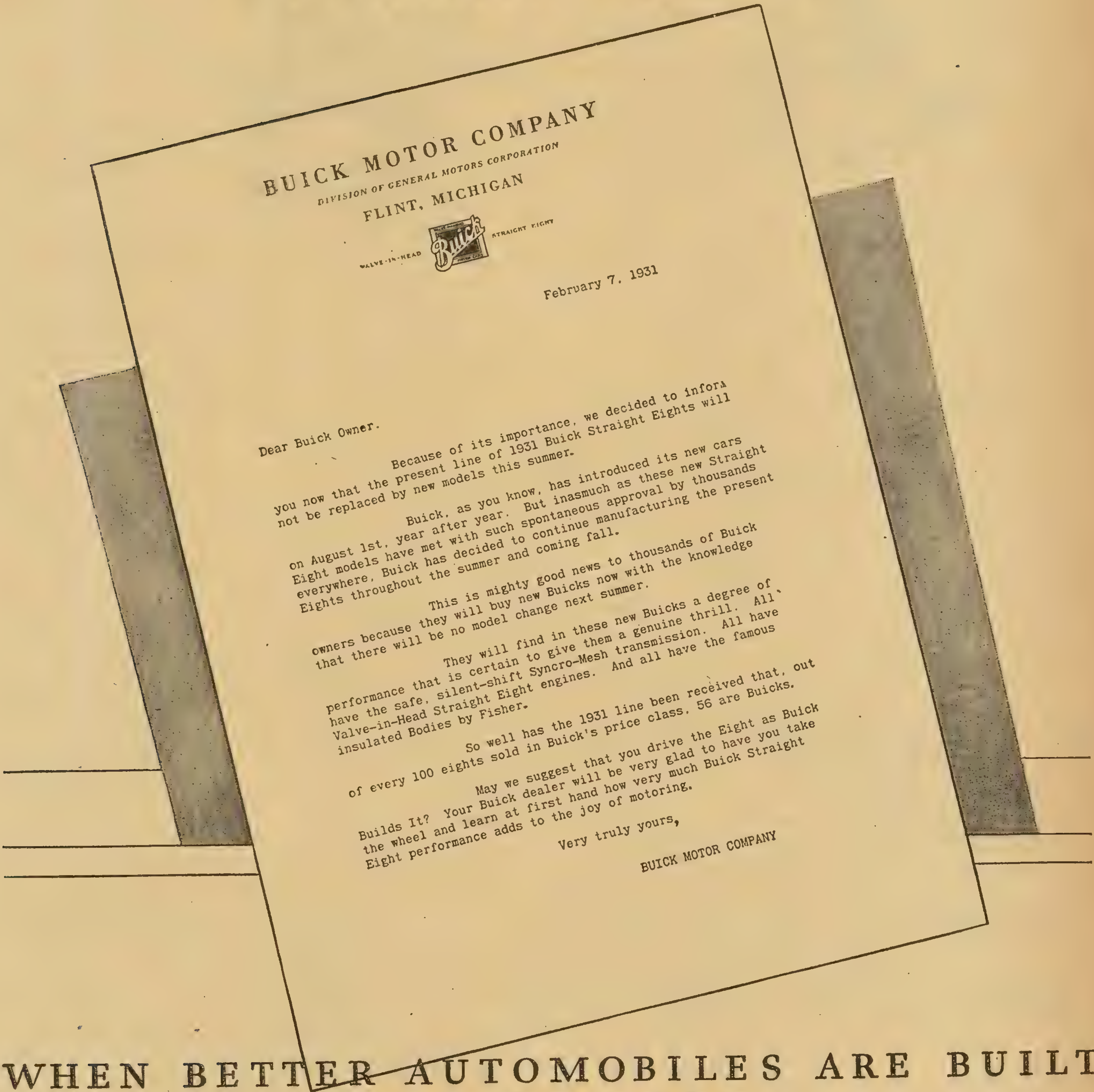
an Open letter to Buick owners



BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
FLINT, MICHIGAN

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick STRAIGHT EIGHT

February 7, 1931

Dear Buick Owner.

Because of its importance, we decided to inform you now that the present line of 1931 Buick Straight Eights will not be replaced by new models this summer.

Buick, as you know, has introduced its new cars on August 1st, year after year. But inasmuch as these new Straight Eight models have met with such spontaneous approval by thousands everywhere, Buick has decided to continue manufacturing the present Eights throughout the summer and coming fall.

This is mighty good news to thousands of Buick owners because they will buy new Buicks now with the knowledge that there will be no model change next summer.

They will find in these new Buicks a degree of performance that is certain to give them a genuine thrill. All have the safe, silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission. All have Valve-in-Head Straight Eight engines. And all have the famous insulated Bodies by Fisher.

So well has the 1931 line been received that, out of every 100 eights sold in Buick's price class, 56 are Buicks.

May we suggest that you drive the Eight as Buick Builds It? Your Buick dealer will be very glad to have you take the wheel and learn at first hand how very much Buick Straight Eight performance adds to the joy of motoring.

Very truly yours,

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

· BUICK ·

WILL BUILD THEM

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist interviews Granny White

"THE first hundred years are the hardest," sez Granny White, as she hopped in her yellow roadster to go to the miniature golf course. "After that you are kept smilin' an' happy fer another fifty by folks askin' how you lived a hundred.

"Yesterday I had my picture made usin' an automatic churn an' today I'm to test some roller skates. Tomorrow I'll be tryin' out the steerin' wheel on a new threshin' machine or showin' how easy a portable duck huntin' canoe or a collapsible music rack unfolds.

"All these things add to the length of life, but I wouldn't be here to enjoy 'em if it wasn't fer those little chocolate tablets."

An' she stepped on the gas an' down the road she went.

"Chic" Sale

MILLIONS like "those little chocolate tablets" not only for their delightful flavor—but for the important part they play in keeping them well.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At druggists—10c, 25c, 50c.

FREE Complete set of "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS and sample of Ex-Lax

Name..........

Street and Number..........

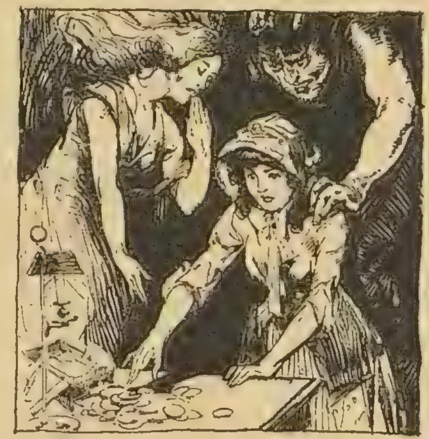
City.......... State..........

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. L321
P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX The Chocolated Laxative

THE STRANGE RETURN OF BARBARA LEE
Continued from page twenty

woman is within her rights. You have no legal claim on her. I think, though, if I were you I would go back to her. There must still be some work you can help her out with—some explanation of the accounts she will be glad to get. Morally she owes you the money. Go back tomorrow morning and offer your good will and help. Say nothing at first about the money."



So Barbara did as she was advised. Next morning she called and explained her wishes. The woman sat piling the coins in heaps on the table. When her visitor had finished she arose and went to the door, flinging back over her shoulder as she went out: "I know what's in your mind, you ungrateful thing—and not one farthing of my money will you ever touch!" At the words she disappeared into the inn, leaving the young girl alone with the little heaps of gold, silver, and copper—within her very reach.

Some temptations strike unheralded and compelling as a lightning flash. Barbara, angry and rebellious, waited a full ten minutes for Mrs. Coates' return. Meanwhile there lay exposed five times more than the sixty shillings the landlady owed her. Some sly devil kept whispering fiercely, in words almost audible to sense: "There's your money—take it —you worked hard for it—take it!" And then another deep warning voice answered: "Be wise—it's like stealing. Don't risk it. You may suffer." The devil spoke more convincingly: "Are you to lose your honeymoon in York because this hard-hearted woman is keeping you out of her promise? Take sixty shillings—they are your own!"

And so the two voices kept arguing back and forth. There are those who say that Mrs. Coates purposely left the temptation, coiled like a serpent, on the table, and they say that all the while she watched out of an upper window of the inn.

IF so, she saw Barbara take two gold guineas off the table and count into her kerchief eighteen silver shillings. She must have noted how her victim sat thoughtful a while, holding the money on her lap in clasped hands, then slowly piled it back again in its proper place. Her heart must have exulted a moment later when the girl again took off the two gold pieces and the eighteen silver shillings, wrapped them in her kerchief and defiantly went away.

With a beating heart and still debating whether she would return the money, the unfortunate young woman went about her work at home without divulging her secret. She was waiting to ask Mathew. She waited to her ruin. In the afternoon a constable came, bearing a warrant for her arrest. It charged her with stealing sixty shillings from a dwelling house. Inexorable criminal laws of the time provided that the larceny of more than thirty shillings from a dwelling involved the death penalty. Horror crowning misfortune! When brought before the justices the weeping culprit acknowledged her guilt. The landlady proved obdurate. To take it back might look like compounding a felony. No—Mrs. Coates would get the money when the trial ended, and she was in no hurry.

They took Barbara down to York Castle and put her in the women's great bare cell.

The criminal courts of England in the eighteenth century went swift-footed and heavy-handed. It was often remarked that the statutes of the time seemed written in human blood and that nearly every offense prescribed the death of the offender. Old men, old women, mothers of suckling children, even boys as young as nine years of age, were strangled to death every week on some English scaffold because of an offense for which in these days they wouldn't even be sent to prison, but, if convicted, let go on probation. The present fear and respect of the English people for the criminal courts is largely inherited.

A FORTNIGHT later the assize judge came on his circuit up from Liverpool. A dropsical little man, with not many years of life remaining, yet merciless in cutting short the lives of others. He often raged from his place at witnesses for the defense; browbeat lawyers and bullied jurors. It was a habit of the time.

His lordship seemed in particularly bad temper the morning Barbara was brought into the dock for her trial. The first sight of the solemn, gorgeously robed judge, and the stern and solemn atmosphere might easily daze an older person. At first nothing took on form and order. Barbara looked anxiously about through the crowded, curious court room for some sign of Mathew. Surely all must go well under his hand. The room below swayed hazily and the blood in her ears kept thumping. A short, stout man in a crimson and purple gown and gigantic wig sat on an elevated platform at the end of the room, opposite her. That must be the judge. Everyone seemed in awe of him. He acted as if he were extraordinarily put out about the conduct of some dozen or so of gentlemen ranged on two benches at his left.

To Barbara's surprise, Mrs. Coates came forward and climbed a narrow stand. She kissed a book, then, seemingly much afraid, began talking to the man in the wig, who shook his fist in her face and babbled something Barbara could not hear.

Mrs. Coates came down again, and just then Barbara's heart leaped exultantly, for she espied Mathew off in a corner, making signs. He was pointing to the crimson-dressed man on the platform, who evidently was shouting at her in a way impossible to understand, for the room still kept going about swimmingly. So she paid attention to Mr. Burton, who was climbing down from the place Mrs. Coates had occupied, and who was looking very despondent over something. The judge kept calling out some unintelligible things which of course she didn't answer. Another man came behind the judge and held a black cap over the long white wig. She heard her own name shouted by the clerk. Everyone below the dock turned to gaze in her direction. Neighbors from Barmby said, one to the other, "Surely that's not Barbara Lee? There's some mistake!" Grief ages the human countenance with a surer hand than that of the years.

LUCKILY she missed most of his lordship's lecture. This much reached the dock:

"These thieving apprentices and house servants are getting to be the ruination of England," he said. "It's time we put the fear of the law and the fear of God into them. My own wife had a trunkful of laces stolen at Bath, and my gold snuffbox was taken only last week in Liverpool. Barbara Lee—you shall be taken to the prison whence you came. You shall be there safely detained for not less than a week, nor more than a fortnight. Then you shall be taken by the sheriff of this county to some safe and convenient place and hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your wicked soul."

The whole trial had not lasted fifteen minutes.

A great sigh of pity followed the prisoner from the court room as she was being hustled down the dark stairs back to her cell in the prison. She fancied it couldn't be, of course, that the trial was all over so soon. It all had passed so quickly. What would come next?

She sat on a cot in the gray-walled, cheerless cell, trying to make out what had just been said and done. All at once, in spite of herself, a sudden chill made every fiber in her body shiver like an aspen. She wanted Mathew. He could explain everything and make all come out well. Mathew was so wise.

The door opened to let in another woman who had been her fellow prisoner for several days. This wretched creature was a quiet, middle-aged person, the mother of four children. She, too, had just been sentenced to death for an offense which in these days would be passed over with probation and a reprimand.

Barbara looked at her in surprise. The poor creature sat on her bed. All

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MONDAY
Will this new technique ever make my teeth white and attractive?
TUESDAY
I can't believe my eyes! Ugly yellow and stain are disappearing!
WEDNESDAY
Now I know that anyone can have clean, sparkling white teeth. Look at mine!

How New Technique
WHITENS TEETH
3 Shades in 3 Days

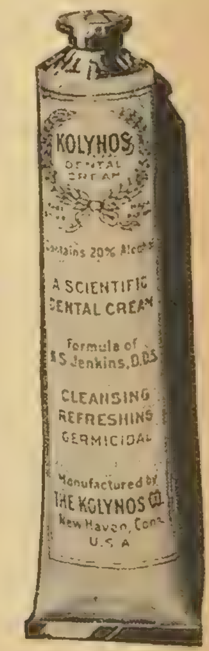
Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for just 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry-brush, morning and night. Then note the improvement. Teeth look 3 shades whiter. Gums feel firmer; they're healthier. Your mouth tingles with a clean, fresh taste.

When Kolynos enters the mouth it becomes an antiseptic FOAM that gets into every pit, fissure and crevice and quickly kills the millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause stain, discoloration, decay and most gum diseases. Acids are neutralized, tartar is erased and the mouth is purified.

Thus teeth are easily and quickly cleaned as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

Now if you want sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM


KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
Contains 20% Alcohol
A SCIENTIFIC DENTAL CREAM
Formula of N.S. Jenkins, D.D.S.
CLEANSING
REFRESHING
GERMICIDAL
Manufactured by THE KOLYNOS CO.
New Haven, Conn. U.S.A.

[THE STRANGE RETURN OF BARBARA LEE
Continued from page twenty-three]

she could do at first was to keep flinging up her hands and crying, "Oh, my God! Oh, my poor bairns! Oh, my God!"

Presently the moaning stopped and she bent over on her crossed elbows, wailing pitifully. It is curious how another's misery may produce an anodyne for one's own. When Mathew came in an hour later, bringing his mother, they found Barbara sitting beside the unfortunate creature, a young arm about the other's shrunken shoulders.

There is a lot in the story of the goings on in the prison, and of the frantic but fruitless efforts to obtain a commutation of sentence during the two weeks preceding the execution. Those things will be readily imagined without being retold. The governor of the castle and all the keepers melted into pity for their gentle young prisoner. All rules as to visiting were waived and the night before the execution Parson Burton was allowed to stay in Barbara's cell till nearly midnight and permission was given him to ride beside her in the cart on the way to the gallows.

The wave of pity from within spread outside the gloomy walls and it overflowed far into the shire. Mingled in this sympathy surged a hot flaring of execration against Mrs. Coates. It may be mentioned here that before long this dislike became so intense and general that the woman felt obliged to sell the Bunch of Grapes and under an assumed name steal over to Holland, where after a few years she died, alone and unregretted.

NEXT WEEK—

Air Devils

Thrilling tales of the flyers who face death for the movies

By a veteran stunt pilot
FRANK CLARKE

Barbara and "The Major"

A lively story of woman's wit and a crook's Waterloo

By
GERALD MYGATT

On the whole, Barbara proved very brave, though, as was natural, she at times hung prostrated and inconsolable on the breast of her lover. She made only these requests of him: one that he should pay back the sixty shillings, and another that she should be buried beside her mother.

THE poor girl seemed oppressed by a heavy fear that he might forget her. "We've loved each other so faithfully, and it's such a little time for you to wait, as Mr. Burton says—" But the request itself always remained unspoken. No need for answer. The deep agony in his eyes replied.

The pity for Barbara showed itself in many ways. Somewhere in a sunken grave under the grass of Barmby churchyard now withers the heart of a giant old wagoner who had known the girl since her babyhood. The two families had lived in different parts of the same cottage. He made Barbara's coffin and refused any wage for the work. Also on the early morning of the execution day he filled his weather-beaten old cart with hawthorn branches in blossom. Then before daylight he made his family gather arms full of primroses to soften the bed of the coffin. With great bunches of hedge violets they fashioned a pillow for the fated young head. The clergyman's wife, with Mathew and his mother, rode down to York in the cart. The cart and the coffin were left in an inn yard just beyond Bootham Gate, whence a scaffold with five dangling nooses was plainly visible. Never before had an execution called out so large a crowd. People so packed the streets down which the car of doom must pass that when the great gate of the castle swung open the dragoons who headed the procession had difficulty in clearing a way for the condemned cart.

Five doomed wretches stood manacled together. There were a lad of twelve years who cried miserably all the way, a highwayman bravely dressed who joked at the crowd, a dazed old man who had stolen three cows and who leaned heavily against the executioner, and the woman who had been Barbara's cell mate and to whose wrist Barbara's arm was manacled. The guards let Mathew and his mother walk just behind the cart. An executioner released Barbara's wrist so that she held her lover's hand all the way to the scaffold foot.

Barbara smiled up at Mr. Burton as she answered the last prayers for the dying on the scaffold. She smiled down at Mathew as they pulled, very gently, the black cap over her pretty face.

PRESENTLY the wagoner carried the pitiable figure back to the coffin, and the mourners started on the heartbreaking return home, Mathew and Mr. Burton walking silently behind the coffin; the two women sitting in the vehicle, beside it. So poor Barbara came back from her long-yearned-for visit to York city. Thus the sorrowful cortège wended until it reached the few cottages and the public house known in those days as Wilberfess village. The village still stands.

Mathew could walk no farther. He sank down at the side of the road, where he sat with his feet in the ditch. He sat thus, motionless, in spite of all urging. Mr. Burton hurried over to the public house and returned with a glass of brandy. The young man waved the proffered glass to one side and staggered to his feet.

"I must see her," he said, "I must look at her." Expostulation had no effect. "I shall die unless I see her."

They lifted the coffin lid, expecting the ghastly sight of an empurpled, distorted face. They all strove not to look. Something compelled their gaze. Surprise stopped every heart from beating. Barbara's head lay turned slightly to one side. She had moved it in her coffin! The neck was scarred, to be sure, but a faint red glow mantled her upturned cheek. With trembling hands the clergyman turned her face upward again. Deep grief numbs the sufferer's mind. Outside startling perceptions dawn slowly. Even the clergyman couldn't at first grasp the import of what he beheld. A cry of terrible excitement broke from his lips. "The brandy—quick! She's still alive," he said.

And so she was. Alive and safe from the law, for justice had taken its pay and could not again molest Barbara.

But why prolong this telling? She and young Ware married, of course, and moved up to Carlisle, where he got the chance of a prosperous school. Barbara became the mother of five children. She left twelve grandchildren.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Does Australia lie north or south of the equator?

2—What President of the United States was the grandson of a President?

3—Which planet is the largest in the solar system?

4—What Shakespearean play includes the character Nick Bottom?

5—What is a *cicerone?*

6—What is a marron?

7—What is a diatribe?

8—What is a nuance?

9—Who wrote the Psalms?

10—Who was the wife of Odysseus?

11—What are the Middle States?

12—What is the name of the membrane that covers the bones?

13—What is an animal that carries its young in a pouch called?

14—What is autonomy?

15—What is the common name for tetanus?

16—What is a thew?

17—What is the antonym of benevolent?

18—What is the largest body of fresh water in the world?

19—What is the source of "God loveth a cheerful giver"?

20—What is the birth stone for March?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-six)

If you met Douglas Fairbanks jr. . .
would he find you Alluring?

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

"Keep Youth throughout the Years,"
he advises every girl

"NO other feminine charm is so completely irresistible as *youth,*" says Douglas Fairbanks jr. "And these days youth is not measured in years!

"I know many women long past their twenties (or thirties!) with charm as fresh and compelling as charm can be. Nowadays women can look ahead confident of keeping their beauty, keeping their youth!

"Certainly the lovely screen and stage actresses do! And—fortunately for admirers of the fair sex—hundreds of other charming women seem to have learned their complexion secret!"

• ◦ •

Surely the screen and stage stars know how to *keep* youth—stay irresistibly fresh and charming right through the years!

"A flawless skin is the secret," they will tell you.

They use Lux Toilet Soap. Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses (including all stars) 605 use this fragrant, very white soap. At their request it is official in *all* film studios. It is in theatres everywhere.

Buy several cakes and begin today to guard the youthful charm of *your* skin.

Loretta Young
Bernice Claire
Lilyan Tashman
Helen Kane
Helen Morgan
Irene Delroy
Mary Astor
Marilyn Miller
Zasu Pitts
Dorothy Mackaill
Virginia Valli
Irene Rich

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

Films from Afar

Africa and Sumatra Yield Thrills to Globe-Trotting Picture-Makers

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 30 seconds.)

★ ★ ★ TRADER HORN

CAST

Trader Horn	Harry Carey
Nina T.	Edwina Booth
Peru	Duncan Renaldo
Renchero	Mutia Omoolu
Mrs. Trend	Olive Golden

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

IT took nine months to film Trader Horn and a distance of 35,000 miles was covered to and from location. Most of the film was taken in the jungles of Africa. The picture was made from the material in Ethelreda Lewis' book about her conversations with the old ivory trader, Aloysius Horn.

When I made the acquaintance of the garrulous old fellow in the book, I found him a bore, but he is anything but that in the picture. He is the young ivory trader, living his thrilling and adventurous life among the black savage tribes of the African coast. We see him with his young companion, Peru, surrounded by his black boys, undertaking the most interesting of his adventures, the rescue of the white girl who was captured in infancy and lived as a sort of goddess with the wildest tribe in the African jungle.

On this dangerous safari into the heart of Africa all the wild animals of the jungle are encountered. There are remarkable glimpses of herds of giraffes, elephants, zebras, rhinoceroses, and many other wild animals indigenous to Africa. There are several animal battles that are as thrilling as any photographed in Africa Speaks. The camera has caught the sinister beauty of the Dark Continent.

Harry Carey's interpretation of Aloysius Horn is interesting. He, along with the adapter and director, did a good job in keeping the tone of the story in the half-spoofing vein of old Trader Horn's tall tales.

★ ★ ★ RANGO

Distribution by Paramount.
Produced and directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack.

Anthony Bushell and Mary Astor in a scene from The Royal Bed.

A close-up of one of the stars in the Sumatra jungle film Rango.

Ernest Schoedsack is the man who, with Merian Cooper, produced Chang and Grass, two pictures that won world-wide fame because of their originality and the difficulties under which they were made. With Alfred Williams as cameraman, Schoedsack went into Sumatra for the material for Rango. It is, according to the director, the only spot in the world which harbors both apes and tigers.

This wild-animal picture is different from the others. It isn't as thrilling as Africa Speaks or Trader Horn, but it has much more of animal interest about it.

Rango is a young mischievous ape who gets away from his father's protecting arms and is captured by a native hunter and his son. The old ape recovers the young one from his human captors, only to lose him to the insatiable maw of a tiger. The old ape grieves for his son and the tiger hunters strengthen their defenses.

There is a thrilling battle between the tiger and a water ox in which the tiger is actually gored to death by the ox.

The photography is excellent and ingenious. I'd like to know how these intrepid cameramen get some of their remarkable close-ups of wild animals and live to develop their films.

★ ★ ★ STOLEN HEAVEN

CAST

Mary	Nancy Carroll
Joe	Phillips Holmes
Steve	Louis Calhern
The Butler	Thomas Creahan
Morgan	Edward Keane
Mrs. Woodbridge-Woody	Joan Carr
Harvey	C. Albert Smith
Dorothea	Dagmar Oakland
Police Commissioner	Guy Kibbee

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by George Abbott.

The director is responsible for the adaptation of this story, which was

Harry Carey and Edwina Booth braving the African wilds in Trader Horn.

written originally by Dana Burnet. It is a love story with a Cinderella motif. Two youngsters, poor and friendless, come together by chance and through circumstances that are pretty melodramatic have an opportunity of living for a little while the way the very rich live. They are projected against the glamorous and alluring background of Palm Beach and enter into all its gayest activities.

Nancy Carroll's Mary is the stuff popular heroines are made of, and Phillips Holmes is an attractive hero. Louis Calhern is a newcomer in pictures, but he is well known on the stage. He is an addition to the picture, and fits very well into his rôle of philanderer and friend.

The story has plenty of action, lots of love, and a good deal of suspense, all of which go to make an entertaining picture. It is well directed and photographed, and I think the Palm Beach background will play an important part in the picture's draw.

The butler, Thomas Creahan, unlocks the "bracelets" for Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll in Stolen Heaven.

★ ★ THE ROYAL BED

CAST

The King	Lowell Sherman
The Queen	Nance O'Neil
Princess Anne	Mary Astor
Granton	Anthony Bushell
Premier Northrup	Robert Warwick
Phipps	Gilbert Emery

Produced by Radio.
Directed by Lowell Sherman.

This pleasant little satire on the king business was produced on the stage a season or two ago as The Queen's Husband, a much more appropriate title and a cleverer one than the above.

A distinguished cast helps Lowell Sherman to put over the amusing episodes and dialogue. Nance O'Neil is splendid as the queen who manages everything and everyone, including the king. Mary Astor is a charming Princess Anne. The settings are elaborate. Lowell Sherman is director as well as leading player. Sherman has managed this feat of doubling as director and leading actor before, and it seems to me to be at the expense of the production. He overplays his part a bit.

★ ★ THE BACHELOR FATHER

CAST

Tony Flagg	Marion Davies
John Ashley	Ralph Forbes
Sir Basil Winterton	C. Aubrey Smith
Geoffrey Trent	Ray Milland
Dick Berney	Guinn Williams
Dr. MacDonald	David Torrence
Mrs. Webb	Doris Lloyd
Maria Credaro	Nena Quartaro
Mrs. Berney	Elizabeth Murray

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

This is a comedy with a lot of to-do about illegitimacy. It is all supposed to be very funny and Marion Davies works hard to amuse, but it is rather forced amusement. There are very few spontaneous laugh-provoking lines or situations. A crotchety old Englishman, Sir Basil Winterton, in order to spite his doctor, gathers his illegitimate children from the four corners of the world (three, to be exact; there are three offspring) and brings them to live with him in his lovely old house in the country. Geoffrey comes from London, Maria from northern Italy, and Tony, the harum-scarum, comes from the wrong part of the east side of New York.

A change, which is evidently a concession to the censors, is made from the play as it was produced by David Belasco on the stage, in that Tony turns out to be a child of a legitimate union. C. Aubrey Smith has the same part he played on the stage, and all the characters are creditably portrayed.

Do you know that—

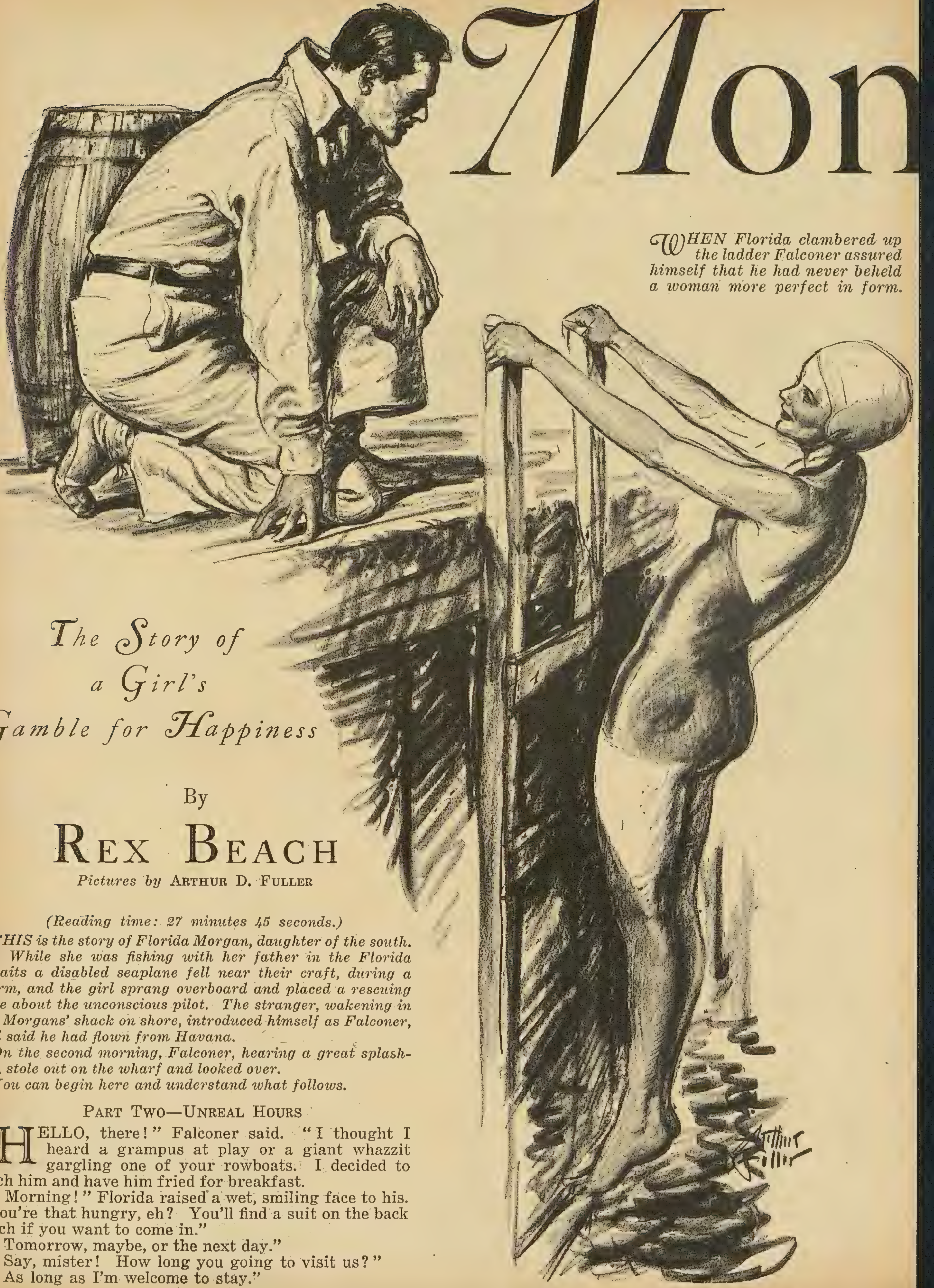
Lew Ayres and Janet Gaynor have recently been crowned King and Queen, respectively, of the movies, as a result of a popularity contest conducted by the New York Daily News? Lew drew 84,489 votes, while his nearest competitor, Charles Farrell, pulled 79,506. Janet had chalked up in her favor 74,767, as against Joan Crawford's 54,980. The ten most popular male stars, according to this poll and listed according to the number of votes each drew, are: Lew Ayres, Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers, Robert Montgomery, Gary Cooper, Ramon Navarro, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, and Fredric March. The girls rank as follows: Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Mary Brian, Constance Bennett, and Anita Page.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Cimarron, Fighting Caravans, Illicit, The Great Meadow, Little Cæsar, New Moon, Reaching for the Moon, The Criminal Code, The Right to Love.

Mon



WHEN Florida clambered up the ladder Falconer assured himself that he had never beheld a woman more perfect in form.

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By

REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

(Reading time: 27 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Florida Morgan, daughter of the south. While she was fishing with her father in the Florida Straits a disabled seaplane fell near their craft, during a storm, and the girl sprang overboard and placed a rescuing rope about the unconscious pilot. The stranger, wakening in the Morgans' shack on shore, introduced himself as Falconer, and said he had flown from Havana.

On the second morning, Falconer, hearing a great splashing, stole out on the wharf and looked over.

You can begin here and understand what follows.

PART TWO—UNREAL HOURS

"HELLO, there!" Falconer said. "I thought I heard a grampus at play or a giant whazzit gargling one of your rowboats. I decided to catch him and have him fried for breakfast.

"Morning!" Florida raised a wet, smiling face to his. "You're that hungry, eh? You'll find a suit on the back porch if you want to come in."

"Tomorrow, maybe, or the next day."

"Say, mister! How long you going to visit us?"

"As long as I'm welcome to stay."

ey Mad

“ You'll get tired of us before then.”

“ Thanks. That's hospitality. . . . Aren't you afraid to swim here? I've heard stories about savage barracudas that think nothing of biting off a person's arm or leg.”

“ Do you believe everything? ”

“ I try to. I abominate skeptics and doubters. If I were a fish and saw such pretty brown arms and legs as yours paddling around I'd forget myself and—nibble a toe, at least.”

“ I reckon a big barracuda might get bold enough to pay me a compliment like that. But if they're big enough to bite they're big enough to see.”

When Florida clambered up the ladder Falconer assured himself that he had never beheld a woman more perfect in form than this sun-kissed creature. Her body was beautifully molded and he had assumed it to be of the same uniform brown as her limbs, but now he caught a glimpse of milky white skin under the shoulder strap of her jersey and marveled at it. It took a lifetime of exposure to acquire such a tan.

“ What was that boat I heard about midnight? ” he inquired.

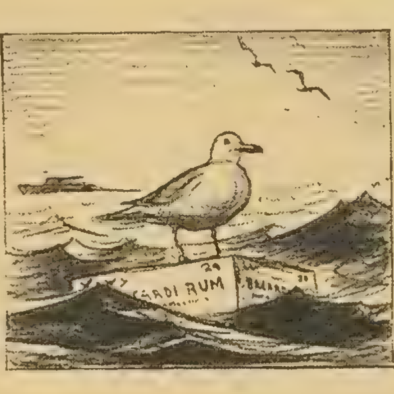
“ That was the flagship of the Joy Line. From Bimini. This is a regular port of call.”

“ A—rumrunner? ”

“ No. An onion smuggler.” This was said with elaborate sarcasm.

FALCONER laughed. “ Don't be impatient with me. I'm a total stranger—”

“ Then don't get inquisitive. How do I know you're not a revenuer? . . . Say! You know how the coast guard intercepts a cargo of smuggled onions? ” The amused listener shook his head. “ They put sniffers at all the inlets. Maybe you're one.”



“ I'm no sniffer. On the contrary, I'm strong for all forms of lawlessness. As a matter of fact, you told me yesterday that you and your father were bootleggers, so you're really in my power if I decide to betray you.”

“ Oh! Yeah? Well, if I hadn't gone good for you last night, the gang would have scuttled and sunk you. Joe was for knocking you off, anyhow.”

“ Indeed? Who is this bloodthirsty Joe person? ”

“ My—my boy friend.” Florida appraised the aviator with a peculiar expression in her eyes. “ I told him you were an ugly little brute, and it's lucky I did. He's awful suspicious.”

“ I resent being called ‘ little ’! ”

“ Joe does his own killing and most of the killing for the gang.”

“ Ruthless person, I take it.”

The girl nodded. “ That's how he keeps this run to himself. . . . He certainly adores me. Of course pappy's a good shot, too, but he isn't likely to bother you unless you go snooping around. The last fellow who put up here—” Florida paused before explaining. “ You can understand we've got to be careful with strangers. All the same, I don't like to see a man bumped off just on suspicion. Why, the last big storm washed clean over this key and I'll bet it uncovered a dozen skeletons. Mister, you don't know what a funny feeling it is to run across bones—”

Without warning the speaker dived, and when she came up she was coughing. She declared that she had swallowed some water.

“ If you weren't a rich man—” she resumed when she was on the dock again.

“ What makes you think I'm rich? ” he interrupted.

The bare brown shoulders lifted in a shrug. “ Oh, skylarking around Havana! Evening dress clothes. Your own airship. . . . I like you, and if you were poor I'd give you a chance to clean up. If you had the nerve to risk it, you could make a fortune here. A few more trips and pappy and I are going to retire.”

“ Do you go along on these trips? ”

“ Why, sure! You know why we pack all those rods and reels around with us? To fool the coast guards. Just the other day we came across the Stream in daylight and timed it so's to make Long Key Fishing Camp about sundown. There must of been twenty sailfishing boats out and we ran in with them. There was a revenue cutter anchored right in the pass and we had to go within a hundred yards of her. You'd of died to see pappy and me with our rods over the rail, throwing bait to the pelicans and looking like a couple of rich northern sports. Baldy was our guide. Gee! What a kick! ”

“ Suppose they had hailed you? ”

“ Oh, we had the machine gun ready! ”

“ Machine gun! ” Falconer stared, then his face lighted with a new interest. “ Now you're talking my language. I can run a—”

But again Florida dived. This time when she emerged from the water she announced that it was breakfast-time and that she must help Baldy in the kitchen.

What fantasy was this, the man asked himself as he watched her run up the path. Rum. Skeletons. Mermaids. Machine guns. Was the girl an outrageous liar? Or was this just her idea of humor? He rather suspected she was having fun with him, for he could hear her and Baldy laughing uproariously over something. All the same, this had turned out to be more than a mere forced landing: he had plumped himself right down at the threshold of an agreeable adventure.

II

MORGAN announced one morning that he had business ashore and suggested that Falconer might like to go fishing with Florida and Baldy. Although the visitor was no angler he welcomed this arrangement since it meant an entire day in the girl's company.

As their boat left the dock she told him in a low voice, “ I was afraid you'd refuse to come along. But pappy's making ready for another trip and he's got to overhaul the machine gun. He'd rather you were out of the way.”

Falconer glanced over his shoulder at the bald-headed steersman, whereupon she assured him, “ Oh, he understands! Don't you, Baldy? ”

“ Understand what? ”

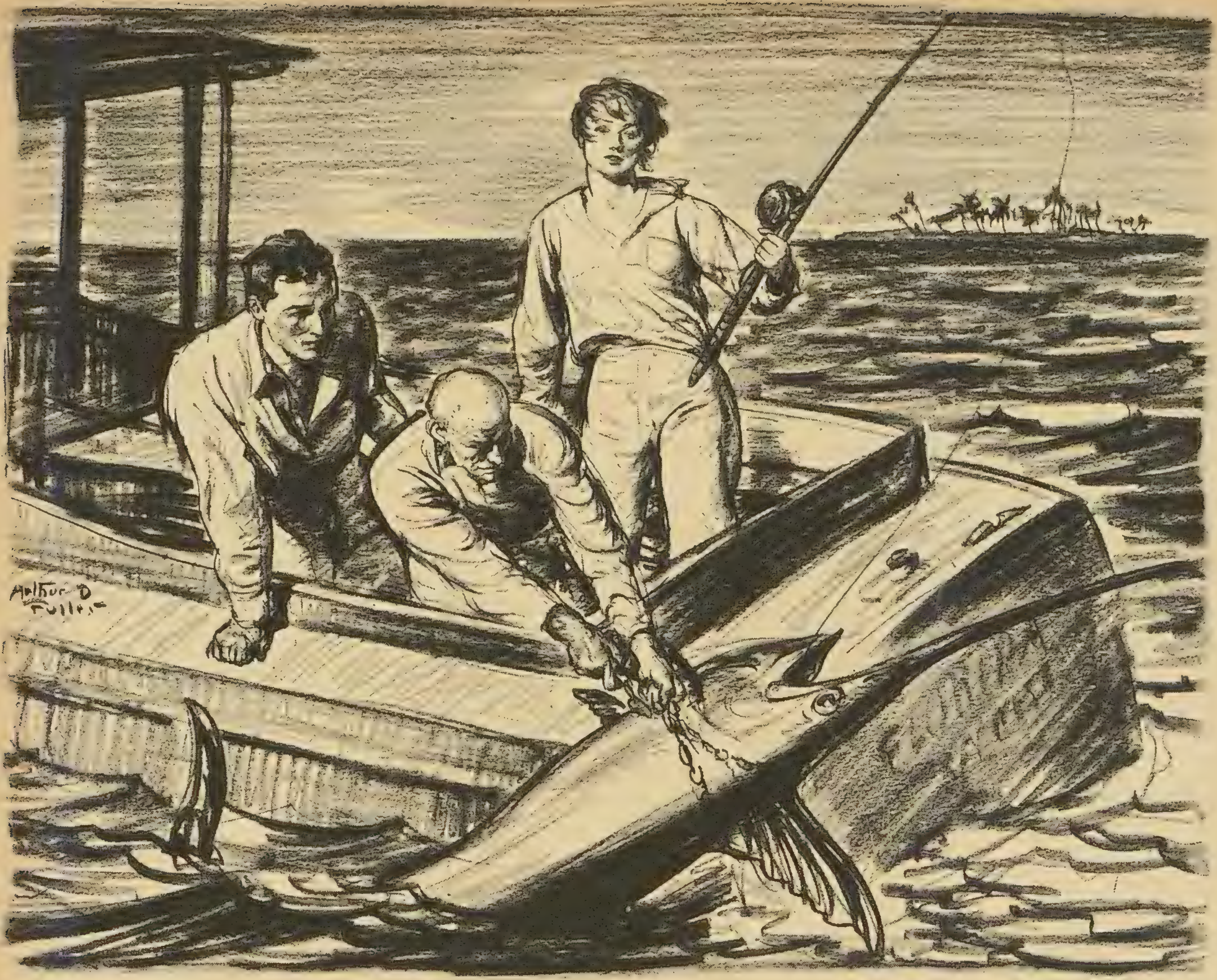
“ I been telling Mr. Falconer about our game and how bad we need a good machine gunner.”

“ Can you run one of them things, mister? ” Baldy inquired.

“ I was a combat flyer during the war.”

“ Just the man for us! ” Florida exclaimed. “ Sign him up, Baldy.”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Baldy slung a loop of chain around it and managed to heave its head and shoulders out of the water.

MONEY MAD
Continued from page twenty-nine

"You do your own dirty work," Baldy grunted and turned his back.

"He's queer," the girl confided. "Suspicious! Cold-blooded! He won't commit himself till he knows you better. I reckon he's about the worst killer in our whole gang, next to Joe. He's just plain fever and ague to coast guards."

Florida, it seemed, was in a frank and talkative mood this morning and on the way out to the fishing grounds she openly boasted about the doings of her father and his lawless associates. Her stories were disjointed, fantastic, but, true or false, Falconer was entertained by them. The girl fascinated him. The charm of her personality, her soft, drawling habit of speech—a real dialect—grew on him constantly.

He heard about surreptitious voyages, midnight pursuits, ingenious ruses to fool the law. She drew for him pictures of wild nights in the bootleg settlements of the Bahamas and the smugglers' dens of the Florida coast through which stalked figures as colorful, as bizarre, and as forbidding as those long-haired buccaneers who served under the first Henry Morgan. Those sketches of hers reminded him of certain pictures by George Bellows. They were vigorous, brutal, animate, naked. Life for this rum baron's daughter, it appeared, was a melodramatic affair; danger, duplicity, knavery, sin, were no strangers to her.

Tiring abruptly of the subject she probed her companion about his life and experiences and managed to make him talk, something he rarely did. He matched her tales of excitement with stories of peril during the war.

Meanwhile he received a lesson in angling, but, in spite of the fact that conditions were pronounced perfect, neither he nor Florida had a strike. Monotonously the boat cruised through the sapphire waters, hours passed, and he finally declared this to be pretty poor sport.

The girl had been telling him something about the phenomenon of the Gulf Stream, its origin and its course, when she looked up to find him eying her with a stare of blank intensity, and exclaimed:

"You haven't heard a word I'm saying!"

HE confessed with a nod. "Couldn't keep my mind on it. Your lips fascinated me." She was disconcerted and he added, "They're lovely. They—"

"You better not let Joe hear you."

"Bring on your Joe," he told her defiantly. "Bring on your machine guns, too. I'll turn pirate and we'll ravage the Spanish Main, we'll sack its cities. . . . Say! Haven't I heard about a flaming Spanish beauty somewhere who forgot her noble birth and followed Sir Henry Morgan to sea? Yielded to his—sack appeal, as it were? You must be a throwback. . . . If you insist upon my listening to fathoms and ocean currents and trade winds, you—you'll have to blindfold me. I'm only human."

"That's not a bad idea," Florida asserted. "Give me your handkerchief."

"Not—really?"

"You're flying altogether too low for safety. You'll crack up again, sure. Give me that handkerchief."

"Very well." As she fixed the bandage over his eyes he groped for her fingers only to receive a slap on the hand. "And, what's more, you have a couple of the most ravishing dimples," he declared.

"Remember you're fishing. Reel in and let's look at your bait."

Blindly he obeyed, murmuring, "Dimples, with lips like that, is—rubbing it in. It's unfair competition."

He heard Baldy moving, the rattle of a bucket. Florida was saying, "These fish in the Gulf Stream—"

"What fish?"

"—are like people. The big ones are always chasing the little ones. That's why I like to catch 'em. It teaches 'em a lesson."

"You have my undivided attention now, so proceed with the lecture. The life story of a sponge would be romance if you told it. I could sit entranced while you explained the mysteries of garlic growing. Music flows from your—"

Falconer felt an electrifying jerk on his line which almost took the rod out of his hands. He swept the bandage off his eyes to find his line stretched taut and unwinding rapidly from his reel.

"Say! Is that a fish?"

"*Strike* him!" Florida cried. "Man! You've got a whopper."

BALDY added his excited voice to hers: "Give it to him, stranger! Break his back!"

Followed a busy quarter of an hour. That fish did not jump; it merely tugged and shook itself sullenly, and the faster the launch traveled, the more doggedly it struggled, the more steadily it took out Falconer's line.

Its captor fought it until his arms ached, his hands cramped, and the sweat ran down his face. He did his best to heed the advice that was showered upon him and he gave his tackle all it would stand. Slowly he pumped the creature in, but it was exhausting work.

"You call this fun?" he inquired at one time, with a glance at Florida.

"If you get tired, I'll land him."

"Oh, indeed?" Falconer heaved until his rod bent nearly double.

The time came finally when a metallic flash showed astern and he exclaimed, "There he is!" A moment, then he rose, inquiring blankly, "What the devil?"

Deepest amazement was written upon the girl's face as Baldy seized the line and hauled it in. "Why, mister! You—you caught a *bucket!*"

True enough, just above the leader, Falconer's line was knotted to the bail of a battered galvanized iron pail which wabbled and jerked in the wake of the propeller. He understood now why it had nearly pulled his arms out.

"I never—*heard* of such a thing! Imagine snagging a bucket way out here!" Florida stared at him, wide-eyed, astonished. Then suddenly her dimples reappeared, her whole face underwent a change, she fell back into her chair, and hugged herself ecstatically. She rocked back and forth. Meanwhile strange sounds of mirth escaped from Baldy. Falconer joined in their laughter. It *was* funny, he agreed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For
COLDS
Use Kleenex
in place of
Handkerchiefs

Handkerchiefs
carry millions
of germs during
a cold . . . cause
self-infection.

Safety demands Kleenex
use it once . . . then discard

THE use of Kleenex in place of handkerchiefs may actually shorten the duration of your cold! This promise comes to us from the scientific laboratory, after a remarkable series of tests.

These tests reveal the vast numbers of disease germs discharged into a handkerchief during colds. As many as 240,000 in a handkerchief used just once. As many as 4,170,000 in a handkerchief used several times!

This means that the ordinary handkerchief carries countless germs back to the face every time it's used.

Use Kleenex—then discard

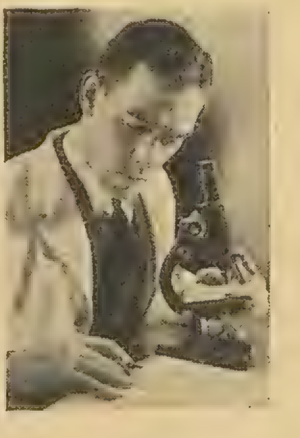
When you use Kleenex, each tissue that touches your face is absolutely clean. Think how much more sanitary! Health authorities advise Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue, handkerchief size. So gentle, so soothing, that irritation is impossible. So inexpensive that each tissue may be used just once, then discarded.

KLEENEX
Disposable Tissues

Kleenex has many other uses. It is the sanitary way to remove creams and cosmetics. Kleenex removes every trace of dirt along with cleansing cream.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store; 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.



Bacteriological Tests show:

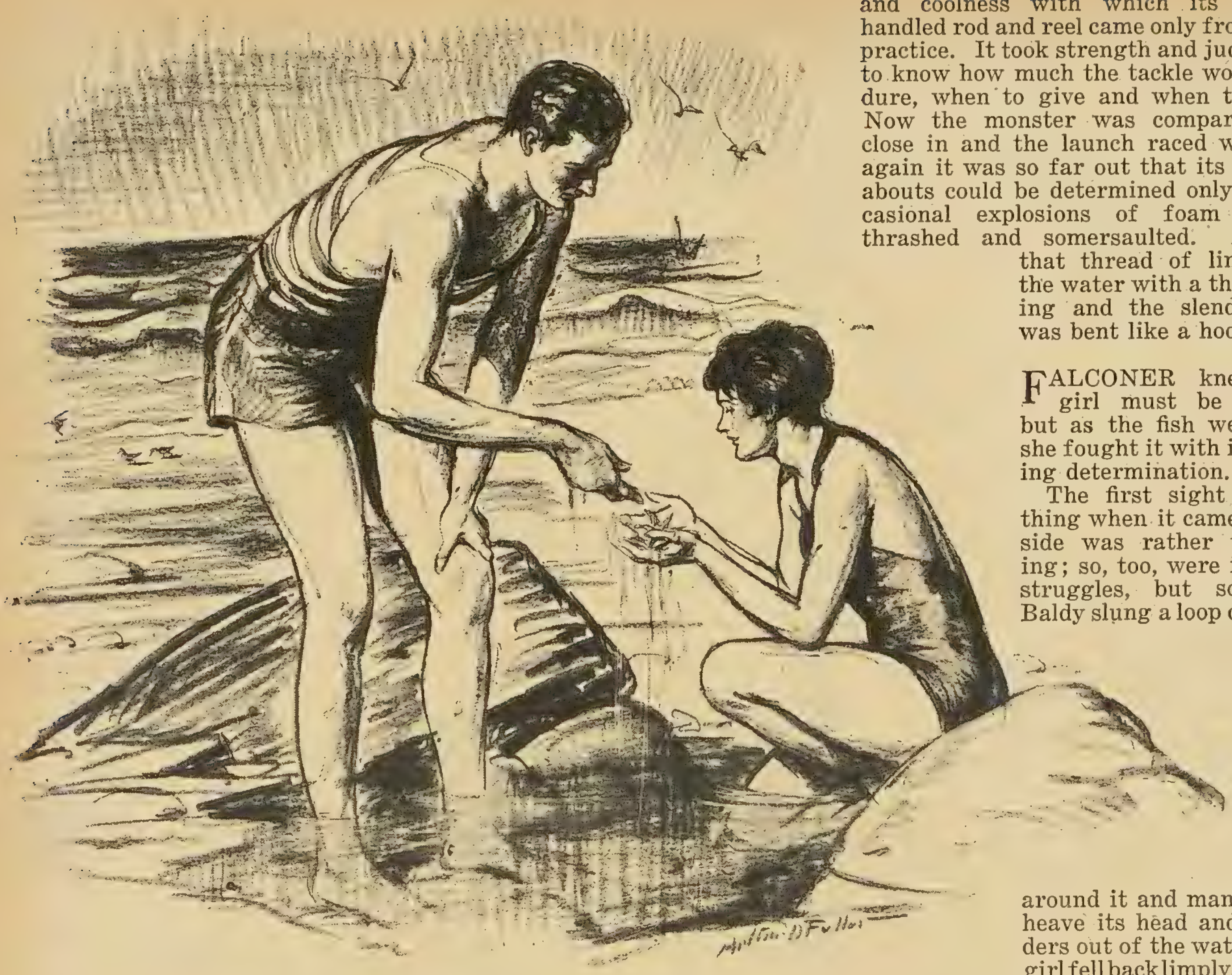
1. That handkerchiefs used by persons having colds may contain as many as 4,170,000 germs per handkerchief.

2. That organisms representative of those associated with colds, when impregnated upon linen and rinsed in boiling water and soap water, followed by clear water, were found not to be killed nor appreciably inhibited from growing.

FREE *Sample of Kleenex* LI.3

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free.
(Please print name plainly)

Name........................
Street........................
City........................ State........................
In Canada address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.



There were myriads of strange live things to be discovered by wading in the shallows.

[MONEY MAD
Continued from page thirty-one]

The spirit in which he took that joke raised him in the estimation of his companions and thereafter they treated him not as a guest but as a pal. Now that she had played her prank, Florida was eager to make amends. She was determined that he should hook a real fighting fish. At lunch she saw that he had the fattest sandwich and the largest piece of pie. She made herself agreeable in a dozen different ways.

Her desire was realized and luck turned Falconer's way during the afternoon, due largely to the fact that the girl got her bait out of the way of two sailfish and allowed them to take his hook. But his real thrill came in seeing her fight a marlin.

NOT knowing what a marlin might be, he could not appreciate the sudden excitement it provoked; but when, after skillful maneuvering of the boat, it struck Florida's bait and she firmly set her hook, he was made to understand. Followed an exhibition that aroused his deepest admiration and respect.

The fish was enormous. It was incredibly strong and swift, too, and its antics eclipsed by far the most savage struggles of any sailfish. As the waves parted and it flung itself into one crashing leap after another, Falconer shouted. Fascinated, he watched it and the slim brown tomboy at his side. Florida was all business now. Her eyes were blazing, she spoke tersely to Baldy, and the latter obeyed her every command.

No one who has ever seen a swordfish "walk on its tail" in breath-taking, hair-raising hundred-foot and hundred-yard rushes, with a taut line stretched from its gaping mouth, will soon forget the amazement it provokes. That creature was as powerful as a submarine and swifter than light. It was untiring, too. The skill and coolness with which its captor handled rod and reel came only from long practice. It took strength and judgment to know how much the tackle would endure, when to give and when to take. Now the monster was comparatively close in and the launch raced with it; again it was so far out that its whereabouts could be determined only by occasional explosions of foam as it thrashed and somersaulted. Always that thread of linen cut the water with a thin hissing and the slender rod was bent like a hoop.

FALCONER knew the girl must be tiring, but as the fish weakened she fought it with increasing determination.

The first sight of the thing when it came alongside was rather terrifying; so, too, were its final struggles, but somehow Baldy slung a loop of chain around it and managed to heave its head and shoulders out of the water. The girl fell back limply into her chair. "Loose him quick, Baldy! Before he hurts himself," she directed.

"Save him! *Save him!*" Falconer urged. "He'll make a magnificent trophy and I'll have him mounted for you."

But Florida shook her head, the fish was released, he disappeared. "I'm sorry he wasn't yours," she said in genuine regret.

"Good Lord! I never could have handled him. Look! I'm shaking like a leaf. Florida, you—you're *wonderful!* You're the best little sport I ever knew. In fact, I never knew there was a girl like you—"

She laughed uncertainly and avoided his admiring eyes. "You ought to see pappy whip a marlin. But—pshaw! It's all we know."

That night, as he went to bed, Falconer told himself that he must leave the island. Adventure indeed! This experience was developing into something more than that. What ailed him? Instinct warned him that he was acting absurdly and, furthermore, that he had put the girl on guard. She had confessed as much after they came in by changing from her boy's clothes into a dress. It was the first time he had seen her in feminine garments and he took it as a hint that his compliments had been too warm, his remarks about her lips, her dimples, had been too personal to suit her. She was no fool. She had seen where he was heading and she had deliberately served notice on him that if he persisted in treating her like a woman she would hereafter conduct herself like one. The consequences would be on his own head.

How utterly foreign to him this fascinating young person was he more fully realized when he recalled the picture of that cheap little dress. It was nice enough as dresses go, and she wore it well enough, too, but—it made a different person of her. A more alluring person, if that were possible. Falconer shook his head in disapproval of himself and of his unruly thoughts. By all means it was time to get out of here.

In the morning, however, he said nothing about leaving. Those scruples of the night before had somehow vanished. Why hurry? he asked himself. The place was enchanting, he loved it, and an unaccustomed optimism had taken hold of him. Every morning when he opened his eyes it was with the pleasurable anticipation of some new and enjoyable experience. The sun, here, had some miraculous power of provoking gladness in a fellow's heart. The sea was more fascinating than any book of nature and a million mysteries were hidden in it. For instance, there were myriads of strange live things to be discovered by wading in the shallows and Florida had names for most of them. It was nice, too, to bask on the hot sands with her. She was the most delightful person—girlish enough to intrigue him ceaselessly, boyish enough to put him perfectly at ease with himself and with her. Now that he had awakened to caution he would watch his step.

Falconer was a solitary person. He had no chums. Not even during wartimes had he made a buddy, and here for the first time he had learned what real companionship can be. It was a revelation. He could not bring himself to write finis to this intoxicating tropic daydream.

III

SIR HENRY had a toothache one evening, absurd ailment for a bold buccaneer, and a search of the cottage revealed no remedy more potent than a case of Scotch which the sanguinary Joe had put ashore on his last trip. Morgan sat around glumly with his mouth full of this until in disgust he spat it out, ordered Baldy to run up to Turtle Inlet early in the morning for some medicine, then stamped off to bed.

"I've been telling him to have it out," Florida said, "but—men are the worst cowards about little things."

"It's hard to be a hero without an audience," Falconer agreed. "The average man can endure any suffering except pain, and resist everything except temptation."

"Ain't that the truth? We know an old cattleman from Kissimmee, and what I mean he's tough-bitted. So hard he can sleep on prickly pears. He stood a toothache till his face all swelled up, then when the dentist eared him down he drew his gun and stuck it in the fellow's ribs and said, 'Pull easy, doc, and don't hurt me or I'll tremble this off.' . . . Pappy's like that. He'll endure anything to avoid hurting himself or others. He never made an enemy in his life, or a dollar. . . . Are your people living?"

"My father. *He* has made enemies enough. So have I."

Florida was sitting on the top step leading to the porch, her favorite place. She glanced up at her companion's tone, but the light from the living room was at his back and she could not read his expression.

"You would. . . . You'd never get along in this game."

"No? . . . Why?"

"You're not 'common' enough. You couldn't mix."

"Is it true, what you told me about rumrunning?"

"What's wrong about rumrunning?" the girl inquired defiantly.

"Oh, nothing! It's one of our crowded professions and more profitable than law or medicine. I don't object to it! It's none of my business, in fact."

"Gee! You're a disappointment. I thought you'd get all worked up over it, and over me."

"I have. Frankly, I'm wondering if this last week is real or if I took a harder bump than I thought and am still seeing stars. Imagine it! Wind. Waves. No gas. A crash. Then whispering palms, white sand, blue seas, and—a girl like you. Sir Henry Morgan's daughter. A real little buddy. If *that* isn't a dream—! You're not a girl at all, Florrie: you're that boy in Treasure Island. I can hear Long John Silver's parrot and those drunken sailors singing, 'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest— Yo-ho—'"

"Aren't you going to reform me? Aren't you going to teach me all about the great world 'out there'; give me a 'chance'?"

"Chance for what?"

"Why, to make a—a real woman of myself. A splendid woman. Go on the stage, or in the talkies. Lordy! The least I expected was you'd offer to see me through Vassar. Don't you aim to refine me?"

"You don't need any fixing." Falconer spoke a trifle gruffly.

"But," Florida persisted, "a beautiful, ignorant child of nature in a place like this? Ain't you going to do—*something* about it?"

"Nothing! The place is perfect and so are you. I'd like to stay here the rest of my life. It's great. I'm drunk."

"Well, pappy isn't. And if we keep talking he'll never get to sleep."

THE speaker rose. Falconer walked with her through the gloom beneath the palm trees and out into the starlight. Side by side they seated themselves upon the dock and watched the phosphorescent world beneath them as they had often done before. That ceaseless warfare of the depths was going on as usual; the waters worked with voracious creatures, each bent upon devouring something, anything, everything smaller than itself, only now every drama, every tragedy, was written briefly in fire.

There was no longer any need to speak softly, nevertheless they did, even though neither had anything of consequence to say. Falconer had discovered long since that this girl had silent moods like his and that he was not called upon to entertain her. What a comfortable, chummy little person she was; a delightful combination of young brother, kid sister, and sweetheart.

The moon was made for romance, of course. In its light Queen Mab

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

From Hopeless Poverty to Well-Paid Success!

Twins? No. Just two pictures of J. H. Huppert, of Beulah, Michigan. At the left is Huppert as he looked in the days when he believed that salesmen were "born"—and when he was tied to a $25-a-week job. On the right—the same Huppert, who now knows that he or any other man can *learn* successful salesmanship—and who, when he had learned, stepped into a job at $11,000 a year!

How Do You Know You Can't Sell?

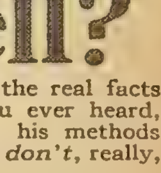
HAVE you ever learned any of the real facts about salesmanship? Have you ever heard, from a successful master salesman, his methods which make his job easy? Then you *don't*, really, know that you can't sell.

Many men have let themselves be cheated out of their biggest opportunities, because they thought they couldn't sell—because they were told, and believed, that successful salesmen were "born." Yet, when they actually found out the real secrets of selling, they realized that salesmanship is one thing which *must* be learned—which cannot be inborn—and which now, thanks to an amazing new training, is one of the easiest things to learn. They found out, too, that *trained* salesmanship is the highest-paid profession in the world.

Hundreds of the greatest salesmen and sales-managers now help you to the big money class. They show you, in an easy, quickly-learned training, the inside secrets of salesmanship. Poor immigrants as well as college graduates have used this knowledge to lift themselves out of poorly-paid routine jobs into the ranks of $5,000 to $10,000-a-year men. J. H. Huppert, shown above, is an example—a man who went from a plumber's job at $25 a week to a position at $11,000 a year.

A new volume, "The Key To Master Salesmanship" is now presenting a graphic history of how the National Salesmen's Training Association has dispelled the old "I can't sell" idea for thousands of men, raised them to the ranks of highly successful salesmen. Not only that, it tells the method by which this is done. Today "The Key To Master Salesmanship" is being given away FREE, to every man enough interested in his own chances for success to write for it. Send for it today, and learn from it, from the experiences of some of the most successful salesmen in the world. Mail the coupon now.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S
TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Salesmanship Headquarters since 1907
Dept. C-233, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.



National Salesmen's Training Association,
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Please send me my FREE copy of your book "The Key To Master Salesmanship," with full details of your Free Employment Service, and other service features.

Name..
Address......................................
City..................State...................
Age........Occupation.........................

MONEY MAD
Continued from page thirty-three

holds court, dryads and hamadryads frolic. They are creatures of pure mischief, however, and there are other sprites, other influences, that walk in the dark of the moon and that have more power to work good or ill. Certainly no lunar radiance, however soft or silvery, can arouse quite the same emotions as stir on a still, warm, fragrant evening when hands grope blindly and bodies draw together.

Like most supersensitive people who have been hurt often, Falconer prided himself upon his reserve. Of necessity he had grown a protective covering, but lately he had been swelling and that shell constricted him. He had experienced a hundred unaccustomed yearnings since he came to this island; absurd desires had begun to take shape. He loved, for instance, the thought of living here forever in the sun. It would be nice to divorce himself from the cares and problems that harassed him and—go wild. Run rum. Play pirate.

Fantastic, of course, and evanescent, but real for the moment. He liked Morgan, and Baldy; and this girl at his side was a perfect peach. How he would like to destroy that dinner suit and all it stood for and go barefoot, let the fierce sun scorch him. . . . He'd lay for that Joe and give him a damned good beating. . . . Take command of the smuggling fleet and—and grab Florrie; show her that she only played at being a boy.

Such thoughts as these ran aimlessly through his mind as he talked or listened to her.

Boy, nothing! She was merely boyish.

Somehow he had taken her hand in his and was idly playing with it. No boy ever had such supple fingers as hers, or such a slender wrist. Not a callus on the palm, either, nor a blemish on her smooth, cool forearm. . . . Cool? No, her flesh was warm. It was his own that was icy. All the blood in his body had flowed inward and his heart was laboring to pump it. He found no breath in his lungs—that's what ailed his voice, which he realized had suddenly grown flat and throaty, but—she didn't appear to notice it. . . . Ridiculous! She couldn't help noticing it and the change that had stolen over him. Well, if it didn't alarm her, if she didn't mind—

He could hear himself talking, but it was as if he stood outside of himself and listened. . . . Strange! He had become two men, and one was a total stranger to him. That newcomer had the salt of the sea in his veins; the wind was in his voice. Some Spanish rover with his hair in a braid and a pistol in his belt, no doubt. This little brown witch had conjured him out of the stormy past.

Florida uttered a wordless, frightened protest as he drew her close; she resisted, but his strength crushed her. When he found her lips they were soft to his; the rigors in her body relaxed, she lay against his breast, finally, with her face upturned. A little sigh escaped her.

THE ecstasy of that moment was so fierce that it burned a scar into Falconer's soul. For a while he could do no more than murmur the girl's name over and over, trying with each repetition to tell a fuller story of his passion. He felt her hands on his hair, his face, and her heart beating tumultuously against his.

After a while she pushed herself away from him and drew a deep breath. "Well!" she said. "I never expected anything like *this!*"

"Nor did I. Florida! I've gone completely out of my head; you've put a spell on me. I didn't know I loved you."

"I was afraid you did."

"Afraid?"

She nodded. "I didn't want to love you, either."

"But you do. You can't even pretend otherwise after the way you kissed me. You never kissed any other man like that."

"N-no. Not quite—"

"So! You've kissed other—"

"Am I the first girl *you* ever kissed?"

For a moment he hesitated, then he said frankly, "In a manner of speaking, yes. Anyhow, it seems so."

"I reckon the girls you know are mighty careful who they kiss."

He laughed scornfully and again drew her close. "They'd resent such an accusation."

"But I'm not like them. Have you thought about that?"

"I haven't thought about anything. I refuse to think, either forward or backward. All I know is that a minute ago you were a—a little brown tomboy who interested me enormously, and now, all at once, you're a living, glowing woman. The loveliest woman I ever knew, the only one who ever turned my head. Every man is entitled to his hour. This is mine."

THERE was silence again, broken only by the whisper of wavelets. An inner voice warned Falconer, but he reveled in his intoxication. He was deaf to conscience and he gloried in the fact that for once the bit was in his teeth, that he was a runaway. He was some bold Spanish adventurer who had found and seized a slim, wild forest creature. One of De Soto's men or Ponce de Leon's. His comrades were calling him as they pressed on, but he stopped his ears. Doubtless those early expeditions lost a good many soldiers that way.

Now and then the girl stirred, murmured, jested with him, only to surrender again to his ardor; but for the most part she was silent and apparently lost in wonderment at what had happened to her. She had not liked him so very well at first, she confessed. He was so sure of himself; he had such an air. She wondered if he would like her any better when he knew all about her. What could he see in a common little cracker girl like her, anyhow? It would take him days, weeks, to discover all her sins and her deceits, the which, by the way, seemed to amuse rather than to distress her. She teased him about his money, his position, his probable importance, and apologized for her own lack of all the things he expected of a woman. But she showed no apprehension about her ability to overcome those shortcomings. Her smiling lips were a constant enticement.

She lifted her head finally and listened. She laid her fingers upon his mouth. He realized, then, that for some time he had been aware of a faint, sustained humming. "That's a boat coming. And I think it's coming here," she told him.

"Who could it be at this hour?"

She shook her head, then, with a new note in her voice, she said, "I can't imagine, unless it's Joe."

"Will he stop in?"

Florida's white teeth shone in a wider smile. "If you were going past, mister, and I was here, would you stop in?"

Falconer stiffened. "I'll beat his brains out!"

"Maybe it's only a chaser. We'll know when it turns the stake buoy." After a few minutes she announced, "It's turning, all right." She rose and peered into the gloom, the while Falconer struggled with a sort of emotional vertigo.

Tonight, of all nights! This hour, of all others, he meditated angrily. The appearance of a rival supplied the one fantastic touch lacking to this insane affair.

The boat materialized into a blur, a voice sounded and another answered; soon its motor slowed, and Florida hailed it.

"Hello, Florrie," a man called back.

"Hello, Joe. I thought maybe it was the law."

"That Henry with you?"

"No. Father's in the house."

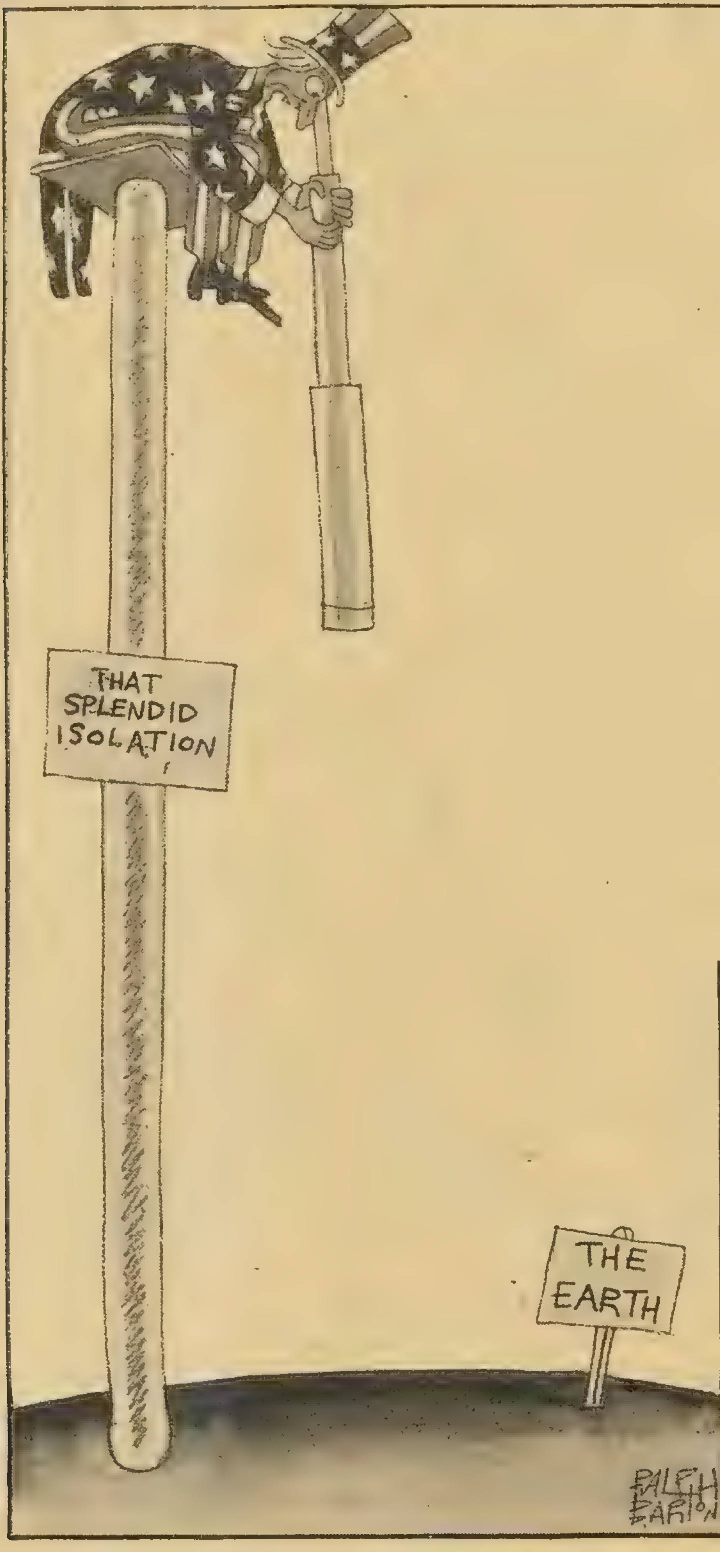
The boat touched the dock and a figure scrambled out. It took the girl in its arms, kissed her. A sudden rage blazed up in Falconer. He stepped forward, a scowl on his face, his hands clenched.

The night's remaining hours were fateful for Florida. You'll learn some surprising things about her in next week's installment of Money Mad.

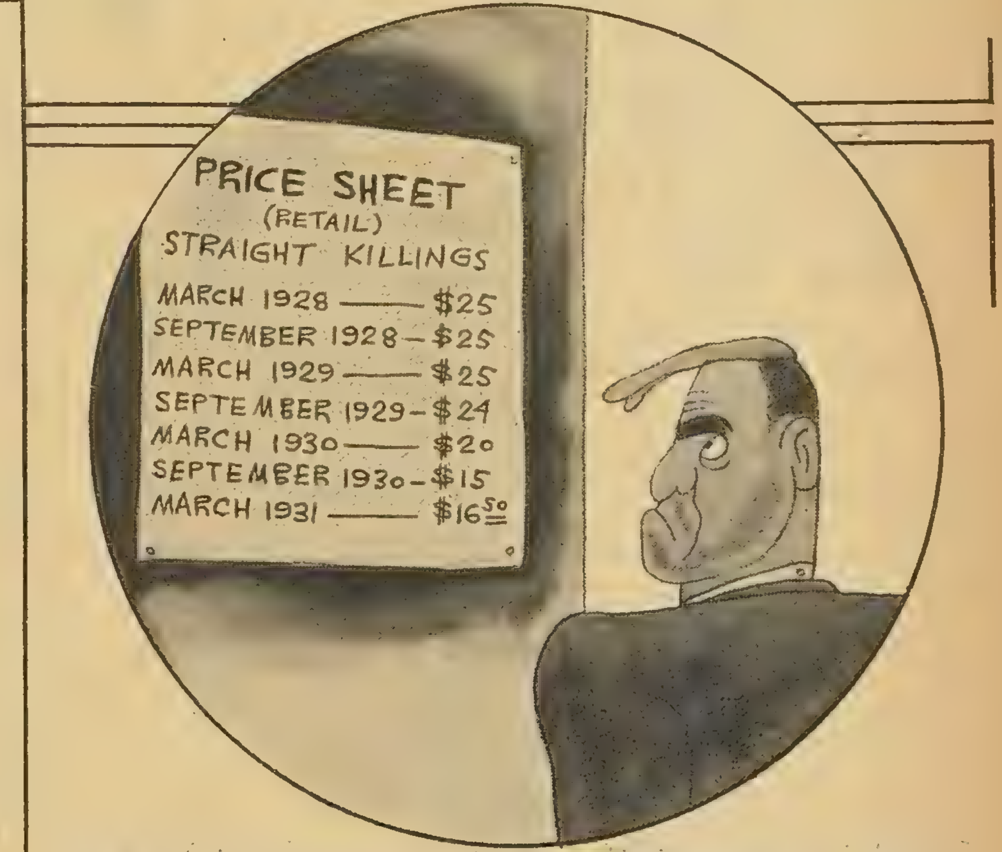
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

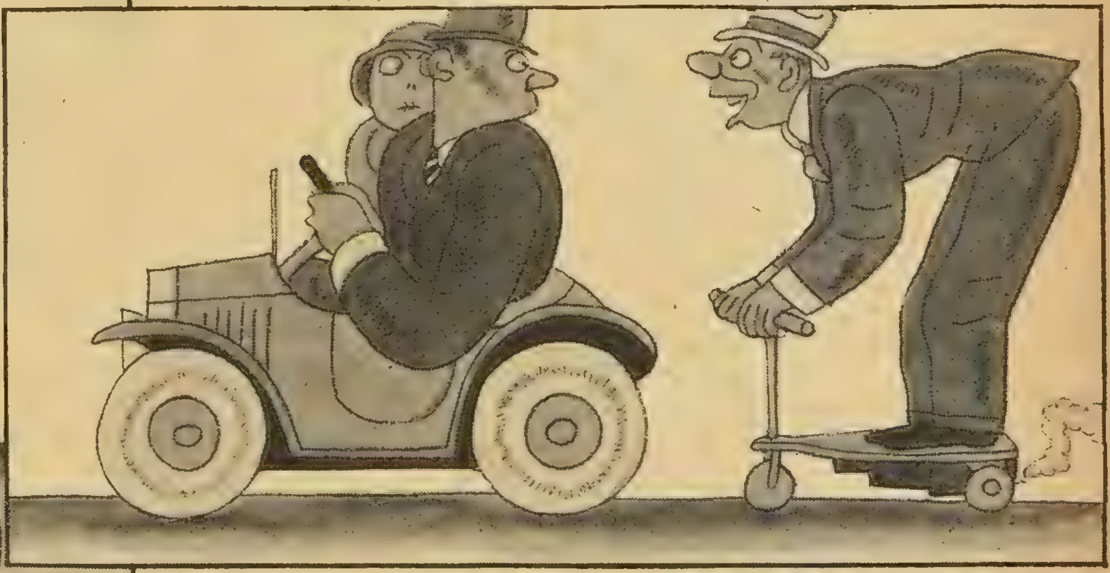
By RALPH BARTON


THAT SPLENDID ISOLATION
THE EARTH
RALPH BARTON

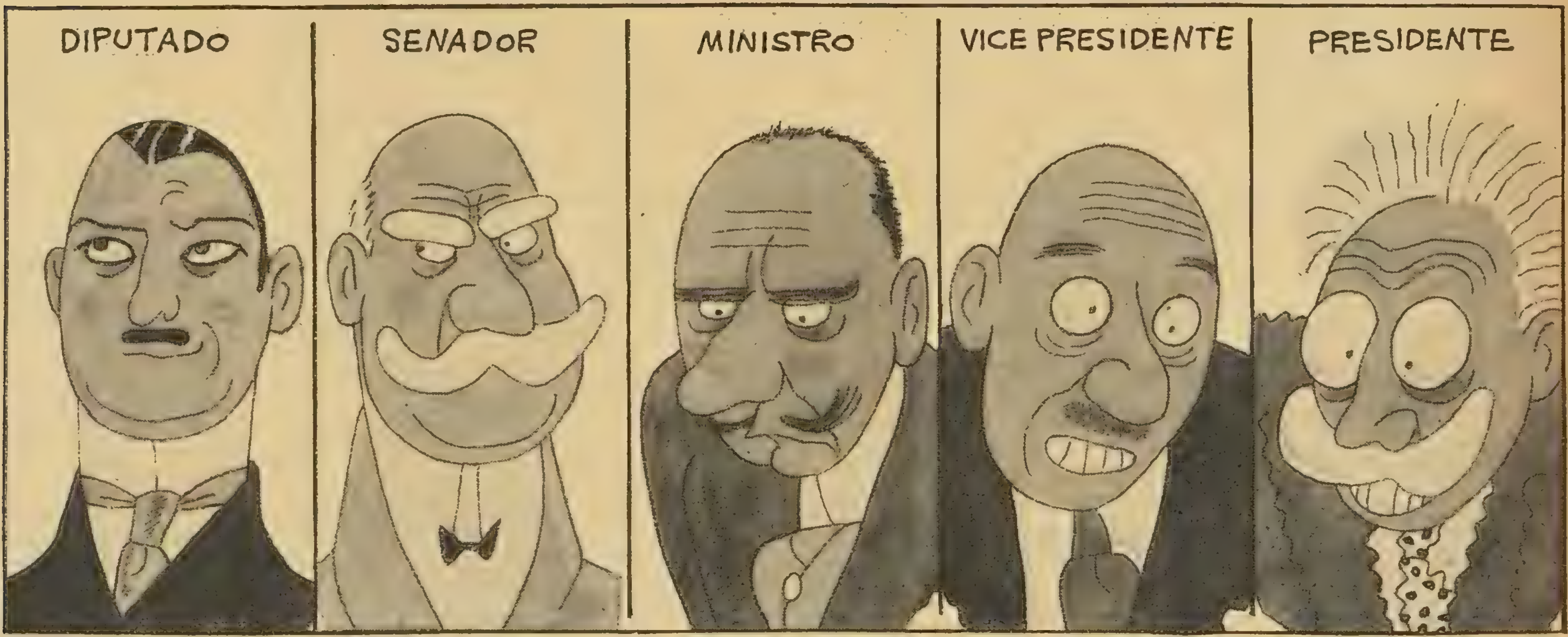
BIG YEAR IN ASTRONOMY. Uncle Sam discovers a new planet.


PRICE SHEET
(RETAIL)
STRAIGHT KILLINGS
MARCH 1928 —— $25
SEPTEMBER 1928 – $25
MARCH 1929 —— $25
SEPTEMBER 1929 – $24
MARCH 1930 —— $20
SEPTEMBER 1930 – $15
MARCH 1931 —— $16.50

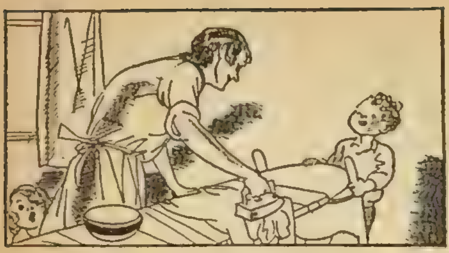
SEMIANNUAL RETAIL PRICE ADJUSTMENT shows marked evidence that the bottom of the depression has been reached and that normal times are at hand.



THE SMALL CAR CRAZE. Going the Joneses one better.


DIPUTADO
SENADOR
MINISTRO
VICE PRESIDENTE
PRESIDENTE

COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS of the highest officers in the South American republics, with the progressive facial expressions that go with each.



To the

By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

style authority, accomplished linguist, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(*Reading time: 8 minutes 42 seconds.*)

IS there anything more thoroughly satisfying than a good job of work done in a straightforward, workmanlike way? This may sound rather copy-bookish, I know, but a thorough piece of work *is* a wonderful thing.

Recently I've been watching some *really* good workmen working at their trades. Two swell old carpenters—a German and an American—and an Italian upholsterer. All three know their jobs to perfection. Every move they make has a definite aim, and achieves that aim. No fumbling. No fooling. No makeshifts.

What amused me immensely was the fine mutual respect which good workmanship established among these men. Clad in rough overalls, my American carpenter at first cast scornful glances at the somewhat dandified Italian upholsterer, who wore a snappy blue suit while he cut out my slip covers. But that look of scorn vanished in about two minutes, as Mr. Carpenter watched the "Eyetalian" do his stuff with quick, sure touches of the scissors. Then the upholsterer flicked an eye of judgment at the carpenter's craftsmanship, and found it worthy of approval. After that I could *feel* the atmosphere of unspoken confidence and respect in that room where they went on with their tasks side by side.

I'm quite "hipped," you see, on this business of people doing things well with their hands. I believe everyone should try to be skillful at some kind of manual work. A handicraft of some kind is the best relaxation in the world, I think, for those whose professional occupation is exclusively mental.

There are busy, important executives who take an enormous pride in being able workmen with their hands, and get great pleasure out of it. Winston Churchill, for instance, likes to lay bricks, and does it expertly. I have also heard of an American lawyer who does the same. And a doctor friend of mine is one of the best cabinetmakers in his state. His furniture is as fine, almost, as authentic Chippendale.

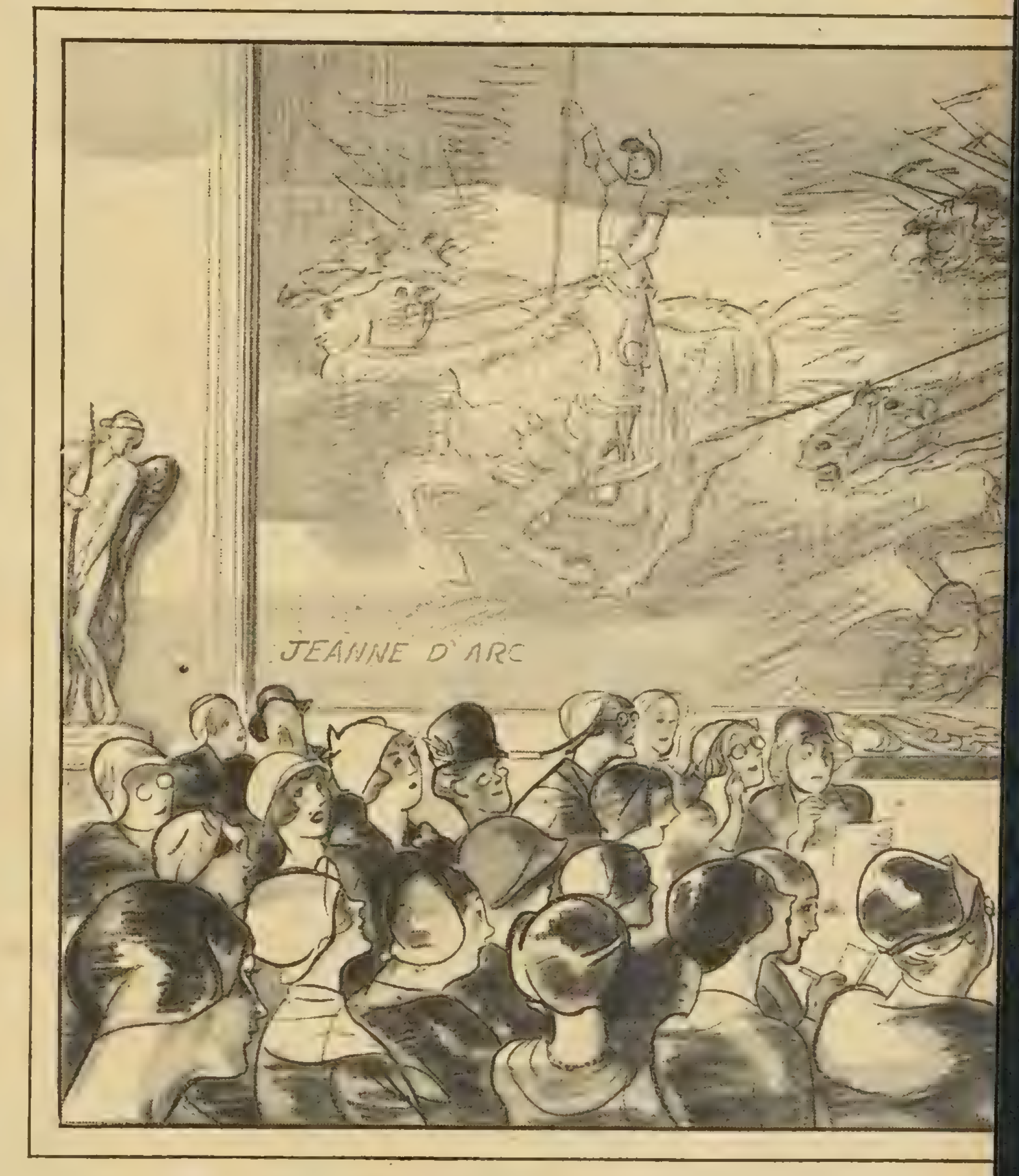
Perhaps I exaggerate the importance of being able to work well by hand as well as by brain, but I have found that people who can do so are mostly more trustworthy than those who cannot.

LAST week I reported an argument about the respective merits of coed and non-coed colleges as far as girls are concerned. Since then I have talked about this with a former dean of Smith College, for girls. Here is what she said when I asked her if she thought girls are better off in a strictly feminine school or in a mixed one:

"Most emphatically they are better off in a coed college. Throwing girls together with boys in college is infinitely wiser than segregating them, then sending them out into the world without any knowledge of men."

That girls are nowadays acquiring their man wisdom at an early age seems indicated by the sensible answers turned in recently when a questionnaire was issued to the upper-class girls of a New Jersey high school, asking what they considered a model husband.

Only one of the girls embraced popular romance to the point of claiming a movie actor as her ideal! Most of them did not consider wealth necessary to a happy marriage, but the majority declared that "he should be good-looking, courteous, clean, temperate, and religious."



THE plight of women who are experienced housewives but who have no experience or knowledge of another vocation is particularly sad when they run up against the necessity of earning money.

It is because of this that I am very interested always in enterprises which provide part-time work for women who have no training except homecraft.

To assist such women the Opportunity Kitchen was opened in New York last November. About twenty women have found employment there so far, and it is hoped that further development will give work to forty more soon.

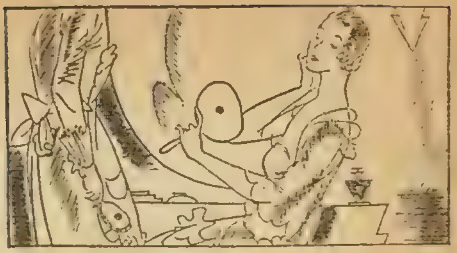
The Opportunity Kitchen specializes, of course, in home-cooked food. Meals (with service if required) are sent out to private apartments and hotels which have no restaurants. Trays of dainty food are sent to hospital patients. Proper meals for diabetics is another specialty. I was particularly impressed by the charming arrangement of a complete tea-party menu.

The women have pleasant surroundings. The work is not too strenuous, and they earn enough in a few hours each day to help them substantially. Such enterprises should be encouraged, I hold, by other women.

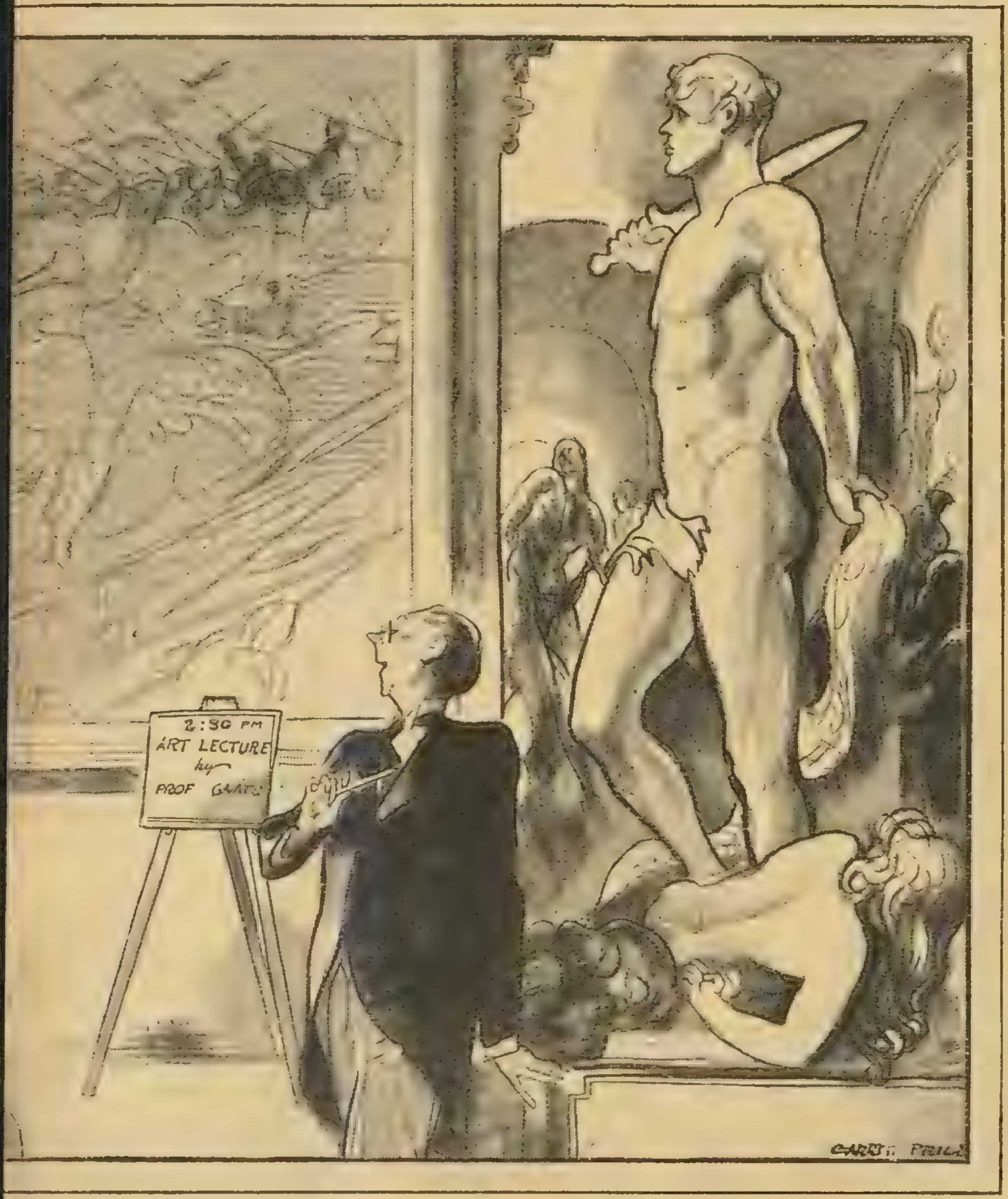
THE Germans are an efficient race indeed. A Potsdam theater management now gives away cough drops to bronchial playgoers—hoping, I take it, that the rest of the audience will sit undisturbed while the potential coughers suck free lozenges.

Some of our movie-theater managers might take the tip and hand out free make-up to us girls who weep

Ladies!



Pictures by GARRETT PRICE



ourselves streaky-faced over their screen tragedies.

Do you know, by the way, the classic British cure for a cold? It works like this, according to the prescription I was told:

Go to bed. Hang a top hat on the bedpost at the foot of the bed. Have a bottle of whisky at your elbow. Drink until you see two top hats. Cold will be cured.

SHOULD Americans speak English? Or can they? Since I've become an American I find myself more and more estranged from the *British* language every time I revisit England, where I was born, raised, and schooled. My old friends there seem astonished by the change which has come over my manners of speech, and I am no longer entirely familiar with theirs. In other words, I'm acquiring the American language, as H. L. Mencken calls it in his exhaustive and entertaining book on the subject.

Many scholars of English deplore the spread of Americanisms throughout the English-speaking world, but I really cannot see why this is such a bad break for the language. Most of the exclusively American meanings are just as good as the British meanings, and some of them are better. America's *installment plan* is better, I think, than England's *hire-purchase plan*. *Soft drinks* seems to me more significant than the English *minerals*. And the American term *officeholder* is certainly just as true to the mark as is the British term *public servant*.

Some of the differences are curious. Here in America, for example, the word *quite* means *somewhat, almost, pretty nearly*. Whereas in England *quite* means *absolutely, completely, entirely*. The swanky Oxford set pronounce it *quate*.

Such differences are even more marked when you come to technical phraseology. An automobile hood is a *bonnet* in England. A parlor car is a *saloon-carriage*. An undershirt is a *vest*.

As a sometime fellow of the one school, and as an undergraduate now in the other, I have come to the conclusion that it is just as desirable to speak good American as it is to speak good English. I know that mastery of good American is just as hard to attain.

Quate!

SOME of the most hideous objects ever created by human artifice have been on sale for quite a few years now in the Paris shops. "Modern art" has been the term used to designate these monstrosities. Pictures of frenzied geometry tangled with grotesque, livid faces have been hanging on nightmare walls above weird-shaped armchairs in which only a double-jointed robot could be comfortable. And the printed materials for hangings and coverings—what Welsh rabbit dreams they have been!

Have been! *That* is the interesting point. For all this ultramodern art business has now suddenly been scrapped by several of the largest stores in Paris. The public, say the directors of these stores, has simply snubbed modern art right off the market. This struck me as interesting from the American angle, because, while the demand for modernistic art has been some time on the wane in France, over here it seems to be a growing fashion. The director of a famous Paris department store has just thrown out his entire stock of modernistic furnishings. In explaining, he went to the root of the matter.

"Modern art never has been sincere," he said. "It was produced, for the most part, by artists who wouldn't take the trouble to learn how to draw, and by designers who didn't know the fundamental rules of design. They got away with murder."

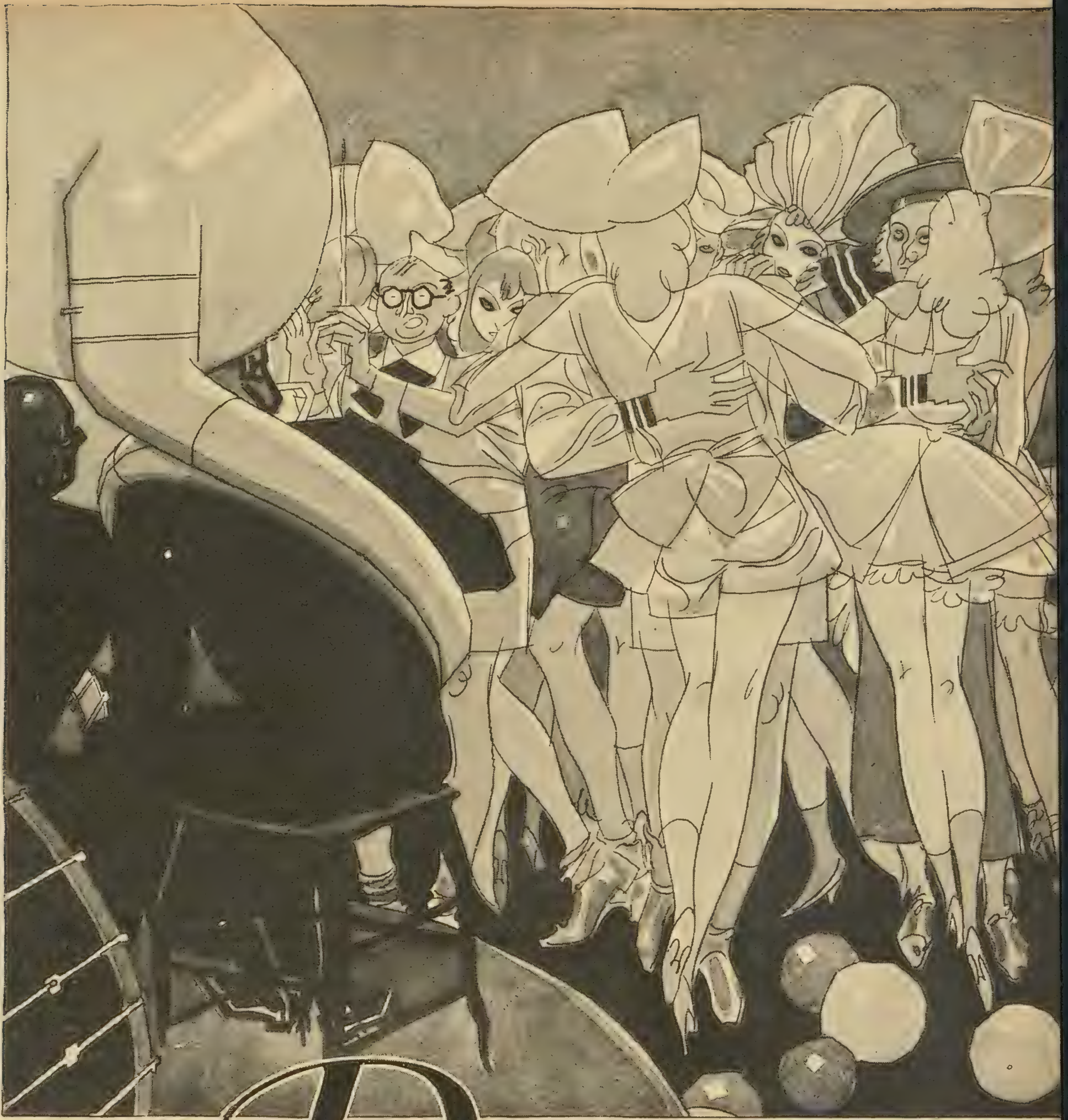
A great many people there are who will always run after anything that is exaggerated and "new." But in the end such things find no permanent place in a sane home. Simple lines and good woods in furniture, harmonious designs and colors in fabrics and ceramics—these are the only really satisfying house furnishings to have around. Ugly as were a great many of the china ornaments of our grandmothers' day, I don't think any of them were really as hideous as is some of the "decorative" glass of today. Looking-glass animals—giraffes especially—are my pet abomination. Some day I'll go out and buy a dozen of them—and break their necks.

THE first Paris shows of spring fashions have al- ready revealed the fact that, while there are plenty of fussy clothes for those whose taste lies that way, plain tailored suits will triumph for the simple-style addicts.

The chief favorites are slightly fitted single-breasted jackets worn mostly with dainty white blouses and wrap-over skirts in dark blue or black. Patou has gone in for these. The materials chosen are interesting. Heavy satins, *façonné* silks, coarse-ribbed silk, thick and finely ribbed silk in the natural color, and smooth, shadow-patterned men's suitings. These are the choices of the Paris stylists.

To be really smart, such suits should be made to order, and it is worth while noticing that even the best tailors have become reasonable about their prices lately.

But unless one is pretty sure of a tailor's workmanship the big stores are a safer bet. One thing is certain. A suit of good silk or light-weight wool is always the most useful garment in one's wardrobe. Worth copying, too, is the Continental custom of wearing a really well made dark suit at all hours, except at formal parties. Given the right accessories (they must be plain and of good quality), a woman so dressed is always *well* dressed.



Pictures
by
RUSSELL
PATTERSON

"Oh, I'm giving this party, if tha

The PILGRIM

A Story of Things

(Reading time: 25 minutes 50 seconds.)

I STOPPED in a jewelry store on the avenue to get a watch repaired and caught sight of Carol Banks toying with some diamond necklaces at the next counter. I joined him as the clerk was putting one into a box for him.

"What ho!" I cried. "Caught in the act!"

He grinned sheepishly.

"Hello!" was the best he could manage.

"This is neither Christmas nor your anniversary," I figured aloud, "so that must be for a big black-eyed girl. Blondes prefer bracelets."

Carol put the box in his pocket and we walked over to the club.

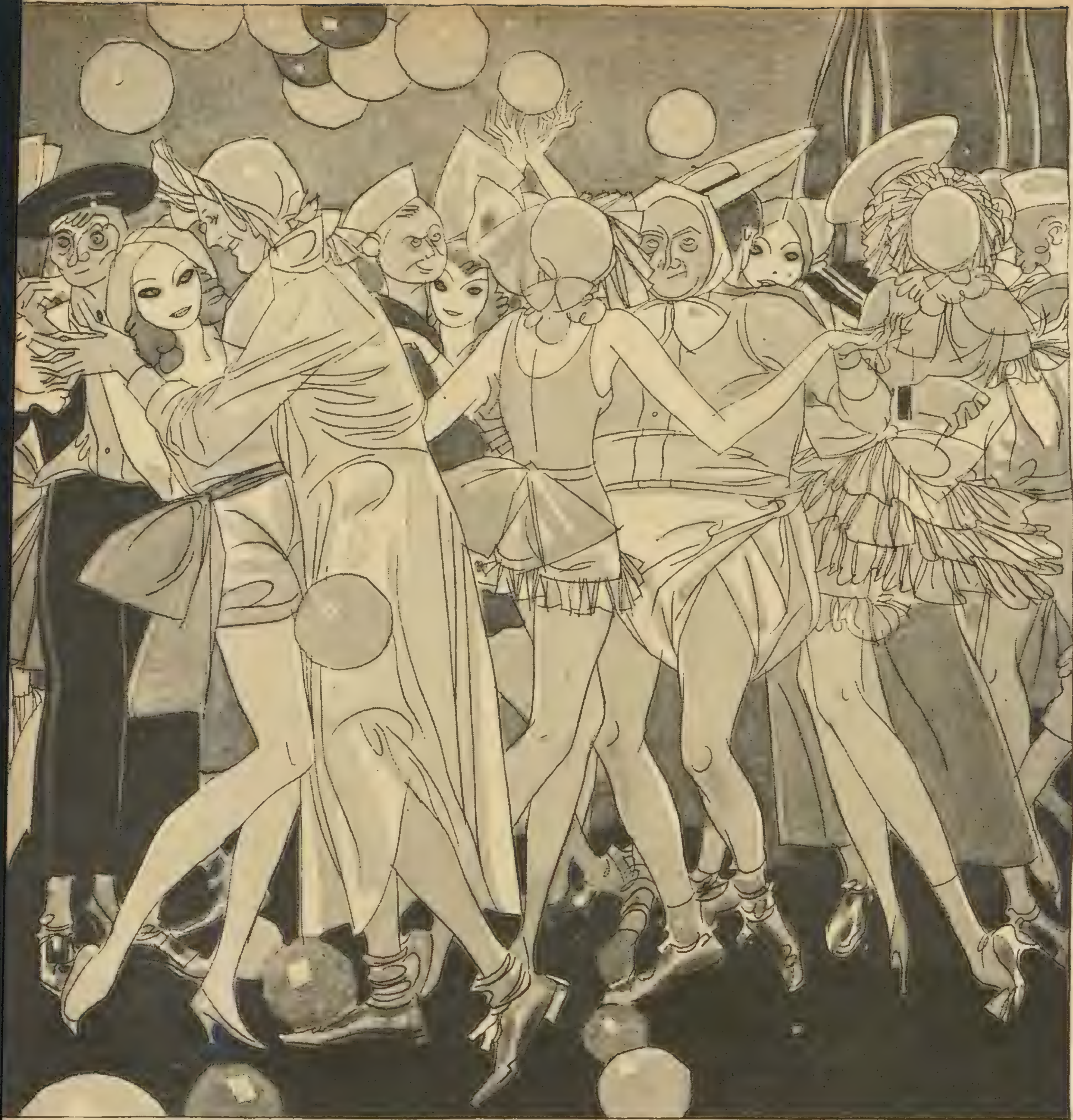
"I admit the circumstances are incriminating," he agreed; "but don't jump at conclusions. If I told you the truth you wouldn't believe it."

"Probably not," I said. "But you can give me the song and dance anyway. I don't often catch you buying necklaces and any excuse you choose to offer will be interesting. An explanation is too much to expect

"How about lunch?" he suggested.

ELLI

who lives
overseas.
cotton mill



you mean," said the very pretty little tot. I didn't know what to do about that.

DAUGHTERS

bands Shouldn't Know

By

VHITE SPRINGS

Carolina and was a war bird
nce been occupied in running
riting fiction, much of which
eared in Liberty.

"All right. How about a drink first?"

He gave me a sour look.

"Nothing to drink for me!" he refused with what I considered as undue emphasis.

We sat down in the dining room.

"How about a tomato-juice cocktail, then?" I suggested.

"No tomato-juice cocktail!" he declined with even more mphasis than before. There was a bitter note to his voice which seemed to imply a personal feeling about the matter.

We ordered lunch and then Carol leaned back, bowed his head in sorrow, and spoke as follows:

LAST Thursday I saw Joe Gish in the club.

"What about spending the week-end with me?" he invited.

"I can't," I told him. "My wife is coming from Maine Saturday and I've got to meet her in Boston. I promised to take her on a trip through the land of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"Well, drive up with me and spend the night at my place," he suggested. "You can go on to Boston Saturday morning."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE PILGRIM DAUGHTERS
Continued from page thirty-nine]

“All right,” I agreed. “What time do we take off?”

“Eleven sharp.”

That's how it all started—innocent enough. The Trojan War began with an apple and look how it ended!

At eleven Friday morning we started out in Joe's car. Twelve thirty found us in the traffic at Rye.

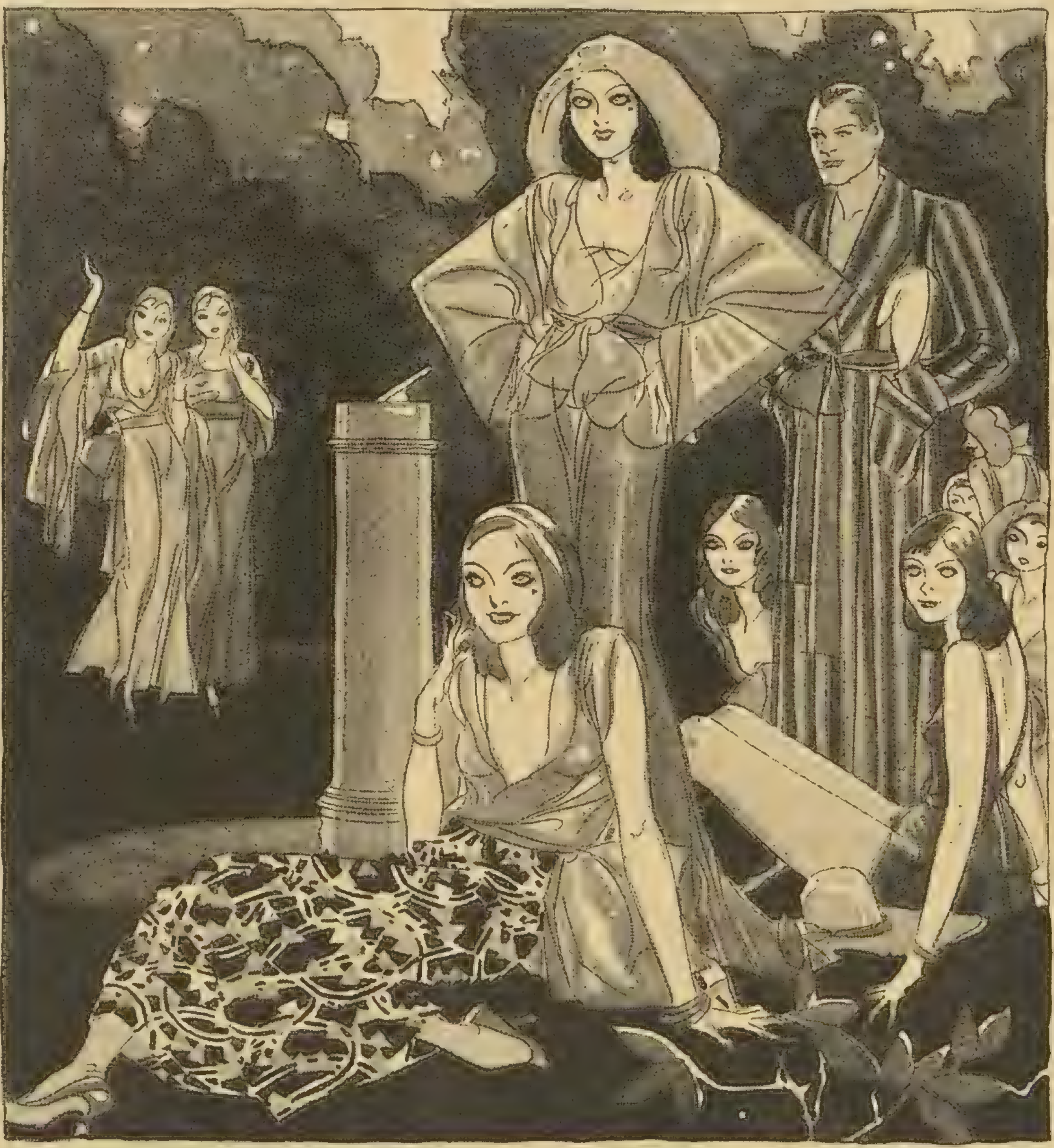
“I think it would be a good idea to have a cocktail before lunch,” Joe suggested.

“You took the glass right out of my mouth,” I seconded. “But where? No sheep dip for me.”

“Never fear! We're among friends, or soon will be, and the likker is good enough to spill on your shoes,” Joe assured me and turned off the Post Road. He twisted around for five minutes and stopped at a large white cottage on Manursing Island.

We were greeted with a mixed chorus of cheers and hisses. A dozen people in beach pyjamas were sitting on the lawn in the sun.

Joe waved to everybody and introduced me.



We were greeted with a mixed chorus of cheers and hisses. “Welcome for the week-end,” a beautiful brunette waved.

“This, ladies and gentlemen,” he explained, “is the man who was our squadron bartender in France. He has invented more drinks than Edison has dynamos. And they are just as powerful.”

“Welcome for the week-end,” a beautiful brunette waved. “Can he cook too? Put him to work!”

“What do you need?” asked a tall man with freckles on the top of his head.

“What have you got?” I parried.

“Everything but Jake,” he told me.

“Well, I don't need that. Give me some gin, kümmel, lemon juice, and the white of an egg.”

I was escorted to the pantry and given the ingredients I had specified. While I was mixing them I could hear Joe telling the crowd that I had shot down five German planes in addition to causing everyone to develop ulcers from strawberry juleps. Whenever you crash a party it is a custom to make a celebrity out of anyone you drag along. It saves excuses.

One round led to another.

I MIXED the cocktails for two hours and used everything except sheep dip.

I said something to Joe about getting the chariot horses harnessed for the race to Boston and was awarded a raspberry by all.

“But I've got to meet my wife,” I insisted.

“Oh, yeah?” was the chorus.

We had lunch where we sat.

Everyone knew somebody in the flying corps and asked us if we knew them too. We always said we did out of politeness. It saves time and argument.

No one likes to think their friends aren't famous or at least notorious.

At four o'clock we got started. No one had the strength to urge us to stay any longer. We got as far as Greenwich.

“I'm feeling a little dizzy,” said Joe at this point. “Let's take a swim.”

I agreed with alacrity. The road looked all uphill to me.

Joe turned off the Post Road and made his way cautiously down to the water's edge.

We alighted at a big brick house and walked through the hall on to a lawn by the beach. Fifteen or twenty people were stretched out taking a sun bath. Someone saw us and fired a toy cannon. Everyone sat up and waved at Joe. I was introduced again as the squadron bartender in France.

“WE came for a swim,” Joe explained.

“In what?” someone asked. “Gin or Scotch? Put Ganymede to work!”

“All right,” I said meekly. “What do you want?”

The host led me to the pantry.

“What do you need?” he asked.

“Cream, gin, crème de cocoa, and nutmeg,” I told him.

We had two rounds for all hands and Joe and I got into bathing suits. A long swim and we were back to normal.

Joe explained that I had shot down ten Germans and we identified all their friends in the flying corps. People think you're high hat if you don't remember their friends in Texas while you were in England.

I suggested to Joe that it was time we pushed on for Nome before the blizzard froze the dogs.

A lady spoke up:

“We're dining at the Walters' on Shippan Point and going to a dance later. I've already called up Grace and told her I was bringing you two.”

“But I'm meeting my wife in Boston tomorrow,” I protested.

“Oh, yeah?” was the chorus, and that seemed to be that.

We had another swim later and shifted into evening clothes. Somebody drove us over to Shippan Point.

I was introduced as the squadron bartender in France.

Our host had a regular bar in the basement. There was a rail, a cash register, a drip board, and the proper pictures and signs. I was given an apron, a forelock was curled down over my forehead, and I was told to get busy. I served up a concoction of applejack, gin, grenadine, and pineapple juice. About twenty people had their feet in the trough. All of them knew someone in the flying corps and by that time we weren't sure we didn't know them too. At least we said we did. Everyone seemed to feel that we ought to. Joe explained that I had shot down fifteen Germans.

We had dinner and then played Tom Thumb golf on our host's private links. It was arranged for mixed foursomes and all the hazards were original. Every time a putt would be sunk something funny would happen. It was a combination of the Steeplechase Pier and a fraternity initiation. On one tee you had to drive off your partner's prostrate back. On another the partners had to put the ball down behind each other and drive in unison. It was a cross between a chiropractic treatment and a badger game.

At twelve the mob clamored for another drink. I got behind the bar again and made a round of white crème de menthe, cognac, and absinthe. Then we piled into cars and went to the dance.

The dance was at someone's private mansion and we were introduced to a few of the guests—but not many. They all had friends in the flying corps and we gave a detailed description of their funerals. Joe explained that I was the squadron bartender in France and had shot down twenty Germans.

I was ordered to make punch. I did. I used tea, white wine, rum, and grapefruit juice. It took the brakes off the party.

Someone gave a pitcher of it to the orchestra and the welkin rang like a camp meeting.

A little girl by the name of Becky put on a dance that brought down the house. The girl was good. She did some imitations and then gave us an original number. It was a pantomime illustrating the movements of a lady getting out of a tub. There never has been anything funnier on the stage than that girl drying herself with an imaginary towel to the strains of Saint James Infirmary.

ALONG in the cool of the evening I was back in the pantry mixing up some more dynamite when a crowd came in to assist and suggest. One lady was helping me squeeze grapefruit and her hands were too sticky to keep her gown in place. Joe and Becky were opening bottles and having a private feud. They seemed to have taken a violent dislike to each other—a case of hate at first sight.

The potion was about ripe when in strolled a gentleman looking for a sample. He glanced at the lady assisting me and his jaw dropped.

"Say, you're spilling something!" he warned her.

Joe wheeled around and gave him a good push.

"Keep your hands off that girl!" he snapped.

The gentleman made a pass at him and Joe promptly let fly a haymaker to the point of the chin that stretched him at full length on the floor.

"Oh, don't do that!" screamed the lady. "It's my husband!"

Becky grabbed Joe and me by the arm and pushed us out of the back door.

"Let's go," she said. "He's a mean brute when he doesn't have his own way and after he comes to his mind will be set on quartering you. I'll take you home in my car."

We found her car and piled in the back. She told the chauffeur to take us to Joe's place at Westport. No one resisted.

By the time we got to Westport we remembered several things. Our clothes were in Joe's car in Greenwich and Becky had to get back to the party. We pondered the problem. It was something like the fox and the geese and the corn, the main idea being that we hated to terminate the party then. Joe and Becky hadn't nearly exhausted their vocabularies on each other.

"I've got it!" Joe exclaimed after we had discarded several impractical ideas. "Let's get on my boat and go back to Greenwich for breakfast. The crowd will be back by that time and we can get our clothes and drive on to Boston."

That seemed to be a good idea and in half an hour we were all on Joe's boat. It was a fifty-foot cruiser with two cabins, a galley, and a cellar.

Joe started up and we headed for Greenwich. Becky and I found a backgammon board and had just started playing when it began to rain. A heavy fog settled down and Joe had to shut off his motors.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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. . . *see coupon*

We make this offer to win new customers to Palmolive Shaving Cream. Today, it outsells all other kinds.

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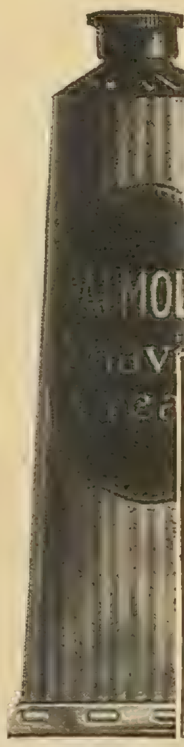

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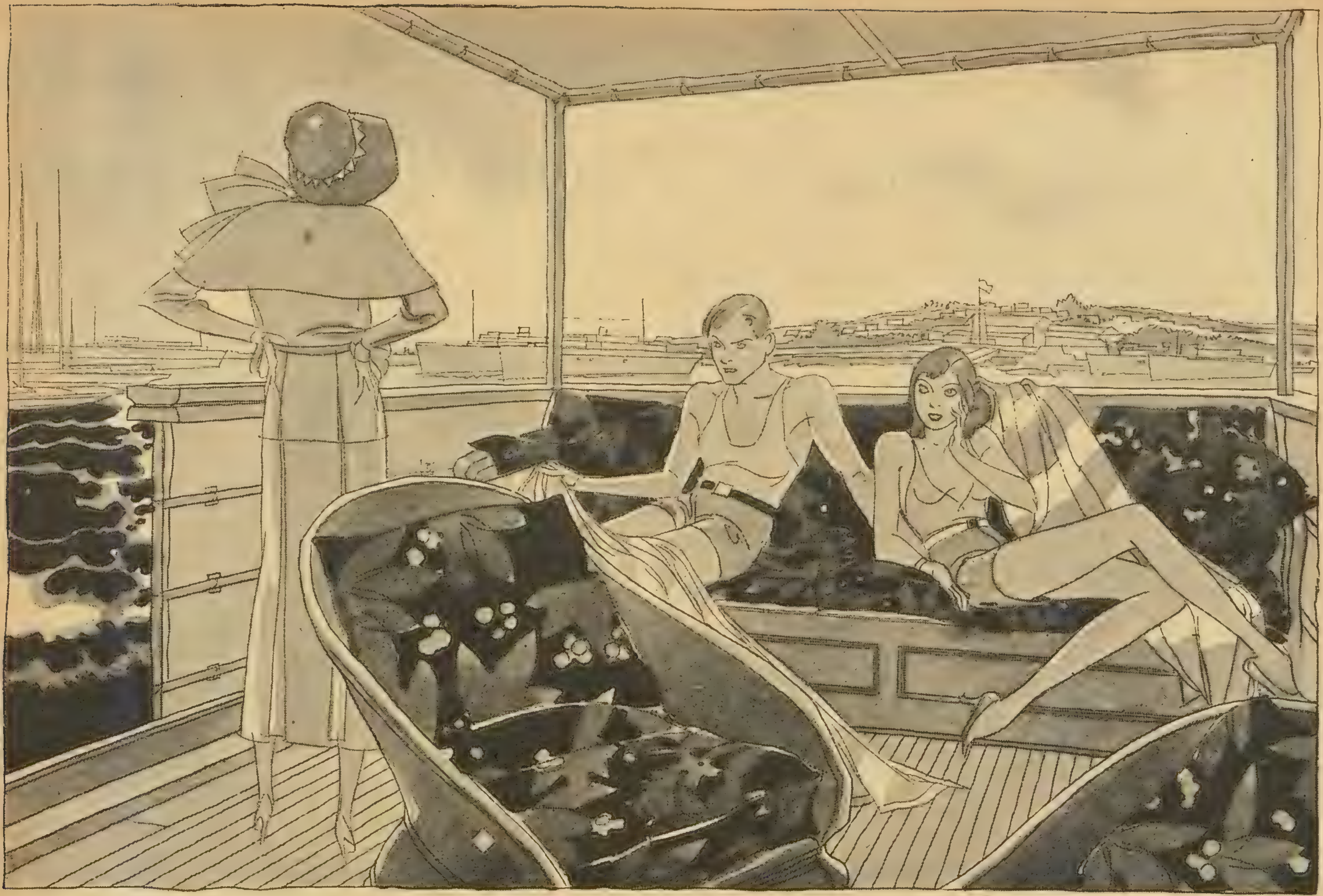

"It's all right, my dear," I assured her. "There's nothing wrong."

THE PILGRIM DAUGHTERS
Continued from page forty-one

"That's that," he announced. "We'll have to wait for the dawn. I can't see anything now."

We dropped anchor and played backgammon for half an hour to keep off the sandman. All hands were yawning and we decided that a little sleep wouldn't do us any harm. Joe and I took the forward cabin and Becky retired aft.

When we awoke the sun was high in the heavens and the fog had lifted. We were all uncertain about who we were, but we found plenty of bathing suits and after a dip in the sound we made inquiries.

"I WONDER where we are," mused Joe as he consulted some charts.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "My wife is sitting in a hotel in Boston waiting on me!"

"What have you two got that's worry?" challenged Becky. "Haven't I been out here all night with two strange men?"

"Well, nothing's happened to you, has it?" said Joe.

"Are you apologizing?" asked Becky.

"No. Complaining," he returned.

"What for?"

"For bringing along the wrong girl."

"Well, last night at the dance you invited me for the week-end," she reminded him.

"Oh, were you one of the girls I was talking to about that?"

"How many did you ask, Brigham?"

"Can't remember. Well, what did you say?"

"Can't remember. I had so many propositions last night to go out on boats. One man wanted to take me for a cruise on the Leviathan."

"Maybe he was one of the crew. Don't trust any sailor, dearie!"

"Well, if I had trusted a sailor last night," Becky retorted, "I wouldn't have had to spend the night out here."

"Is that so?" snapped Joe, stung to the quick. He was rather proud of his seamanship. "How do you know I didn't stay out here on purpose?"

"I'd never thought of that! I should have brought my water wings along. Well, what made you change your mind?"

"I was afraid we'd crossed a state line."

"Do you expect the girls to carry a map?"

"Well, a good map is an asset if it has the right colors and contours, like some of the girls carry."

"Talk to me that way," complained Becky, "and I'll put on my hat and go home."

I interrupted the battle by producing a tomato-juice cocktail with lots of Worcestershire, Tabasco, and pepper. It was calculated to kill or cure. But it didn't do either to Joe and Becky. They were determined to continue the fray. Something had stuck in their craws and they were like two stray cats on a narrow fence.

"You may be the skipper of this boat, mister," she told him, "but you'll never be first mate to me!"

"That's a promise," said Joe. "I'd hate to have to try to make an honest woman of you."

"I'll bet you would," Becky retorted. "You wouldn't know what to do with an honest woman."

"I can follow the directions."

"What directions?" she asked.

Joe pointed to a big fire extinguisher behind her. On it was a brass placard. It read:

TO PLAY TURN BOTTOM UP.

Becky laughed, and we were all friends again.

"Something has to be done," insisted Becky. "Let's play 'Alibi, alibi, who's got the alibi?'"

"Let's dress Carol up as a girl and land with a chaperon," Joe suggested.

"No," said Becky. "I can't spare any clothes. Let's run in to the Westons' at Bridgeport and arrive as if nothing had happened. Carol can telegraph his wife he's delayed by a storm, I'll telephone home I spent the night there, and Joe can go to hell."

"All right," agreed Joe. "Where is Bridgeport? I'll go there first."

After some puttering about we landed at the Westons'. It was a week-end in Bridgeport too, and a crowd was assembled for lunch.

Joe introduced me as the squadron bartender in France and told how I had shot down twenty-five Germans.

I was immediately shown to the pantry and supplied with gin, sherry, and lemon peel.

Joe telephoned for his car to be sent over from Greenwich and I telegraphed my wife I'd be along in a couple of hours.

After several rounds of cocktails, we had lunch while we were waiting for the car and our clothes. By that time everyone had asked us if we knew their friends in the flying corps and had told anecdotes about all of them. You mustn't hurt people's feelings by not knowing their friends.

"By the way," said our hostess, "we're going to Watch Hill for dinner and then to a baby party afterward. I'll call up and tell them we are bringing you three along."

"Great!" said Becky. "I love baby parties."

"Fine!" said Joe. "We'll all go in the boat. We can make it by dark and have the car come over there."

"But I've got to meet my wife in Boston," I protested.

"Oh, yeah?" was the chorus.

"You can go on in the car from Watch Hill," Joe suggested. "It won't take you much longer."

So about ten of us piled on the boat and headed for Watch Hill. We had a very efficient crew. Joe navigated, Becky sang and danced to the phonograph, while I cracked ice and experimented.

We arrived at Watch Hill just about dusk. It was well we did. The harbor channel is like a snail shell inside a squirrel cage. You keep circling around yourself and then catch the yacht club as it goes by.

We tied up at the club float and were received as friends. Our new host loaned Joe and myself clean shirts and Becky put on a new face.

Joe explained that I was the squadron bartender in France and had shot down thirty Germans. I was immediately assigned to the pantry from which I emerged shortly with a mixture of bourbon, French rum, and the juice of ripe peaches. One sip and the hostess went outside and planted a peach seed.

After we told the low-down on all their friends in the flying corps, we went to dinner at the club. Everybody was there. Unfortunately, several old flying-corps men turned up that we had just been talking about. However, they had no idea whether they knew us or not.

I'm a little vague about what happened at dinner. One of the musicians had an ancient instrument like a small piano without keys which he played by pounding on the strings with mallets. Joe insisted he play Chopin's funeral march and then tried to bury Becky in the sand outside. I think he also tried to take the musician, the piano, and a bull fiddle back to the boat with him. He said he wanted them for his funeral and then started to cry about it.

We got to the baby party at the yacht club about midnight. Joe and I got a couple of nursemaids' uniforms and Becky borrowed a piece of costume from six other girls. Everybody looked better for the change. Entrance to the dance floor was by a slide which was so pitched that everyone landed in the middle of the floor on his head.

I was dancing with a very pretty little tot and mentioned that it was high time I danced with my hostess and would she please point her out to me.

"Oh, I'm giving this party, if that's what you mean," said the very pretty little tot.

I didn't know what to do about that. I knew I should do something gallant, but you can't be gallant to little tots, and in my state of exuberation I thought she really was a little tot. In fact, I got the idea that they all were just babies. I wept bitterly because a little girl with her hair down below her waist wouldn't sit on my lap and play Ride to Jerusalem.

Along in the cool of the evening, Becky and Joe and I were sitting on the boat trying to figure where we were going next when we were joined

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's That New 8-Hour Lipstick

Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. A new 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . Wearproof . . . Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, Natural color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

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To obtain, simply ask for the New

The NEW
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Indelible LIPSTICK

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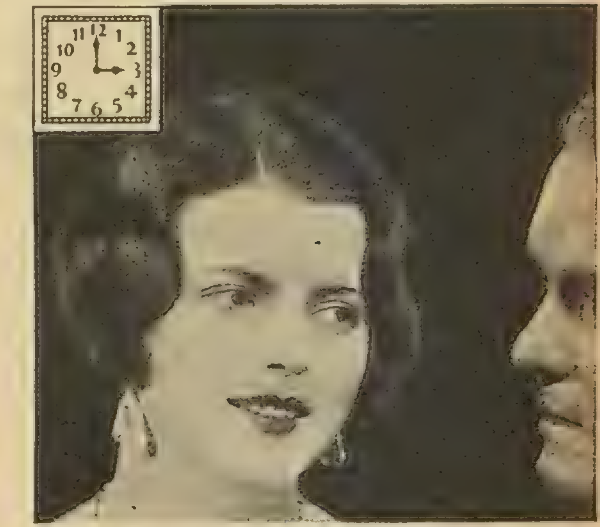
9 3
8 4
7 6 5

You apply when you go out



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is Not the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is Entirely New.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

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Wind it Sunday night for the whole week. It's an 8-day alarm clock. And that's not all.

Here's an alarm clock that runs for a week between windings

MONDAY MORN
It wakes you with a voice with a smile. Presto! Tap the top and it's mum till tomorrow morning.

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Tap the top and look it over. Trim as a tailored debutante. Cheerful as a humming bird.

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And it's a clock that clicks off the minutes like every Sessions clock. It's a clock with a conscience.

THURSDAY MORN
Numerals raised on a satin finish metal dial, are easy to read, even for sleepy early morning eyes.

FRIDAY MORN
It comes in blue, green, rose or polished nickel. Take your choice. Same good 8-day movement in all.

SATURDAY MORN
Remember it's good for a week of mornings between windings. And only $5. With radium dial $6.

New Sessions 8-day alarm clocks in blue, green, rose or polished nickel.

Sessions MODERN 8 DAY Alarm Clocks

THE PILGRIM DAUGHTERS
Continued from page forty-three

by a large gentleman dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy.

"How about a dance?" he asked Becky.

"She's engaged," Joe told him.

"Well, she can still dance, can't she?" he insisted.

Joe arose, seized the gentleman by the seat of his velvet breeches, and heaved him overboard.

"My heavens!" cried Becky. "You shouldn't have done that! He's our host!"

"Cast off!" Joe shouted to me. "We're leaving."

I untied our ropes and shoved off while Joe started the motors. In spite of all the hard words that had passed, Becky made no move to get ashore and she had plenty of time to do so.

Joe said nothing to me about putting her off, so I restrained my impulse. It wasn't my boat, it wasn't my girl, and I didn't think it was my funeral.

BY the time mine host was out of the water, we were under way. Everyone ran out to the float to shout warnings to us, but we kept going. We dodged yachts and motor boats and somehow Joe got in the channel. He couldn't see ahead with lights on board, so Becky and I retired to the cabin and played backgammon. Twice Joe hit rocks and upset the board, but he finally announced that all was clear ahead and we could come up and fix a drink.

No one will ever know how we got out of that merry-go-round harbor in the dark. I didn't see the maneuvers and Joe doesn't remember them.

"How long will it take us to get back?" Becky asked uncertainly.

"Get back?" I protested. "I've got to meet my wife in Boston."

"Oh, yeah?" was the chorus.

"There's a swell party at Nantucket tomorrow," said Joe. "Suppose we go on over there."

"I can't do it," said Becky. "I've already risked my reputation once."

"Only once?" echoed Joe.

"Well, once in vain, then," said Becky snappily.

"But my wife—" I commenced.

"We'll stop at Point Judith and wire your wife to meet us at Newport," Joe suggested. "That'll provide a chaperon for Becky and keep you quiet. You know your wife would rather go on a cruise than look at billboards all day."

We agreed to that and Joe headed for Point Judith. I wired my wife to meet me at Newport for a cruise with my friend Mr. Joe Gish on his boat and Joe got aboard some fresh supplies for the trip.

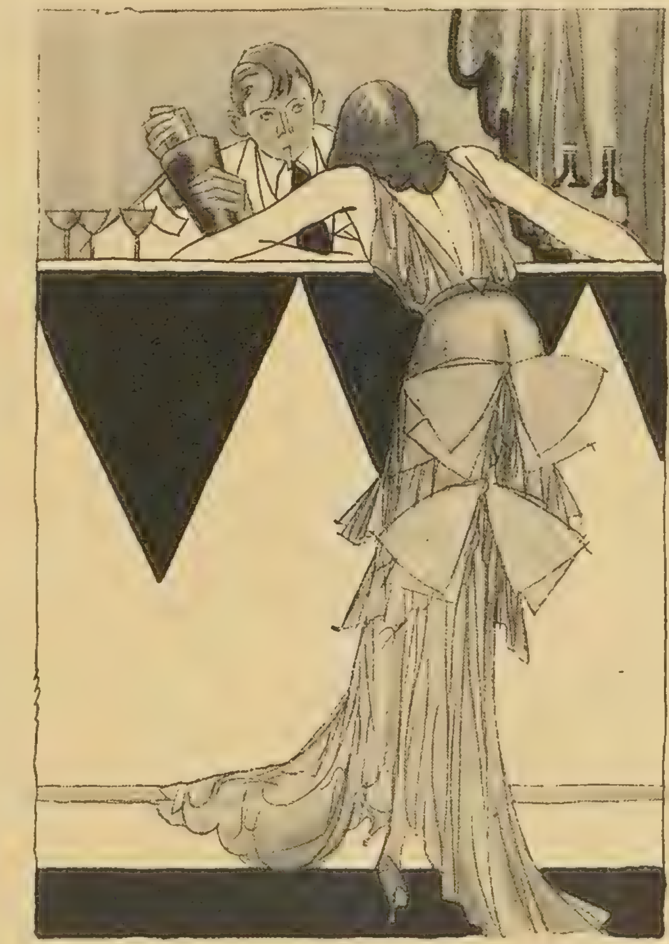
We slipped into bathing suits and had a good swim, which took us off our backs.

After a tomato-juice cocktail we were on our feet again.

Joe and I took turns at steering and Becky cooked up a swell breakfast which we washed down with cognac in hot coffee.

By the time we reached Newport we were feeling fine, though a bit tired. We tied up at the dock to wait for my wife. Joe went below for a snooze and Becky and I stayed on deck playing backgammon.

We got drowsy too, and after half an hour curled up on the lounge and went to sleep, arranged more for comfort than propriety.



I was given an apron, a forelock was curled down over my forehead, and I was told to get busy.

Hours passed.

Suddenly I heard my name called. I opened one eye and saw my wife standing on the float.

"Hello!" I shouted. "Come aboard!"

Just then Becky raised up beside me.

MY wife's mouth flew open, but no words came out. She looked the boat over and then fixed a stare on Becky.

I had to say something. I wanted to explain the situation.

"It's all right, my dear," I assured her. "There's nothing wrong."

"Oh, yeah?" said my wife. "And I suppose the lady's name is Joe Gish." Then she turned and walked up the steps.

I was too dumfounded to follow for a moment, and when I did get my wits back and rush ashore, she had gotten in the car and driven off.

That was that!

Joe appeared and seemed to share my wife's resentment about our sleeping arrangements. Becky demanded to be taken home at once.

The party was over.

So we headed back for Shippan Point—a long run for healthy people in their prime, but an Odyssey for three disillusioned and hungover wrecks, bogged in the mire of an aftermath. All we had on our minds was regret and remorse. The next stage is fear and repentance.

In an hour we weren't on speaking terms. All we wanted to do was to make way with each other and sink the boat.

I tried a tomato-juice cocktail with chopped onions. It did no good. I tried a prairie oyster, which is a raw egg in sherry, vinegar, Worcestershire, catsup, salt, pepper, and paprika. It did no good. I tried the yellow of an egg shaken up with sherry and cinnamon. It did no good. Joe asked for a little straight Scotch, and I gave up.

Becky was determined to catch up with her sleep. Joe kept pestering her and all he got for his pains was a few scratches and bruises.

"For crying out loud!" she complained. "Can't you leave me alone? I haven't felt this bad since Fanny was a girl's name. Say, don't you remember that you brought the wrong girl along? Well, you did! Run sell your papers."

When it was Joe's turn at the wheel, Becky snuggled up to me on the lounge. The poor girl really was in need of sympathy and I suppose she thought she could trust an old married man.

Joe almost burst a blood vessel. He glared around at us and Becky snuggled all the closer. I noticed that as soon as he turned around again she relaxed, so I didn't take it personally. It was all meant for his benefit and she certainly did rub it into him. For an hour she kept him at the boiling point.

He was already suffering from a hangover and now he was in such agony that he couldn't navigate.

I finally got nervous myself and made an excuse to get a drink.

"Bring me one too," directed Becky. "I'm going back on the deck in the sun."

SHE got up and started walking aft along the siderail. Joe turned around and watched her. Suddenly he had a mad impulse and gave the wheel a spin.

The boat veered sharply and shot Becky into the sea as if from a catapult.

Joe grinned at me and then his face froze as he realized what he had done. Without even shutting off the power, he dived after her.

I grabbed the wheel and brought the boat about.

I could see Joe swimming toward her. Then I saw Becky reach out when he came near and crack him one on the ear. Then she ducked him. When he came up she ducked him again.

Joe got mad and ducked her and when I drifted up they were wrestling like two water-polo teams at the end of the second half.

I finally pulled them aboard. They were both full of water and pretty well all in.

"I've been made to walk home from an auto ride, but this is the first time I've been made to swim back from a boat ride," Becky complained. "Next time I'll kiss you."

They collapsed on the lounge and were soon sound asleep.

I steered for home.

But in an hour it was different. I could see that Becky had just been practicing on me.

I coughed several times to remind them of my presence and suggested a drink.

"The course is southwest half west," Joe told me.

So I steered on.

"Did you mean that about the first mate?" I heard Joe ask her.

"Did you mean that about the wrong girl?" Becky parried.

"I'll take mine back if you'll take yours back," offered Joe.

"Oh, shut up!" I told them in disgust. "You're interfering with my navigation."

"WE'RE thinking of getting married," Joe informed me archly.

"Surely you don't call that thinking," I said. "Thanks to this cruise you are going to get a wife and I am going to lose one."

"I've got a cute sister," said Becky. "She's just back from Reno."

"No, thanks," I declined. "I prefer my own wife. I'm funny that way. She's a good wife, too."

I was ready to break down and cry.

"Say, Joe, will you cry over me when I divorce you?" asked Becky.

"Which do you do first in New England?" I inquired. "Are the Pilgrim Fathers now known as Ex-Papas?"

"They are if they walk out on the Pilgrim Daughters," she said.

"Don't rub it in," I pleaded. "I feel bad enough as it is."

I went back to navigating.

"By the way, how many Germans did Carol really shoot down?" Becky asked Joe later.

"None," said Joe. "And he was a lousy bartender. I remember he put ginger ale in Scotch once and another time he actually shook a martini."

Eventually we got back to Shippan Point and found the party still in session. I had to invent a new drink for the wedding. It was an orange blossom with champagne and fresh mint.

Mister, that was a party! I found several old flying-corps men that I really did know and it was two days before I got away from behind that bar.

I eventually reclaimed my clothes and took a taxi back to town. So now I'm on my way home. I've got a newspaper account of the wedding with a picture of the bride which my wife may be persuaded to recognize. Possibly with that explanation and this necklace I'll be forgiven. But I'm not optimistic.

THE END

When midnight finds you

STILL AWAKE!

WHEN you simply can't sleep no matter how hard you try—don't give up coffee. Just change to a delicious coffee that lets you sleep—a coffee that can't affect your nerves—Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is real coffee—not a substitute. It brings you all of coffee's joys—with none of coffee's harm. By a special process the effects of the drug caffeine are removed. But all the golden flavor and rich aroma are retained.

You'll be surprised when you taste the IMPROVED Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. A new delicious blend has been perfected in Battle Creek. The world's choicest coffee beans are used—expertly roasted, expertly mixed. You never tasted a finer, more delicious cup of *real* coffee.

And the price, too, has been materially reduced. You are invited to try this wonderful coffee. Your grocer sells it in vacuum-sealed tins. Or the coupon will bring you a generous sample.

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

RADIO *You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over* WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E. S. T. Also* KFI *Los Angeles,* KOMO *Seattle at 10.00, and* KOA *Denver at 10.30.*

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Please send me, postpaid, sample can of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

Name______________

Address______________

Vox

In the Matter of Golf

GOODSPRINGS, NEV.—I've been reading Liberty for a long, long time and on several occasions have been sadly disappointed on account of all the pages you've wasted trying to put over a lot of junk that the common public don't like and don't read.

For instance, the last three or four issues have been crammed full of this "Good-by to Golf."

Why in the name of h—— don't you get it off your mind? Say good-by to "cow-pasture pool" in so many words, and lay off.

I know of several good, hard-working men, right here in this little mining camp, that have quit reading Liberty on account of that golf stuff.

And about next week I'll quit, too, if I have to swallow a lot of hooey like that.

How anyone can call themselves red-blooded Americans and spend half their time knocking a little rubber ball around an old converted pasture is beyond me. I can't see it and half the population can't see it either. Why don't these golf bugs put some of that energy into good hard work? I mean *labor*. And thereby overcome some of this so-called depression.—*Jack Janus Jacobs, a hard-rock miner of Nevada.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Bobby Jones' "Good-by to Golf" is the first bit of decent literature you have published since your first issue. I know—I've read them all. Give us more like it.—*Ray Robinson, Jr.*

If You Want to Start an Argument, Just Say "Russia"

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—A word of praise for your editorial on Russian Communism entitled "Slavery."

I am unemployed, but much prefer it to a steady job under the Communist régime.

Just think how empty life must be without no mothers or fathers to tease when you are young or to remember when you are old; no fairy tales, no Henry Ford, Al Smith, or Thomas Edison for inspirations, no pretty co-eds to fall in love with, and, worst of all, no Liberty to read when you are bored. I prefer to pay out my nickels and stay free instead of falling for an eat, sleep, work, and do-as-your-told life.—*Ed Du Charme.*

KINGSTON, PA.—Do you think, by trying to blacken Russia and her people's efforts to better their conditions, you're making it easier for us unemployed to starve, without anybody caring? You may call that liberty. Yes, it is liberty all right, either to die by slow process of starvation, or, making it a little quicker, by committing suicide.

Do you think the unemployed wouldn't gladly change their present "positions" if the government of the U. S. would draft them—as the Russian government is drafting its citizens—and give them a chance to *work?—John Nayman.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I read your editorial about "slavery" in Russia. You believe that death is better than slavery. This country would lose a good part of its population if your idea was to prevail. You may call it what you wish, but the fact remains that a good part of our workmen are nothing but slaves.—*R. G. M.*

MIAMI, FLA.—In your editorial, "Slavery," I read: "Our greatest step away from freedom no doubt is prohibition, where the state enters the home and dictates what's to go on your supper table."

What do you mean by saying that the state dictates what's to go on our supper tables? Prohibition, as the very meaning of the word itself shows, does not say "Thou shalt." It plainly says "Thou shalt not."

If you will cease this keeping the boiler all fed up on a subject already decided, you may be entitled to apply to yourself the word "American."

Prohibition is distinctly American. It is indigenous. It was born and raised here. This railing about the state butting in to tell us what must go on our supper table is exotic; it is imported; it is alien.

You know, and I do too, that the majority of the voters and citizens of this country is for prohibition. It is this alien importation that is hell-bent on wrecking this just amendment. Come clear of such. Bid them begone.—*John M. Stansfield.*

Well, You Read It, So We're All Guilty Together

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After reading "Back to Glory," by John Lee Mahin, Jr., one can only wonder which is lower —Liberty or the author. To make money on the story of a dog fight!—*Leona C. Critton.*

From Correspondents Who Didn't Wait to See What Happened on Our February 21 Cover

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I wonder if Leslie Thrasher stopped to think—before he drew your February 14 cover picture of the little girl taking a ride on the back of a speeding truck, and double-daring her companion to do likewise—how many children are apt to carry out the suggestion that picture carries, and end up in a hospital or graveyard.—*Safety First.*

SOUTH ARDMORE, PA.—Why teach safety first to school children if you set an example like that on your February 14 cover?—*Evelyn P. Spohn.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—If there is one menace to child safety it is that of hopping on trucks, yet your cover not only portrayed a dare-devil youngster hopping on a truck but double-daring a smaller child to follow!

We have had more than one fatal accident in Pittsburgh due to this hopping on trucks, and for you to portray it in a spirit of fun is taking the wrong attitude toward safety work.

If your cover had portrayed someone taking this youngster off the truck and giving her a good spanking, it would have been very much more to the point. —*R. M. Sherrard, Associate Superintendent, Pittsburgh Public Schools.*

—And from Two Who Waited

CHICAGO, ILL.—Congratulations on your cover and accompanying editorial of February 21. These are magnificent, and no doubt will result in saving the lives and limbs of many children.

Certainly they will make drivers more careful, and will call the attention of parents very forcibly to the subject of child safety.

Figures compiled by the census bureau show that adults have suffered a 131 per cent increase in fatalities caused by automobiles between the years 1922 and 1928 inclusive, whereas children show an increase of only thirty per cent. The difference most certainly lies in the attention being given the child at school by teachers and schoolboys' patrols in hundreds of our larger cities. But there is lack of attention to the child at pre-school age. The child of six is at the most dangerous age.—*Charles M. Hayes, President, Chicago Motor Club.*

TELEGRAM

COLUMBUS OHIO

WHAT RELIEF TO KNOW LITTLE CHAP COVER PAGE LIBERTY GETS WELL TO SAVE HEARTBREAK TEARS ANGUISH YOU SHOULD HAVE PRINTED THAT WITH TITLE PICTURE EFFECTIVE HONESTLY HITS HEART BUMPS HEAD JERKS ONE MENTALLY INTO SITTING UP AND TAKING RESPONSIBILITY OF DRIVING CAREFULLY

PEARLE ELIZABETH WHITE

Pop

We Can Do Lots of Things to Prevent War—For One, We Can Build Up Our Navy

MERIDEN, CONN.—I have found your series of articles, "Is Another War Coming Soon?" by E. Alexander Powell, intensely interesting.

I do not think him an alarmist in his statement of the situation.

I am the mother of three children. Two of them are boys, and I find any intimation of war touching me closely. My husband and brother are young, and my sons are growing up.

I am not thrilled with patriotism or valor at the idea of their serving as cannon fodder, as my cousins and uncle did in 1917-18. War, blood, hate, and horror should not be unleashed on us all in a vast inundation.

Why, the situation today is much worse than before Sarajevo set a match to the world in 1914.

And Uncle Sam, priding himself on his good fellowship, is watching the building of a bonfire which would start a conflagration vaster and harder to quench than that of the World War.

Where are the mothers of today? What are they doing? When men prove themselves unable to run this world, women may well take a hand. Can we do anything to prevent war?—*F. Resnick.*

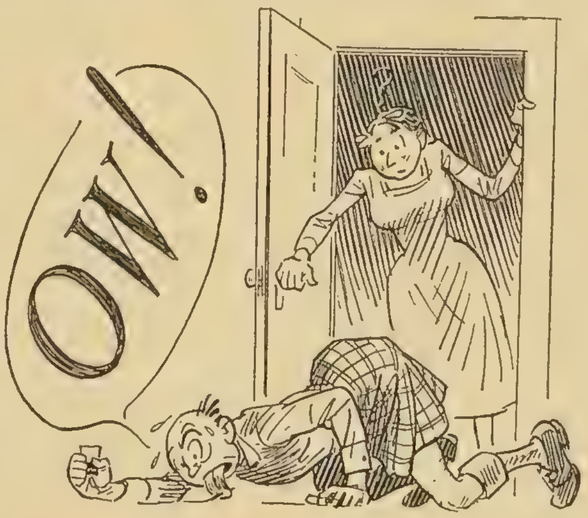
How Long Did It Take You to Think This Up?

MOBILE, ALA.—If you pay your authors according to the value of those—shall I call them stories?—I can very readily understand what causes writers to be so thin. They don't get enough to eat. Now you have one fellow who is fairly interesting. Bert Green does pretty well and I guess it must be because he draws the pictures himself and you probably serve him a couple of square meals when you only give the others a pretzel and a glass of stale home brew.

But as most writers are said to write to satisfy an inner urge, I guess there must be some pretty satisfying compensation—though my own opinion is that, with the majority of 'em, the so-called inner urge is a digestive urge.—*W. S. B.*

No

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND—No doubt you'll be surprised at hearing from a reader in Glasgow. I get Liberty quite regularly from a friend in Newark, N. J.



Despite these Vox Pop fellows I think your paper is quite good.

I have often wondered why you do not publish "Scotch" jokes in Liberty. It is quite the fashion to do this, our Scottish papers, strangely enough, being the greatest culprits. Have you heard of the Scot who spilt his drink on the floor and got a splinter in his tongue? No?—*J. Kennedy.*

All Right; Go to It

RACINE, MO.—Why give so much space on your page to people who howl about people who howl about Liberty? Let me have a little space and I'll howl about people who howl about people who howl about Liberty.—*Clarence Gilstrap.*

Poem

ALLIANCE, OHIO—I have for two years, every week, read Liberty from tail to beak. Never before have I Vox Popped, but have to tell you I simply hopped at finding that story—augmenting your rep.—"September 23d," about the Zep.

I was there and saw my share when Zeps tore up the midnight air.

And I'm here now to tell you codgers, "They hain't none can beat this Bogart Rogers."—*Don Rupers.*

What Do You Expect for 5c?

MUNCIE, IND.—I would like to make a few cracks about Bob Chambers.

"Silver Knees" ought to be very plain to the Mexican and Gypsy populace, but give us plain Americans a chance to get into the story.

It sure sounds interesting, but about the time Bob gets Maddox and Silver Knees into a very passionate moment he runs them off into some Gypsy remarks and leaves us all bewildered. What I would recommend would be to give short lessons in "Passionate Gypsy Made Easy" with each installment.—*H. Hurst.*

For Mr. Tupper

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Glad that Liberty had the vision to print the first story of young Samuel Tupper, Jr., author of "Their Sons."

That lad has the touch of genius. His drawing of Negro character, in comparison with the usual thing, is as an etching compared to the ribald color of a billboard.

And how we worried with "Cindy" over that black boy in the washroom! There is an astounding lot of life written into the story.

The young author has a future.—*Old Scribbler.*

The Lord of Creation Speaks

NEWARK, N. J.—After reading the article, "Manners for Men," by Helen Hathaway, I firmly believe that Liberty has at last maneuvered a *coup de maître.*

My reactions to this narrative were anything but elevating, since I realized how boorish some of my actions have been in the past, but, nevertheless, the article was thoroughly appreciated.—*James Voight.*

NORFOLK, VA.—How very thoughtful of Helen Hathaway to undertake the task of remodeling the very essence of gallantry—the American Male.

She taught manners in a New York school—well, let her continue to teach manners—in *school!*—*Chas.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please pat Helen Hathaway on the back. In her "Manners for Men" she passes out the proper dope on elevators.

For years I've been bawled out by my wife because I didn't suck in my tummy and let her off first, no matter how crowded the elevator might be. And now Helen puts me in the right. Hurray for etiquette!—*Walter F. Sheehan.*

P. S. My wife says Helen's all ticker tape.

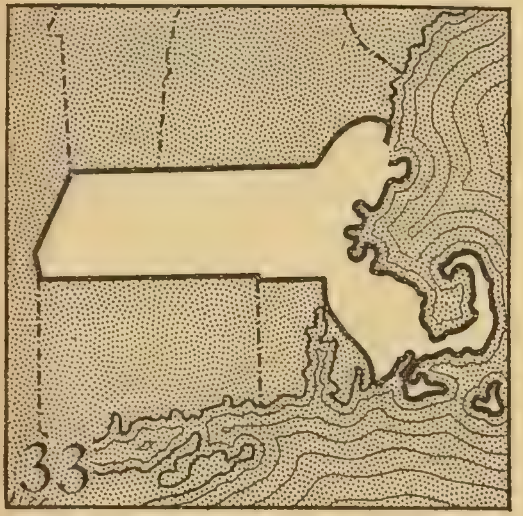
HOUSTON, MISS.—Poor men! They no sooner emancipate themselves from one brand of slavery than they find themselves trapped again.

Helen Hathaway's "Manners for Men" reminded me of what a woman once said of a man when someone said he was a certain lady's gentleman friend:

"Well, if he is a gentleman, he is not much of a friend; and if he is a friend, he is no gentleman."

It is every man for himself. Let each one choose just how much of that stuff he is going to carry along.—*C. W. Collier.*

Liberty's Patrioti



This is one of the thirteen original states. Touching it on the south is a state which was settled early in the seventeenth century by the Dutch from New Amsterdam.

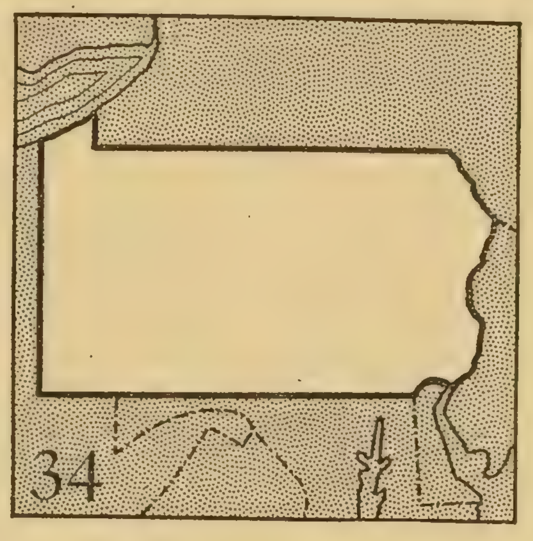
Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 9



This state ranks first in the manufacture of steel. One of its neighbors on the south is among the country's great coal-producing states.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

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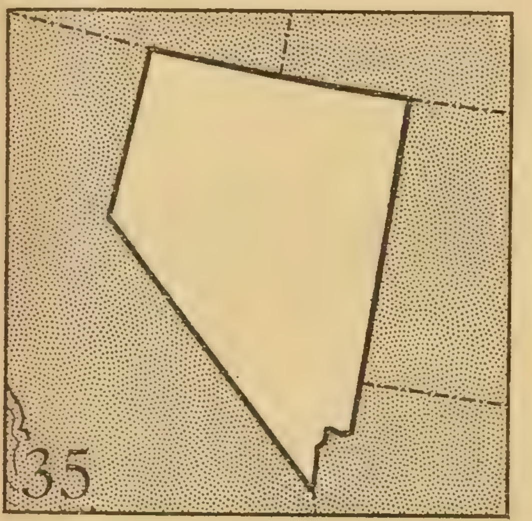

The population of this state is less than that of the District of Columbia. It is bounded on the west and south by a state in which there is but one navigable river.

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

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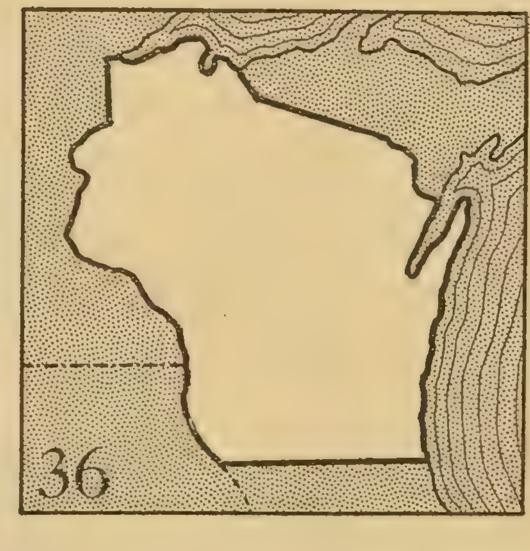
SET NO. 9



This is the most important hemp-producing state in the Union. One of the states which bound it takes its name from Indian words meaning "sky-colored water."

Name of State ....

Bounded by ....

....

....

SET NO. 9

HERE is the ninth set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next three issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything in until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

$25,000

IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000

WASH.
MO
OREGON
IDAHO
NEVADA
CALIFORNIA
UTAH
ARIZ.
PACIFIC OCEAN

GAME of STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

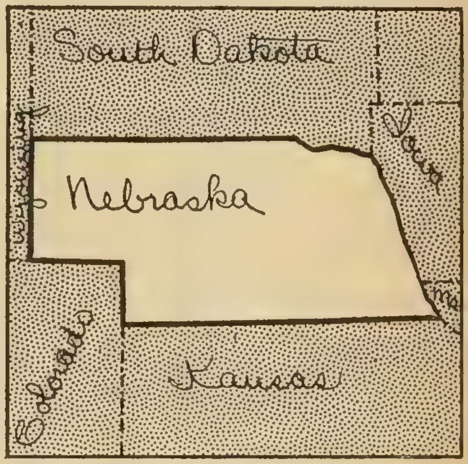
6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essay, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

EXAMPLE

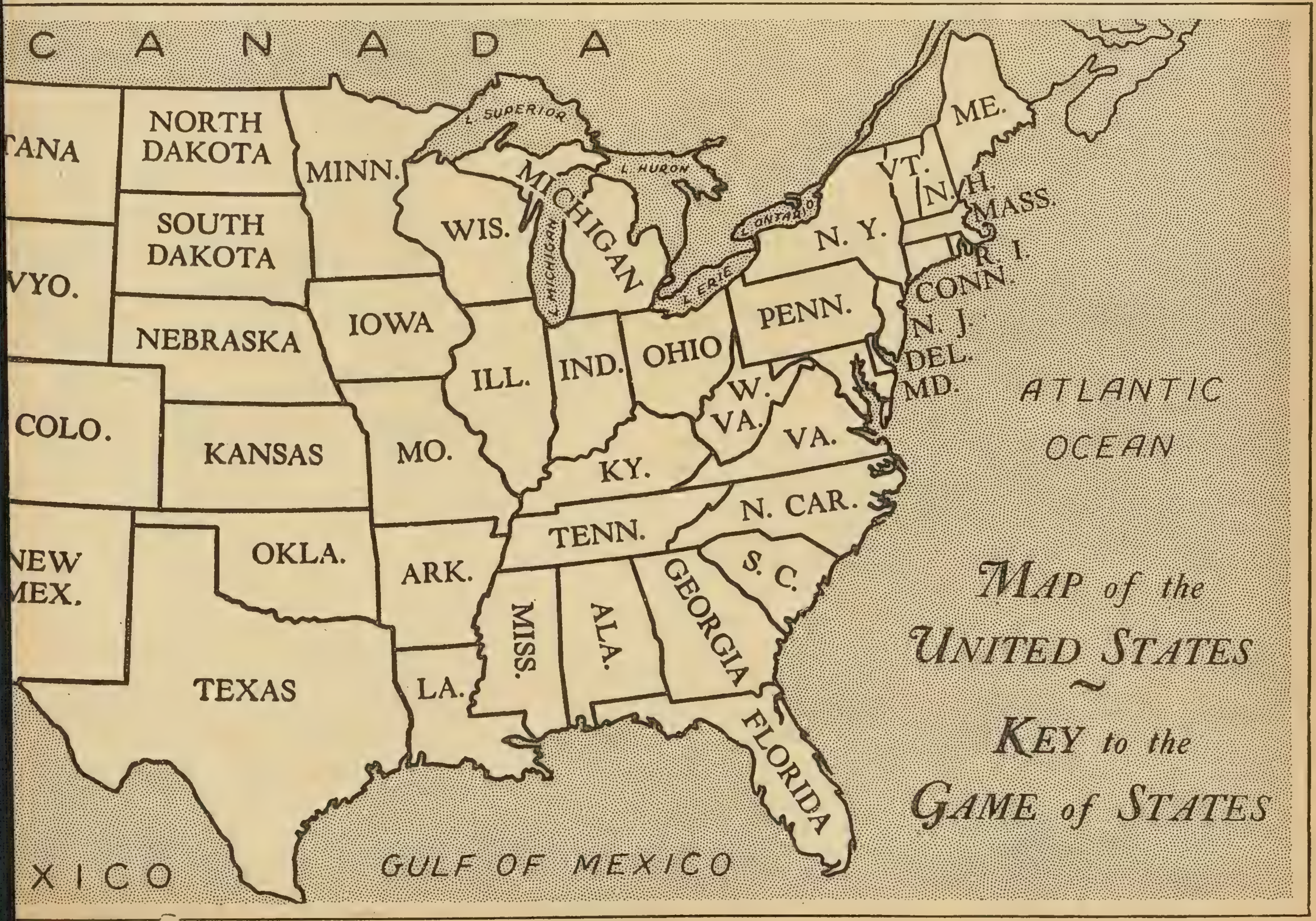

South Dakota
Iowa
Nebraska
Wyoming
Mo
Colorado
Kansas

You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *Nebraska.*

Bounded by *South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, in the example above, include Iowa and Missouri among your boundaries rather than the Missouri River.


CANADA
TANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINN.
L. SUPERIOR
MICHIGAN
L. HURON
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
SOUTH DAKOTA
WIS.
L. MICHIGAN
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
CONN.
WYO.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
L. ERIE
PENN.
N. J.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
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MD.
W. VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
VA.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
S. C.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
XICO
GULF OF MEXICO

MAP of the UNITED STATES

~

KEY to the GAME of STATES

German SPIES in America

Woman Agents . . . The Model's Story
Die Wacht am Fifteenth Street
A Vanished Baroness

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Picture by
J. M. CLEMENT

When von Bernstorff entere

(Reading time: 21 minutes 7 seconds.)

THE results of fourteen years of research and investigation by United States and other authorities are revealed for the first time in this series of articles. Having shown the scale upon which Germany carried on her secret operations here, Mr. Sutherland now turns to one of the most picturesque phases of the 1914-17 campaign of destruction and propaganda.

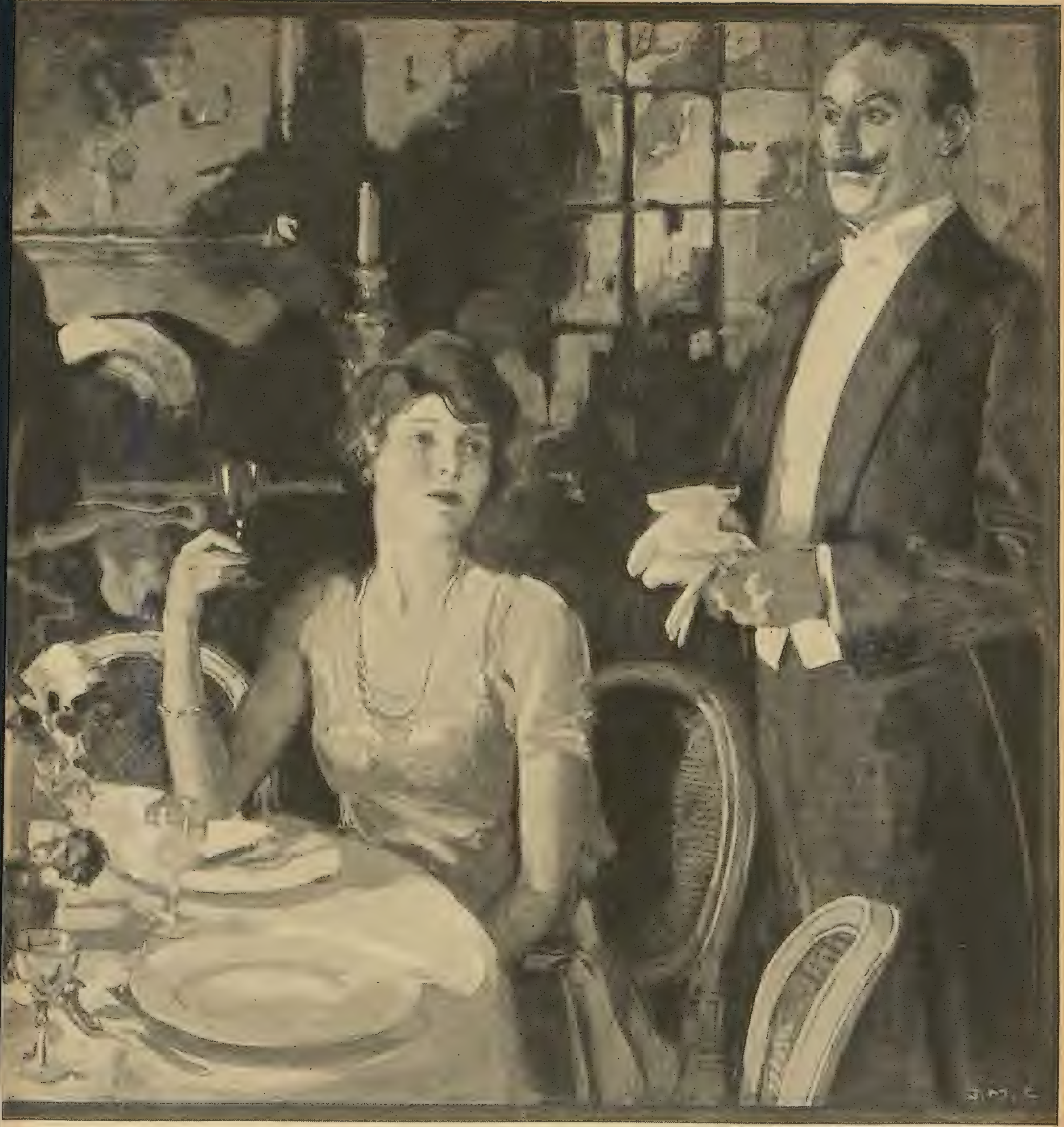
PART FOUR—LADIES IN WAR

FROM a standpoint of overt effectiveness the record doesn't show whether the women known to have been enrolled in Germany's espionage system during the time of American neutrality were of much consequence. What they were able to accomplish in the rôle of Delilahs—the robbing of an Allied or American personage's usefulness by obtaining secrets he possessed—must, in its nature, be ever of unappraisable value. Undoubtedly the Germans attached importance to it, since these women were sent to America at considerable expense and were paid generously during the neutrality years by the German paymasters. They did play a colorful and interesting rôle in the vast conspiracy.

Maria von Kretschmann was the youngest daughter of Baron Hans von Kretschmann, chief of staff of the Third Army Corps, who went into retirement after he had quarreled with the Kaiser over matters of strategy.

Maria traveled about the world quite a bit, and in Chile she married a native named Victorica. She was to be known thereafter as Madame Victorica. In 1914 she returned to Berlin (what became of Señor Victorica is not known) and was engaged by the German Admiralty to perform espionage duties. She was the storm center of numerous intrigues and adventures on Germany's eastern front, the officers of old Russia being particularly susceptible to such enchantments and wiles as Madame Victorica could exercise.

In October, 1916, she was sent to the United States



and threw back his cloak, every German present would leap to his feet and salute and cheer softly.

to concentrate on propaganda and, especially, to enlist the sympathy of Americans of Irish antecedents. In New York City she met Herman Wessels, also known as Carl Rodiger, a particularly active agent and spy.

Madame Victorica was an adept in the use of invisible ink and cipher reports to Berlin concerning her successes in America. Propaganda and the obtaining of such secrets as she could from drink-dazed guests comprised her chief enterprises. She was closely associated with Jeremiah O'Leary and John T. Ryan of Buffalo; and she was an addict to narcotics.

In 1917 she was arrested by the American secret service, and indicted along with O'Leary, Ryan, Rodiger, and others. She was kept on Ellis Island. In 1919, still untried, she was released and ordered to remain in America. She did. She became ill of pneumonia and died on August 12, 1920. She was buried in Kensico Cemetery, near New York City.

In June, 1912, Martha Held steps into the picture. She was a stout, handsome, genial, talented German woman who had formerly appeared in Wagnerian operas. She looked about for a suitable residence, and from the firm of J. Irving Walsh, former president of the New York City Real Estate Board, she leased the premises at 123 West Fifteenth Street. Four years later she was to say that even at that early date she had chosen that easily remembered street number because it would stick in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-one

the memories of German sea captains and other guests of the same nationality she was to entertain.

Mr. Walsh, in an affidavit he made long afterwards, told of a visit he made to Martha Held's house. He got the impression, he said, that it was a pretty lively establishment, where sea-fatigued skippers might find grateful relaxation in wine, women, song, and conspiracies.

On February 14, 1925, Attorney Peaslee obtained an affidavit from Mrs. Mena Edwards Reiss to support his thesis that German agents destroyed Black Tom and Kingsland. The following story is contained in that affidavit and gathered from the confessions and testimony of eleven other corroborative witnesses.

In 1914, 1915, and 1916, Mena Edwards, then unmarried, worked as a model for the Eastman Kodak Company. She was known as the Eastman Girl. She posed for photographs for billboards, magazine covers, and other forms of advertising. A pretty, animated, popular, and prosperous girl, she lived at a hotel near Eighty-sixth Street and Broadway with a movie actress named Marie Wells, and, later, in an apartment on West Eighty-seventh Street with Lucille Rogers, an actress.

Late in the fall of 1914 Mena met a French girl named Vera, whose surname does not appear. Vera spoke German fluently and lived in the Pasadena Apartments at Broadway and Sixty-first Street.

Vera confided in her new friend that she was a German agent, and had made numerous trips abroad in her espionage work. She introduced Mena to Eugene Schwerdt, a cotton broker with enormous interests in South America, at the Plaza Hotel one evening, and Schwerdt presented her to Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché and head of German sabotage. Mena and von Papen and Vera and Schwerdt were often together thereafter.

The house at 123 West Fifteenth Street, where Mena Edwards saw the ringleaders of espionage gather and celebrate.

Von Papen often led the quartet on horseback rides along the Central Park and Riverside Drive bridle paths; and tea dances and automobile rides and theater parties were items in the pleasant program with which they whiled away the gloomy winter months and the gay summer evenings.

At these dinners Germans would approach their table and converse with von Papen. Presently Mena could speak German a little, and understand a lot. At parties at the Ritz and Delmonico's, in midtown restaurants and in Broadway dancing places at night, she met the principal German officials and agents operating in America.

One night she was made acquainted with Karl Boy-Ed, the naval attaché. He took her to 123 West Fifteenth Street and presented her to Martha Held, whose name, the woman confided, was concealed in the name of Martha Gordon, because the latter had previously occupied the house. Boy-Ed told Mena that Martha was a baroness, a famous singer, and an important cog in the German machine.

NO American except Mena ever entered that house during the years that America was neutral. It was an old-fashioned dwelling with the usual high stoop. A large room downstairs was used as a wine cellar, and a spacious dining room and fine kitchen occupied the first floor. There were two servants: Janushka, a Hungarian maid, and Rose, a colored woman.

For a couple of years Mena and Vera were guests in this house, going there to dine with von Papen or Boy-Ed or other Germans they had met. Mena soon noticed that it was a rendezvous for sea captains and German reservists, spies traveling to and fro across the world, and strange characters who would appear almost masked in disguising garments and beards. Von Papen would meet them in the large basement room and sometimes their conferences would last for hours.

Hans Tauscher and Horst von der Goltz; Ludwig Mayer, a chemist; J. von Bruck; another chemist named Klipstein; Kurt Muller; " Mox," a printer by day and a saboteur by night; Paul Huhn, a Staten Island hotel man who bred dogs; Martin Lange of the Café Bismarck; Schaefer, who ran the Union Square Hotel; his son Fred, and many others, drifted in and out of this secret meeting place.

Sabotage was a frequent and earnestly discussed topic; news of the outside world was brought in by travelers; the progress of the war and its possible outcome and its effect on the fate of the belligerents were subjects for endless speculation; and the candles burned and the wine flowed freely while conspiracies were hatched and their execution celebrated.

THE conversations were sometimes in German, often in English, so deep was the confidence the inmates of that rendezvous had in Mena and Vera and other guests. Black Tom was often mentioned by name. A factory in Kentucky that manufactured nitric acid, an indispensable base in the making of munitions everywhere, was talked about as a danger spot for Germany. The Welland Canal was frequently spoken of.

Chemists and bomb-makers brought their formulæ and infernal machines and stored the latter in Martha Held's basement. The bombs were handed carefully about the dining-room table and examined. Dynamite and chemicals were left there, and carried away in the night by agents mischief-bound.

After von Papen and Boy-Ed were ordered out of the country, Mena met Wolf von Igel, who succeeded the former, and the plottings continued without interruption. When that dangerous character, Captain Franz von Rintelen, came over in April, 1915, Mena met him and often saw him there, until he departed in July, to land in a British prison before his transfer to an American cell.

Several times the company was honored by the presence of Ambassador von Bernstorff himself. Muffled in an evening cloak, he would arrive at the corner of the street in a taxicab, alight, and walk to No. 123. When he entered and threw back his cloak and exposed his immaculate evening clothes, every German present would leap to his feet and salute and cheer softly.

Strange scenes would take place. The china and silver would be removed, the candles set back, and great rolls of blueprints and maps and roughly drawn plans and camera snapshots brought in by secret scouts would be unfolded and spread on the table. The Germans in dinner clothes would bend above the maps and trace with finger tips the entrances and exits to the munitions plants and assembly stations, the vulnerable points around great wharves where ships were being loaded with arms and supplies, the railway networks where long trains of freight cars filled with explosives might best be derailed, the tunnels and bridges and canals of Canada.

Earnest conferences would be held; the spies present would report aloud their discoveries and recommendations; the high German officials would approve or amend or negative the conspiracy—and then wine would be opened and glasses raised and a toast drunk to the Fatherland and to the success of whatever sabotage was then in hand. Subdued voices would sing Deutschland über Alles, Die Wacht am Rhine, and other patriotic hymns, hands would be shaken, and the plotters and executors of the plots would depart one by one into the street and disappear in the darkness. It was a Hollywood conception of espionage—except that it was terribly real and earnest and effective.

On Friday, July 28, 1916, the day before the great shipping plant of Black Tom was blown up, there was prolonged and feverish talk of fuses and time bombs and explosives that would not fail. The printer "Mox" was in his glory that night: he, it seems, had been given the delicate task of taking the explosives from Martha Held's house to the New Jersey rendezvous where the agents who actually planted the bombs were waiting.

The next day, Saturday the 29th, Mena was afraid to remain in the city, so she went to Atlantic Highlands to visit New Jersey friends. She was asleep when the first detonation at Black Tom rocked her hostess' house at two o'clock Sunday morning. She stood on the front veranda and against the northern sky she could see the ruddy flames and exploding shells of doomed Black Tom.

Mena returned to New York City Monday, July 31, and that evening Martha Held telephoned her to come to dinner. There was a great crowd in the dining room at No. 123 when she arrived. Wine bottles stood everywhere, and songs and softly spoken *Hoch! Hochs!* were voiced, and everybody was shaking hands. "Mox" came in and they all stood up and saluted him. He was quite the hero and he drank freely. Everybody did.

About one o'clock Tuesday morning they all left the house, walked to the corner, separated into little groups, engaged taxicabs, and rode uptown to the Café Bismarck, where Martin Lange opened magnums of champagne and bottles of the beloved light wines of the Rhine until daybreak.

As time went by Mena's other friends began to suspect her of being a bit too pro-German in her sympathies—she wasn't, she says; she was merely having a pleasant and exciting time—so she left for several months. Later she went to Rochester, where her employers were, and on October 17, 1917, she married M. H. Reiss and discontinued posing for the Eastman people. She did not again see Vera or any of the Germans she had met at Martha Held's.

THE Germans defending the Fatherland before the Mixed Claims Commission against the charges that they blew up Black Tom and burned Kingsland, denounced Mrs. Reiss' affidavit of February, 1925, because Peaslee & Brigham, the American lawyers, admitted that she had been paid $2,500 for her statement, and was promised $2,500 if she had to testify in person before the commission, and $5,000 if the commission's decision was in favor of the American claimants.

Martha Held stepped out of the picture on June 6, 1918, the last time she was seen by the neighbors at No. 123 West Fifteenth Street. What became of her is not known, though there was talk in the neighborhood for quite a while that American secret service men had taken her away and interned her.

When Horst von der Goltz was returned by the British to America for incarceration, he took the American authorities to No. 123 and pointed out the house as the place where he stored the dynamite he later took to Buffalo for the purpose of blowing up the Welland Canal at von Papen's orders.

BARONESS IDA LEONIE VON SEIDLITZ must have been pretty valuable to Germany, judging from the attentions paid to her by our Department of Justice operatives.

She first walks out on the American wartime stage on June 1, 1915, when she arrived in New York City from Copenhagen. Her reputation in the secret archives of European embassies and legations was such that when it was even intimated in Europe that she might be on her way to the United States, Mr. Egan, the American minister to Denmark, cabled our State Department that she was coming this way and was an exceedingly dangerous woman who would bear watching every minute she was here.

The baroness arrived and her passport was carefully inspected. It stated that she was fifty-three years old, born in Brünn, Austria, and that she had lived in Russia, Bulgaria, and Germany, among other places; that she was a widow and was visiting friends in America.

What the passport did not say was that for years she had been a secret and trusted agent of the Czarina of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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John *wanted a*
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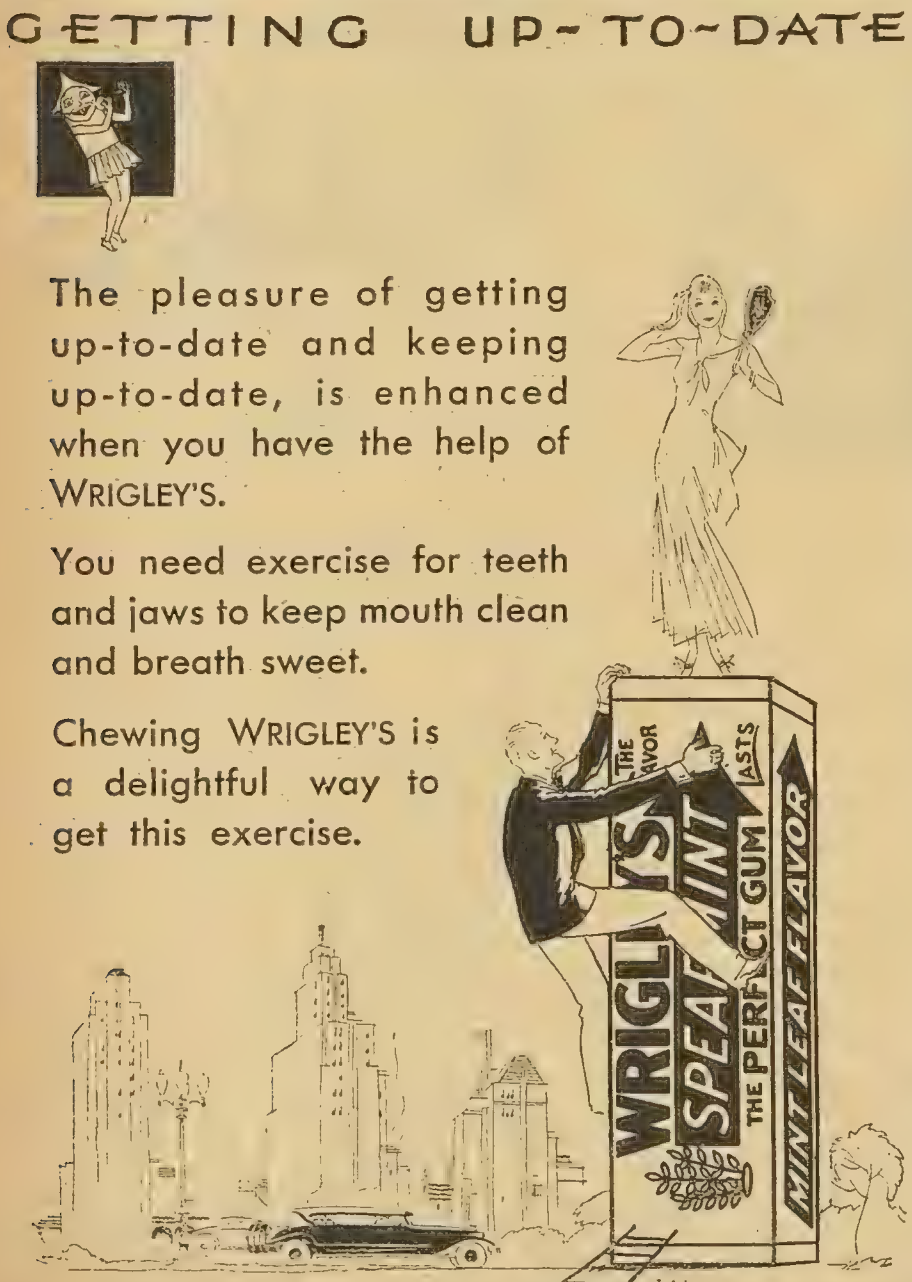
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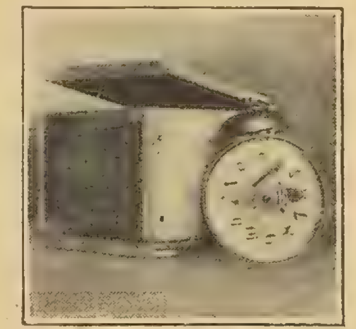
Chewing WRIGLEY'S is a delightful way to get this exercise.

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-three

Russia and the Mad Monk Rasputin, who was murdered because of his influence over the Czarina and his suspected pro-German sympathies. Baroness von Seidlitz had evidently performed to his satisfaction the duties the Mad Monk imposed, whatever they may have been, because she was assigned to Berlin as soon as the war broke out.

There she succumbed to the persuasions and gold of the Germans, and she proceeded to double-cross the Russians so skillfully that she went on the Kaiser's espionage pay roll. Also, the Bolsheviks got to her, so that by the time she started for New York City she was indeed, as Minister Egan warned, a lady to be watched most alertly.

Baroness von Seidlitz' duties were to spread pro-German propaganda, incite the Irish to any anti-British measures she might, spread peace talk in influential quarters, so there would be pressure on Washington to urge the European combatants to end hostilities while Germany's situation was such that she would occupy a strong position at the peace conference, and concentrate her knowledge of Russia, and the confidence the disillusioned Russians in America had in her, on the corruption of that empire's interests in this country.


New York World photo

A bomb found on a ship sailing from Brooklyn to France.

She was known to have consorted with von Papen and Dr. Albert at frequent intervals, and she enjoyed entrée at any hour at the German embassy in Washington. Albert supplied her with funds and transmitted her reports to Berlin. The lairs to which she decoyed her victims and pumped them dry of secrets were almost another Hollywood vision of what a female spy's quarters should be. She lived in the most exquisite luxury in New York City's finest hotels, where she was surrounded by servants and all the costly background she required.

Whatever may have been the worth of her services in her various activities, she was undeniably successful in corrupting important members of the Russian service of supplies, which was attending to the purchase and shipment of material and munitions to Russia during the early years of the war—so successful that before the Czar was overthrown a number of the grafting officials in the service of supplies were recalled to Russia, tried for treason, and executed.

ONE of the ways in which the German agents in America installed their spies and saboteurs in American factories and offices was through the Help Wanted advertisements in newspapers. Timekeepers and employment bureau chiefs were secretly worked into positions where, later, they could hire such anarchists and dynamiters and fire bugs as the Germans wanted in a particular plant.

It was through a renegade Russian whom Baroness von Seidlitz was instrumental in installing in the Kingsland assembly plant that Theodore Wozniak was said to have been hired in the summer of 1916. It was at Wozniak's workbench that the fire started which destroyed the mammoth plant—accidentally, he was to claim, and intentionally, according to Frederick Hermann, who later confessed he supplied Wozniak with the incendiary devices which caused the fire. Of which, more anon.

After von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert returned to Berlin, following the rupture of relations between Germany and America in February, 1917, Baroness von Seidlitz fell on evil days. Her funds cut off, she no longer was able to live in luxury. She was eventually evicted from her suite in the Waldorf-Astoria, several judgments were obtained against her by tradesmen, and the secret service men who had been watching her finally closed in.

She was arrested on May 11, 1918, and sent to Ellis Island, and after a time she was interned in the prison camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. When she was released and what became of her thereafter are facts now veiled in mystery.

Margaret W. Cornell was not a German spy in the popular sense of the appellation; but she was convicted of conspiring to commit sabotage, and she was sentenced to a federal penitentiary.

Franz Bopp was Germany's consul general in San Francisco. The vice consul was E. H. von Schack; and among Bopp's employees and assistants in the work of impeding the shipment of material and munitions to the Allies were Mrs. Cornell, Wilhelm von Brincken, J. H. van Koolbergen, Franz Schulenberg, Charles C. Crowley, and Louis J. Smith. Kurt Jahnke, Lothar Witzke, Christian Zammel, and other German agents went in and out of the consulate freely and were paid by Bopp for their incendiary and explosive enterprises.

When the war began Bopp hastened from San Francisco to Berlin to get new instructions. After arranging for a secret method of transmitting his reports and dispatches to Germany, he returned to his post and at once launched a campaign of terrorism and destruction. Anarchists and I. W. W. and radical labor leaders were enlisted in the campaign; stevedores and truckmen along the water front were induced to strike; Germans and pro-German Americans employed in public utilities, railways, shipyards, munition factories, and wheatfields were paid to agitate and riot.

EXPEDITIONS were sent to cripple Canadian tunnels and bridges and switches; arms were purchased and supplied to East Indians all along the Pacific coast and in British Columbia, in the hope that when the signal for revolt was given in far-away India these malcontents in North America would seize the opportunity to bring turmoil into the coast states.

Late in April, 1915, Military Attaché von Papen was getting in trouble around New York, due to the discoveries of American secret service agents and the disclosures published in the eastern newspapers. So Ambassador von Bernstorff suggested he fade out of the picture for a while, and he took advantage of this order to travel across the continent and consolidate and reorganize the German consulates in the larger American cities.

On May 11, 1915, in Seattle, von Papen paid Franz Schulenberg $500, as his checkbook stub showed when the British searched him at Falmouth nearly a year later. On May 20 there was a terrific explosion in the Seattle harbor, a bargeload of munitions which was to be loaded on a Russian steamer the next morning being destroyed. A watchman on the barge probably was also destroyed, because he never was seen again.

New York World photo

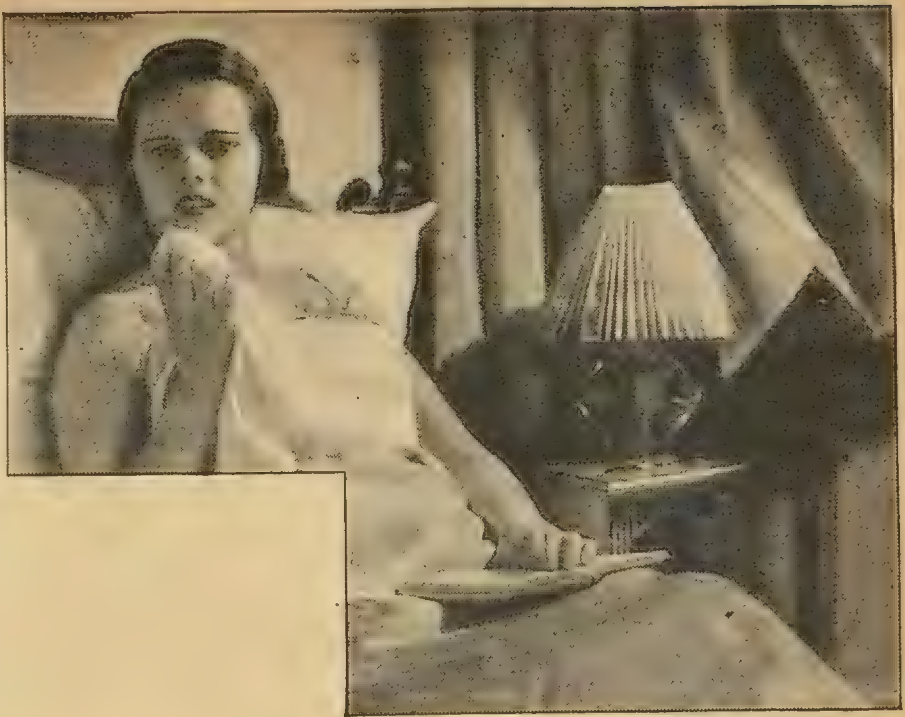
Another souvenir of the Germans found before it exploded.

The Hercules Powder Company at Pinole, California, was blown up; bombs were placed on the British steamer Talthibius, on the American vessel Hazel Dollar, on the Japanese liner Shinsei Maru. The Canadian Grand Trunk Railways was mystified by the series of accidents which befell its roundhouses, bridges, locomotives, and other property. In August, 1915, a trainload of explosives was detonated near Pinole. There was a terrific explosion in the Mare Island navy yard.

The Anne Larsen, a schooner, was loaded with munitions and sent out from a southern California harbor to meet the German raider Maverick at sea. The arms were to be transferred there and carried to India for the revolution Germany was trying to promote in that British possession. The Anne Larsen couldn't find the Maverick and put in at Seattle. The munitions were unloaded and stored until the end of the war.

On February 14, 1916, the federal grand jury indicted Bopp and his accomplices. Smith became the state's main witness, and a trial jury presently found them all guilty. Not only did Smith give the details of the sabotage in the far west, but he told how, in keeping with the German practice of getting suspected agents out of a scene and utilizing them elsewhere, he was sent east.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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BAYER

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[GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-five]

As a consequence of this journey to the middle west the Ætna Explosives Company plant at Ætna, Illinois, was destroyed; another munitions factory was blown up in Cadillac, Michigan; and Albert Kaltenschmidt, a principal agent in Detroit, conspired to set fire to the Detroit Screw Works, which was furnishing great stores of munitions to the Allies.

Dr. Albert authorized one payment alone of $25,000 to Kaltenschmidt, and this agent, his sister and her husband, and numerous other accomplices were gathered in by the American secret service and convicted.

On January 10, 1917, Bopp and Mrs. Cornell and von Brincken and the others were given two years in federal prison for their many violations of American neutrality. Heavy fines were added to their sentences.

BOPP returned to Germany after his release and received the Order of the Red Eagle for his services in America. He performed all these services while America was still neutral, and he couldn't serve his country after America was at war because he was in prison.

But a fact more startling than any of the foregoing came to light when I examined the record of the German officials and their saboteurs on the Pacific coast.

It may be remembered by readers of Liberty that in 1930 I published, in a series of famous unsolved crimes in America, two installments on the amazing case of Thomas J. Mooney, now serving a life term in a California prison with Warren K. Billings for the Preparedness Day explosion in San Francisco which caused the deaths of ten persons and injuries to forty others.

The court records and briefs embracing the Mooney case contained more than 14,000,000 words about that tragedy of July 22, 1916. I went over this interminable record carefully and composed my story from a viewpoint as unbiased as I could. Mooney, from his cell, wrote a long letter to the publisher of Liberty complaining that in my articles I had been frightfully unfair, to the prejudice of his plea for a pardon. Liberty published that letter, and a brief statement by me that I had tried not to be unfair.

IN the light of my more recent investigation of Germany's war on neutral America in the Pacific coast sector, I have come into possession of facts I never had before, and which it was impossible for me to have discovered then; and I now conclude that it is possible that Mooney and Billings are wasting their lives in prison for a horrible crime they did not commit, but which it is highly probable *was* committed by one or more of the German agents then running amuck in California.

As you shall see in the next chapter of this series.

In addition to furnishing a possible explanation of the bombing for which Mooney and Billings are in prison, Mr. Sutherland will describe in next week's Liberty some of the brightest stars of the German espionage system.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—South.
2—Benjamin Harrison.
3—Jupiter.
4—Midsummer Night's Dream.
5—A guide.
6—A large sweet European chestnut.
7—An acrimonious harangue.
8—A shade of difference.
9—David.
10—Penelope.
11—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware.
12—Periosteum.
13—A marsupial.
14—Self-government of a city or state.
15—Lockjaw.
16—A muscle; sinew.
17—Malevolent.
18—Lake Superior.
19—The Bible (2 Corinthians ix. 7).
20—Bloodstone.

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as Water
yet this Liquid...

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Copper Wires

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 29 sec.)

By

LEONARD THOMPSON

who manages a restaurant in Newark, N. J., in the daytime, and goes home in the evening and writes. He is a graduate of Tufts College, and has, at various times and in various places, worked for a telephone company, sold school books, taught school, and owned a department store.

"HELLO! Hel-lo, Middletown?"

"Middletown okay. Philadelphia?"

"Yeah, Philadelphia. Five five."

"Right. Five five."

"How're you, Mary?"

"Just fine, Jimmie. How're you?"

"Okay. Goo'-by."

For two years Jimmie Landon had been night repair man at the big Spruce exchange in Philadelphia, and at five o'clock every morning had clapped his receivers to his head to test out the trunk lines running down through Delaware. For two years, at five five every morning, he had plugged in for Middletown and received Mary's okay for the line, and her friendly, mellow voice always made something wriggly and thrilly run down Jimmie's backbone.

Once he had ventured, "What's yo' name, honey?"

"Me? I'm Mary," she coöperated. "Why, big boy?"

"Oh, nuthin'. This is Jimmie."

"Jim-mie!" she had said, and *how*. Jimmie felt himself floating and pulled the plug.

Good Lord, what a voice! Why, a girl with a voice like that would be so darn' sweet and tender—meet a guy mor'n halfway—stick through thick and thin—full of the devil, too, he'd bet. She'd be slender, with dark, wavy hair and brown eyes. Mary! He could shut his eyes and see her, almost feel her presence. . . .

July and a week's vacation. With this opportunity, Jimmie hopped a train for Middletown. Seven o'clock found him in front of the small business block over which was the exchange, sauntering carelessly, but his heart thumping wildly with the high voltage of love's elixir. He knew the shift; she would come off at seven.

She was coming down the stairs! What would he say? Thump, thump, thump! Would she fall for a guy like him? Thumpety thump. Gee, this was a foolish stunt!

She had arrived! An involuntary step forward as "Mary" surged up within him and started to form on his lips. Thumpety, thumpety, thump---et-y—Crash! Poor Jimmie! A girl with a voice like that! One look and he had passed by.

"Good Lord!" he groaned.

Let us not pry into Jimmie's affairs for the rest of that week. . . .

Monday morning. Five five. Jimmie plugs in for Middletown.

"Hello! Hel-lo, Middletown?" It had to be done.

"Middletown okay. Philadelphia?" Strangely matter-of-fact.

"Yeah, Philadelphia. Five five." Listlessly.

"Right. Five five." No pep at all.

"How're you, Mary?" He'd be a good sport, anyway.

"Just fine, Jimmie. How're you?" Something missing. That "Jimmie" was entirely void of the usual caress.

"Okay. Goo'-by." It was a long moment before Jimmie plugged in for Dover. Twisting the plug unconsciously in his fingers, he wondered vaguely if something had taken the joy out of *her* life.

The long winter months were slowly ticking themselves away when, late in January, a blizzard swept over northern Delaware, paralyzing telephone communication in the country districts. Jimmie, as a former lineman and trouble hunter, was called upon for the emergency. Big trucks, fully equipped for the purpose, each carrying four linemen, were quickly dispatched to the trouble area to follow to the end, and make good, that particular line for which they were responsible.

It was heroic work. The wind still swept across the open spaces laden with stinging bits of sleet. Benumbed fingers lost their skill and stout hearts finished the job. But pole by pole the tangled confusion disappeared and the taut, parallel copper strands went humming on their way once more. And always the truck moved on.

Late one afternoon they ran into Middletown for something to eat. Entirely absorbed as he had been in work, it is doubtful if Jimmie knew just where they were. Locating a likely-looking place, they were soon completely occupied with steaming-hot plates of ham and beans, and Jimmie was feeling much better when a woman's voice penetrated his consciousness.

He laid down his fork, motionless. There was only one voice in the world like that. He shifted slightly in his chair and cautiously surveyed the little room.

She was not there. With infinite relief he turned back to his plate. Again it came—that soft, low, vibrant, colorful mezzo. Now he had it spotted! He quickly crossed to the corner and slipped into the vacant chair, entirely unmindful of the temerity of his act and his disheveled appearance.

"Hello, Middletown?" he asked excitedly.

THE slender girl with the brown eyes suddenly turned pale. She stared with incredulity at the sound of his crisp, strong, eager voice. But she was game.

"Middletown okay. Philadelphia?"

"Yeah. How're you, Mary?"

"Just fine, Jimmie. How're you?" . . .

They had left the lights of the little one-street town behind them in a long faint glow. As the world goes, they had known each other but a few minutes, but, somehow, between them seemed to exist an understanding with no reason for its being and no need for its expression.

"But, Mary," Jimmie was saying, "who was that terrible woman who came off your shift one morning last July?"

"Jimmie! You came down here! What week in July?"

"The third."

"The third!" Low musical laughter floated away into the night. "Why, you poor boy! I was on my vacation. And you found Mary—er—too fat for you, Jimmie?"

They strolled on in delicious silence while he prayed for the necessary courage.

"Er—Jimmie? Who—er—who was that terrible man who took your place the third week in July?"

"Mary! Did you—?"

"Well, you see, Jimmie, I wanted to observe night work in a big exchange and—"

Impulsively Jimmie reached out and gathered her into his arms, saying things with quite all the courage required. And Mary slipped an arm up around his neck.

"Oh, Jimmie, I'm so happy," she breathed. "I knew those dear old copper wires couldn't be wrong!"

"So did I, Mary," he choked out. "Just a couple of 'em crossed. That's all."

THE END

COLDS

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These tablets have been the world's most popular remedy for 41 years! At all drug stores.

Go out in bad weather if you must, but go into the drug store on your way back for this safe, dependable cold remedy. It takes both a body tonic and a laxative to check colds and headaches quickly and comfortably. You get both in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Use them. Keep well.

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• BROMO •
QUININE
Tablets

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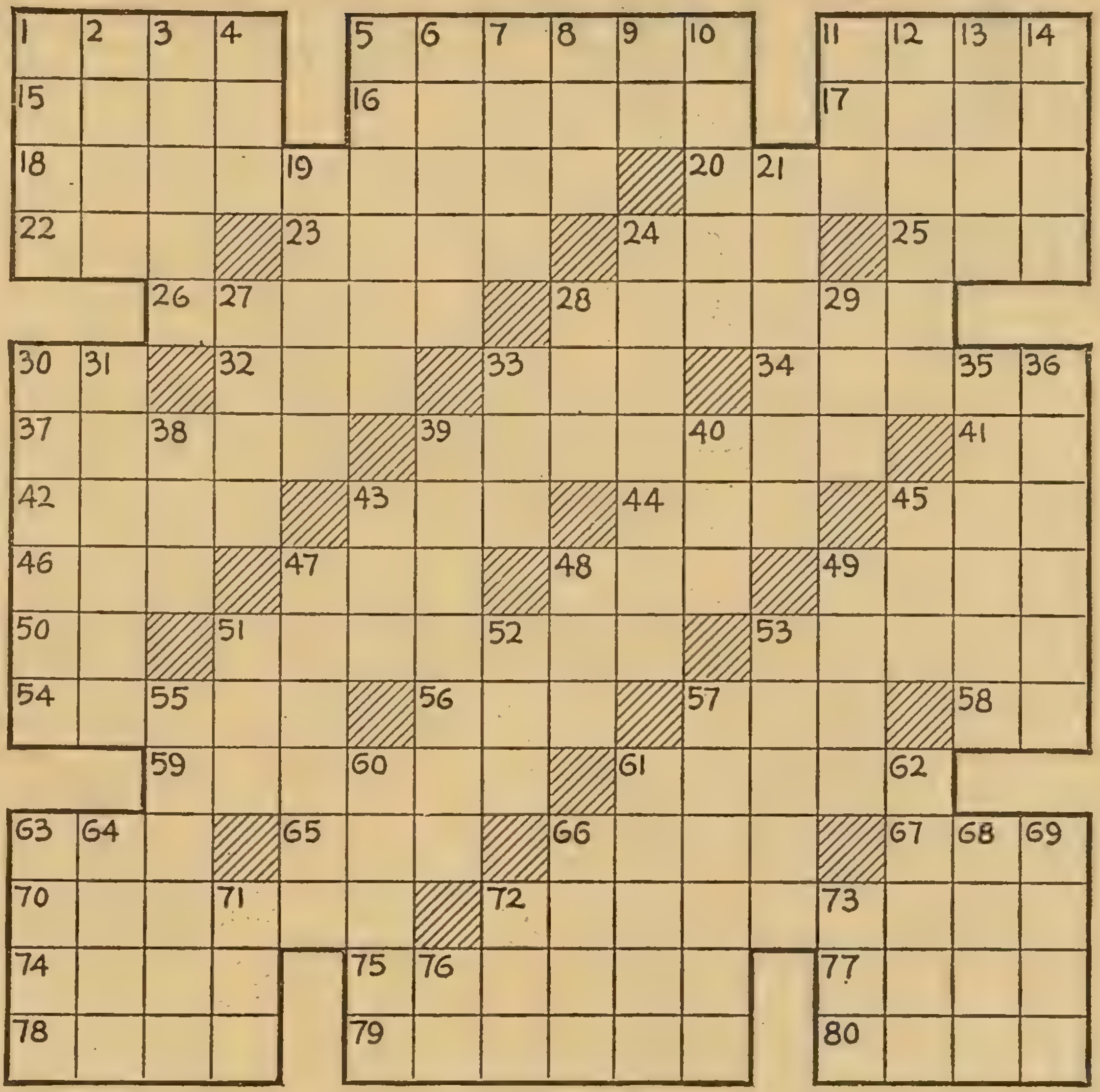
Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

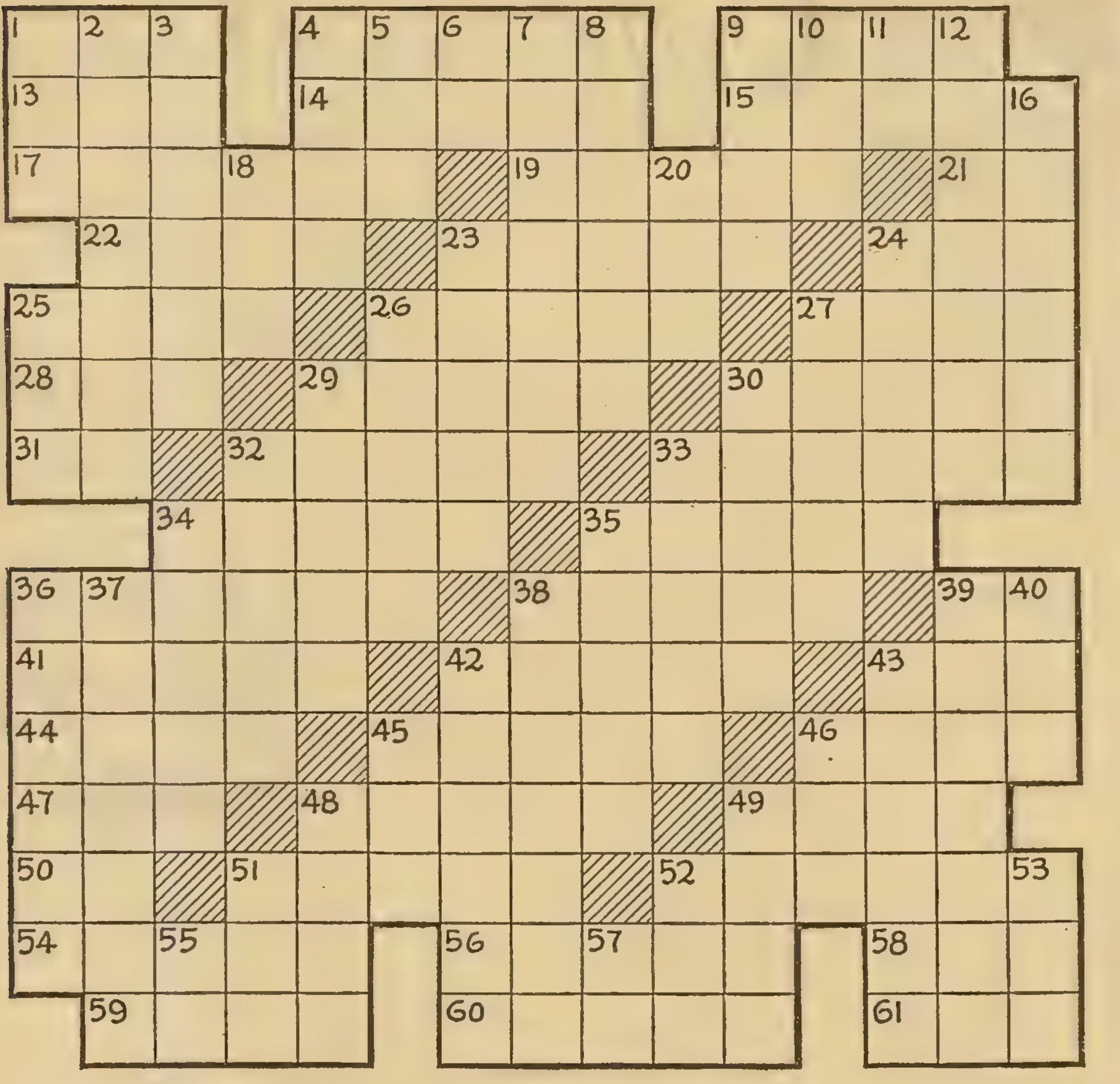
1 A kind of meat
5 Pompous show
11 An appendage
15 River in Germany
16 Expunger
17 The heroine of Wagner's Lohengrin
18 Seats without arms or back
20 Relating to Italy or to its people
22 A pronoun
23 Eggs of a parasitic insect
24 The French name for a month
25 Utility
26 Facial expression
28 Stand to hold a set of cruets
30 Note of the scale
32 A pronoun
33 Equality
34 A curl of hair
37 Puff up
39 Meanly submissive
41 A Latin and French conjunction
42 To cover the inner surface of
43 A color shade
44 Compass point
45 A salutation
46 Augment
47 Woman's dowry
48 An animal of the deer kind
49 Unhampered
50 The symbol for an element
51 Name of a number of Egyptian kings
53 Ascertain; hear
54 City in Germany
56 Attention
57 Large wave
58 Suffix used to form some plurals
59 Moving forward gradually
61 In a state of separation
63 A coin of an Asiatic kingdom
65 Goddess of dawn (Greek mythology)
66 The rainbow
67 Owns
70 Repartee; reply
72 Most insufficient
74 Shout or cry out
75 One of the simplest forms of animal life
77 A song
78 Wheelless vehicle
79 A foot covering
80 Close at hand

VERTICAL

1 An interdiction
2 Ardor; dash
3 Abbots
4 The name of a former Pope
5 Dangers
6 Rugged crest of a mountain range
7 Gnawing animals
8 An equine
9 Prefix: down
10 Silkworms
11 Beverage prepared from certain leaves
12 Entice, attract
13 Egyptian goddess
14 A mesh fabric
19 Join
21 A minute part
24 Wonders
27 Anything very small
28 A vehicle
29 Sooner than
30 Recount
31 Strikes out
33 An inclosure
35 Grave; austere
36 Wall used as a lining for a well (plural)
38 Furthermore
39 Cotton fabric having a glossy surface (plural)
40 A secretion of the cuttlefish
43 Man's nickname
45 A constellation
47 Exposure or liability to injury
48 Always
49 Terrified contemplation of something
51 A color
52 Droop
53 Slightest
55 To adjust, as something in discussion
57 Of the spine
60 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
61 Oriental wagon
62 Thither
63 Parts of a circle
64 A duck
66 Frosted
68 A continent
69 Heavenly body
71 Having lost the vigor of youth
72 A descendant
73 A man's name
76 A parent

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of muffin
4 Turn inside out, as an intestine
9 A masculine personal name
13 Past
14 Inferior in degree or importance
15 A Turkish money of account
17 A term used in the game of golf
19 A tree
21 A brother of Odin (Norse mythology)
22 An instrument of manual operation
23 Core
24 A deity in Egyptian mythology
25 Fine ravelings from fabrics
26 Pains
27 Satisfy the desire or appetite of
28 An equine
29 The marks left by a blow
30 A small shoot or twig
31 Pronoun
32 Probes for searching wounds
33 The official residence of a sovereign
34 Applies a slight coloring to
35 Marshal of France in the nineteenth century
36 Proof reader's mark (plural)
38 Variety of eel
39 Hush!
41 Prevaricators
42 A tract of soft wet land
43 Playing card
44 Tree (plural)
45 A German state
46 The second caliph
47 Fabric having a ribbed surface
48 In a manner more evil or bad
49 A city in Arabia
50 Negative prefix
51 Continued attempt to gain possession
52 Things to be done
54 Strives or contends
56 Growing out
58 A son of Jacob by Rachel's handmaid
59 Cardinal number
60 Women of station or authority
61 Artfully or meanly cunning

VERTICAL

1 To rove, or go about idly
2 One given overmuch to thoughts of self
3 Adults of subnormal mental development
4 Masculine personal name
5 Contend against
6 Measure of type
7 A former British field marshal
8 Ministers to, as in illness
9 An agreement
10 A tree
11 Above
12 Of the law contained in the book of Leviticus
16 To revoke
18 Witty saying
20 The bitter vetch
23 Pursues game or prey
24 Charlotte Corday's victim
25 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma
26 Suggestions
27 To render oblique
29 Depressions made by blows
30 Isaac's mother
32 Rows or ranks, one above another
33 Pucker
34 Tread on forcibly and repeatedly
35 The inventor of the telegraph
36 Characteristic of the clergy
37 Part of an airplane
38 Village in St. Lawrence County, New York
39 Opprobrium
40 A pronoun
42 Mingled
43 Reparation
45 Gardener's tool
46 A poem
48 Sage
49 Undergoes change with the lapse of time
51 Japanese coin
52 Corroded
53 One indifferently out of a number
55 Greek letter
57 Form of to be

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-four

Your Mirror
Can't Tell You

Don't trust your mirror! It can't tell you about the invisible dandruff cap clogging the pores of your scalp and stifling the growth of your hair. Find out now! *Gently scratch your scalp—then look at your finger tips.*

The only way to remove dandruff is to *dissolve it*, then wash it out. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every particle of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. Rinses thoroughly in hard or soft water.

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If your local dealer cannot supply you, send attached coupon for trial package of SALICON.

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Don't neglect a COLD!

Use a "counter-irritant" for real relief

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Musterole gets action because it is a "counter-irritant"—not just a salve. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients actually draws congestion to the surface. You can feel how it warms and penetrates and stimulates blood circulation. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

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Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes. All druggists.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

To Mothers — Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Fat Folks are simply overburdened—Not Lazy

End the Cause

We used to think that fat folks were lazy or gluttonous. We now know that it isn't so. Their vitality is burdened, their hearts are over-taxed. Forcing blood through such a mass of tissue absorbs much of their energy.

If they eat too much, it is because their food is not converted into fuel and energy. Too much goes to fat.

Modern science has found a great cause in a defective gland—the thyroid. Its secretion largely affects nutrition. It also stimulates other vital glands.

After years of research and experiment, doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. And excess fat has disappeared by the millions of pounds since they did so.

Marmola prescription tablets embody the factor which they use. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares it to fit the average case. The complete formula appears in each package, so your doctor can advise you on it, if you wish.

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MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

"You Ole Coward, You!"

A New For the Love o' Lil

"COME on outdoors!" Gwendolyn Smithers yelled in the deserted street where she was finishing her afterluncheon apple. "I'm going to build a snow fort!"

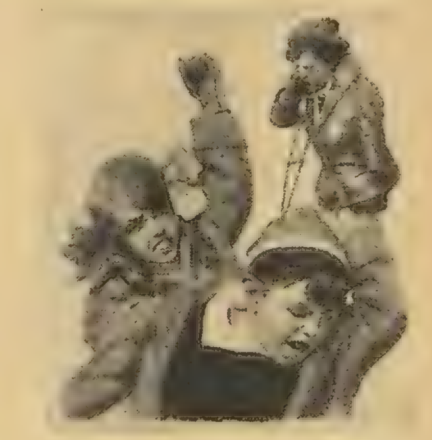
Front doors opened. Hatless children risked colds on stoops and piazzas before their frantic mothers pulled them indoors again.

"As soon as I finish my rice pudding," Red Hancock called, "I'll help you build a fort."

"You will not!" Gwen yelled. "You've got a broken arm an' a sprained ankle an' that's all you can manage. Lend me your crutch for a flagpole?"

"We have to help with the dishes," Ruth Dazey announced from her dining-room window.

"She washes 'em," Budgie yelled over her shoulder, "an' I wipe 'em, an' sometimes I have to clean 'em because she doesn't wash 'em good enough."



This week's cover picture.

"Fibber!" Ruth shrieked. "You told a—"

Mrs. Dazey slammed the window.

"Here," she told Ruth, handing her the dish mop. "Here," she told Budgie, handing him a dish towel. "Do your chores quickly so you can help Gwen with her fort."

Gwen was getting impatient because her work gang was slow in materializing. She rolled a snowball and aimed it at Lil's sitting-room window.

"Don't bother to look," Lil told Ulysses, who was playing quietly with his blocks. "It's Gwen. Nobody else would be as mean as to smear up my windows when I'd just paid three dollars to have them cleaned."

"I want to go out," U. began to whine.

"Not until your lunch has settled," Lil said. "Do you want your cherry jelly to turn to ice inside of you?"

"I want to go out," U. whined.

"Put on your coat and hat," he was told, "and run along. I'd rather have you happy outdoors than whining indoors. Don't forget your arctics."

By two o'clock Gwen had collected quite a gang. Snow shovels were busy. And the Smithers' front yard looked like Excavation Day in an Eskimo village.

"We'll all get inside," Gwen told the children. "We'll make ten snowballs each. That'll make fifty. Whenever a car goes by, we'll pitch 'em. See? Whoever passes this fort is a foreigner from Africa an'—an'—well, it's wartime now, an' people from Africa better keep away from our fort or they'll be eatin' supper in the happy hunting grounds. Wheeeee! Wheeeee! Wh—"

Snowballs rained upon passers-by, but they were good-natured neighbors who were thankful they weren't being pelted with cobbles.

"Let me fight?" a roughneck boy suddenly yelled, vaulting over the fort wall. It was Jack Conforti, brazen as the boldest monkey in the zoo. He grabbed snowballs and began to sock the children right and left.

"African!" Gwen flared.

"African?" Jack laughed, aiming two snowballs at her. She ducked. One ball hit poor Red in the ribs and the other landed in his right eye.

"You bold skunk!" Gwen shrieked, rushing for Jack. "Hit a boy with a broken arm, wouldja? I'll give you a broken arm for being so damn' mean, you ole coward, you!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Make-Up)

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

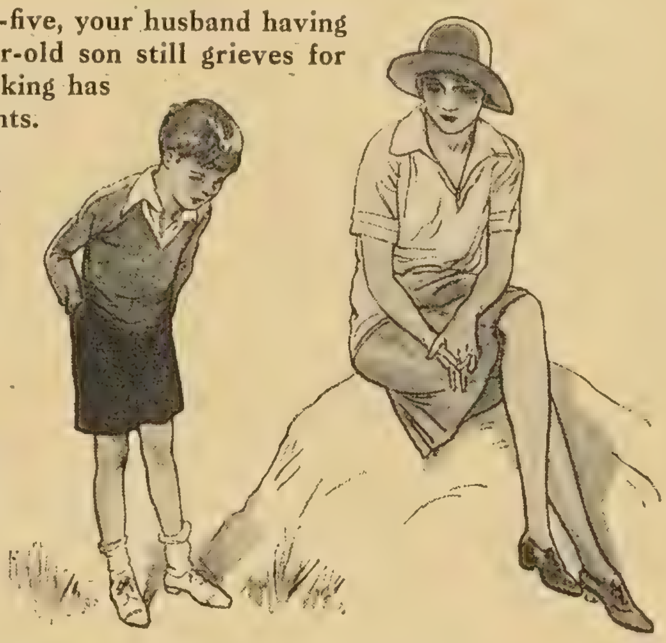
Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
C. H. CHAUSSE
2621 Seventy-eighth Avenue, Oakland, California

Suppose you were a widow at thirty-five, your husband having died four years ago. Your twelve-year-old son still grieves for his father. The necessity of your working has practically deprived him of both parents.

Now a friend of the family—a successful bachelor who has helped you through your hard times—wishes you to marry him. If you do so, your son will again have a real home, a mother's care, the warm interest and kindly guidance of a good man, and educational advantages which you alone cannot give him.

But your son protests, and accuses you of being disloyal to his father. Would you marry and trust to time to offset his prejudices, or would you remain true to his ideal of fidelity?



Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, March 21. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing five answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for February 7, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

> **Suppose you were the father of three children and were forced by circumstances to serve on a jury trying a noted gangster for murder. You have received a letter threatening your family if you do not vote for acquittal, and one of the main witnesses has already been shot down on the street. Testimony at the trial has convinced you that the gangster is guilty.**
>
> **Which of the following would you do—**
>
> **1. Think of your dear ones and vote for acquittal, regardless of the testimony,**
>
> **2. Vote so as to cause a "hung" jury, thus evading the issue but giving the mob a chance to work on other witnesses and jurors, or**
>
> **3. Vote for the death penalty and trust to what you believe to be an inadequate police force to protect your children and yourself from the gangsters?**

The Winning Answers

By W. F. KIERZEK
11 East Goethe Street, Chicago, Illinois

I SHOULD most certainly vote for acquittal. I do not hold that this course is in any way laudable, but the father of three children must look to expediency and not commendability. Surely it would not do to risk the safety of one's family simply for the satisfaction of having expressed one's true feelings.

The other alternative, which means

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

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REMOVES DANDRUFF

Checks falling hair, retards graying and promotes the growth of abundant hair. GLOVER'S Mange Medicine and GLOVER'S Medicated Soap are a complete scalp and hair treatment. GLOVER'S Mange Medicine is as active in 15 minutes in stopping germ growth as 5% carbolic acid is in 48 hours. Germs are always found with dandruff.

MASSAGE Scalp with finger tips.

APPLY GLOVER'S Mange Medicine, Leave on at least, 5 to 15 minutes, then SHAMPOO with GLOVER'S Medicated Soap. The soap is an additional cleansing agent and deodorizes the hair and scalp.

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Librarian I. K. U. Rosicrucian Brotherhood, San Jose, CAL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

placing the responsibility on others' shoulders, is, in my opinion, less honorable than the first. I would vote to free the gangster and allow him to go to his final reward as others have before him—to the staccato rattle of rivals' machine guns.

By JOSEPH EDWARD DUFFY
P. O. Box 1271, De Land, Florida

I WOULD vote so as to cause a "hung" jury. Alone, I would face the issue and vote for the death penalty, but I must consider my family.

With this decision, I ease my conscience, and do no one any harm; and if the officials themselves have not been "reached" they will see to it that the gangster is punished, regardless of what I do or don't do.

In this day, when well known gangsters and killers can walk the streets unchallenged, why should I risk the lives of my loved ones just to make a heroic gesture?

By JAMES TUTTLE
9 Welmont Place, Buffalo, New York

WHY try to evade the truth? One gangster on trial. An inadequate police force. What a fool I would be not to vote for acquittal, regardless of the testimony! Why should I risk my own and my family's lives for the sake of convicting one gangster? The police are afraid of these same gangsters; why should they expect me to be any different?

Gang wars—men murdering each other, thinking nothing of it. I, who value the life God gave me, and who love and cherish the life He gave my family, should throw these lives to the winds for the sake of convicting one gangster? Not I. When I am sure that the police force is behind me I will defy gangsterism—not before.

By EDITH L. ROY
P. O. Box 276, Sanford, Florida

WHY make bargains with gangsters who know no honor? Why trust those to keep faith with you who do not keep faith with themselves? Suppose you sell your honor to protect a murderer, what assurance have you that he will not repay you with violence?

Vote for justice and the law as it is written. No country is stronger than its individual citizens and that means you and me. Each of us must consider the protection he owes all other innocent members of society instead of his own loved ones, else we shall all perish in a deluge of horror.

Should a foreign invasion threaten our land, you would not consider compromises to protect your loved ones. The menace of gangland is far greater than a possible foreign invasion, for it is already firmly intrenched in our midst. History of past civilizations proves that the rule of blood and terror cannot flourish where decent men have guts enough to slay their own fears and deal out cold, impartial justice.

By A. W. ERICKSON
4911 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

VOTE the death penalty. Protect families—not *a* family.

Answers to the question in Liberty for February 14 will be published next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Infants to Match

Johnny came home greatly excited with the news that the doctor had brought a new baby girl to the Wilsons that looked like young Bobby Wilson.

"Why don't you order one, mother?" he asked.

"I did order one," replied mother, "but somehow the doctor just doesn't want to bring us one."

Johnny pondered over this a moment, and finally said:

"I guess he has to wait until he gets one to match our faces."—M. Carmason, Box 314, St. Clair, Pa.

* * *

Illinois' Best Known Product

The children were learning for what each state was known, as to its principal products, etc. When asked what Illinois was noted for, Rodney stammered:

"Illinois is noted for—for Chicago!"—Eula Spoden, 1415 Court Place, Denver, Colo.

Grandpa's Ups and Downs

Grandfather was getting feeble and often had to make two or three efforts before he could rise from his chair. Elizabeth was watching him one day and, turning to me, she said:

"Mama, grandpa never ups on the first up, does he?"—Grace E. Busse, Brandt Island Rd., Mattapoisett, Mass.

* * *

And How!

In the army's official bus in the Canal Zone, one morning, I noticed a small boy cuddling close to a big, rough, cauliflower-eared corporal. Gazing up at him in awe and respect, he said, "What are those?" pointing to the chevrons on the corporal's sleeve.

"Them's to show I'm a corporal."

"Oh," chimed the little fellow. "Is that how they tell you from the general?"—Arthur C. Wilson, Headquarters, Panama Canal Division, Fort Amador, Canal Zone.

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

**"Barbasol plays a fast, clean game for me every morning. Man, what a comfort to get rid of brush and rub and lather. I wouldn't believe it at first, when I got your signals, but now I know it's not a trick play but just a straight buck right through the whiskers, with no interference. I'll lead the cheering for Barbasol—every time."*

Frank R Carideo

FRANK CARIDEO

Former Star Back of Notre Dame and All-American Quarterback for the past two years

* Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

HOW many men have the nerve to *shave twice a day* with old-fashioned soap? It takes courage, all right! And if you do, your face feels like a board all evening.

The point is: Barbasol Believers from all over the country are writing in that *two shaves a day is FUN* with Barbasol. They must mean it. We didn't ask them. And doesn't that prove right off that Barbasol won't hurt the tenderest skin, studded with the toughest whiskers?

That's the secret of Barbasol's increasing *fame*—increasing sales—one of the fastest-selling shaving creams in the world. It softens the beard like magic; holds the hairs right up to the blade. There's no scrape, no pull, as the razor cuts crisp and *easy.* And *man,* how refreshed that face feels *afterward.* Barbasol actually makes your face feel *better.* No lotions needed here.

Now think THIS over—you may have tried Barbasol once, some time ago, and passed it up. Chances are you did not use it RIGHT. Maybe you tried to make it *lather.* That's all wrong. Barbasol is entirely different; modern. No soap, no lather, no shaving-brush, no rub-in. Try it THIS way—

Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd—

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial engraved on handle. Finest quality; cuts family toothbrush bill in half. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free with your first name or initial engraved on handle. The Barbasol Company, Department 16, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Listen to Barbasol Ben and his Boys—Laughs—music—fast and furious fun—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Network; Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WPG.

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Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
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No Brush-No Lather No Rub-in

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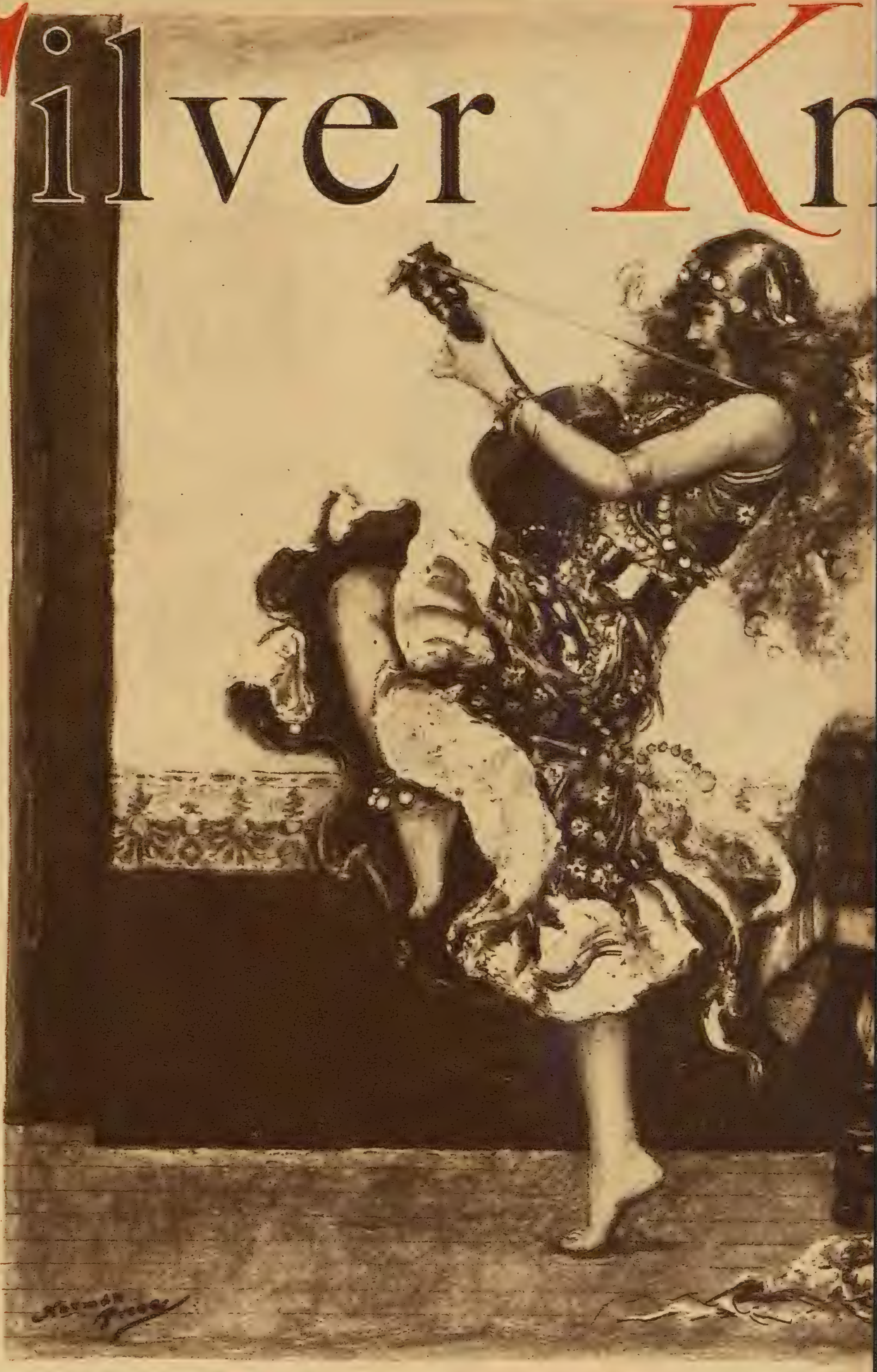


A Romance of the Rio Grande

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

She danced away with a flash of her snowy knees under her gaud

(Reading time: 28 minutes 35 seconds.)

THESE are the exploits of Captain Maddox, chief of American spies during the Mexican War. His life was saved by Silver Knees, a dancing girl, who hid him away among the Gypsies when he was recognized by enemies. Later, he took her under his protection and established her in American quarters on the property of a beautiful Mexican, Doña Maria Josefa Zozaya. Doña Maria made Silver Knees violently jealous.

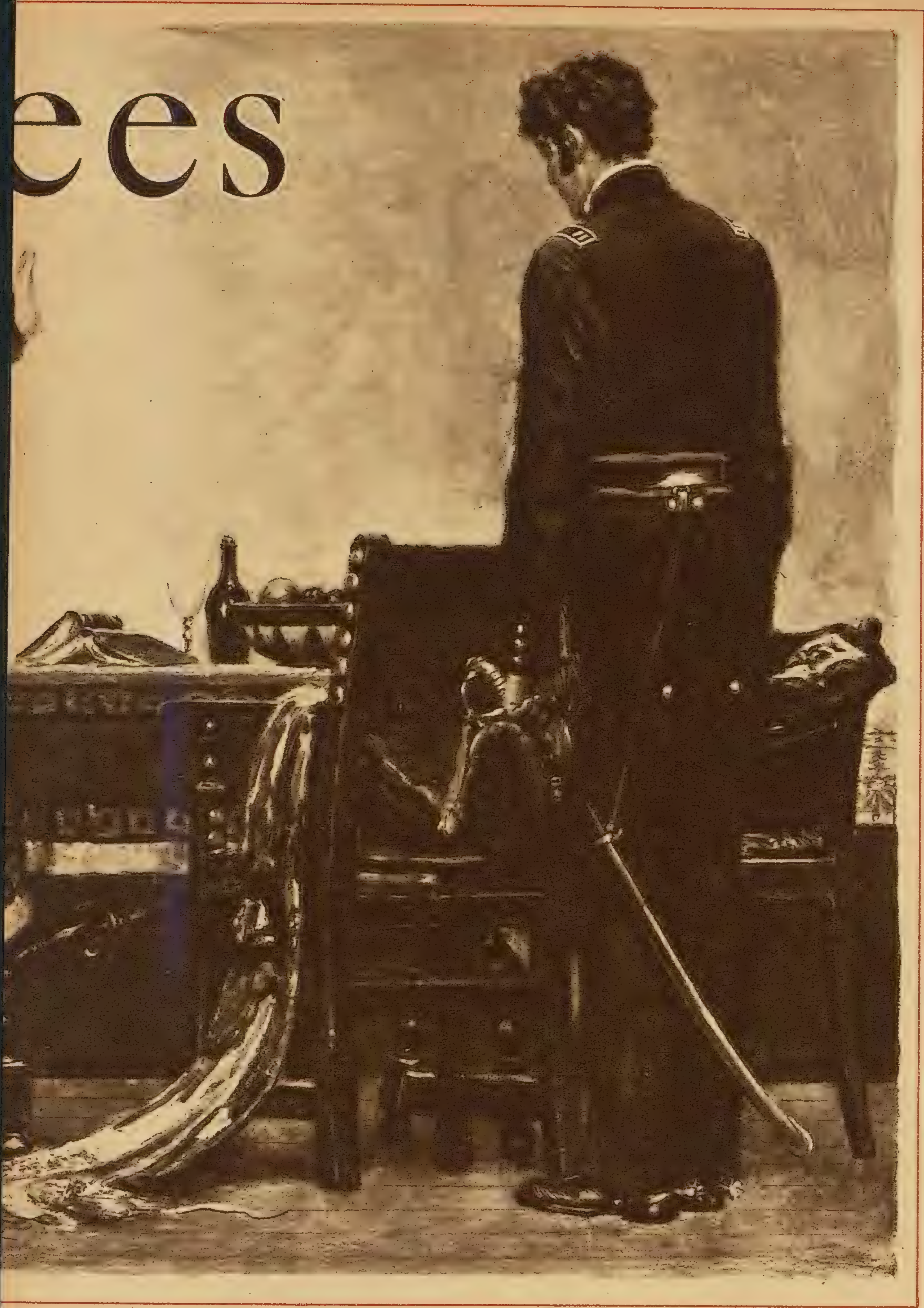
PART TEN—A FRIENDLY FOE

NOW, when I began to write these memoirs of this Mexican War—which memoirs I am still writing during my all too many leisure hours, though the war is far from ended—I delivered myself of certain pious reflections concerning wars in general.

I said:

"War never solved anything. . . . War never yet

ees



ossing skirts. "Lilo! Lilo! The world's gone crazy!" she sang.

has unraveled any knot. . . . No human problem ever has been solved by soldiers."

I went on record as saying that war was the last resort of decadent intellects. I argued that always there is a Sinister Intelligence that wants war, and wills it; and that when it finds two fools it obsesses them, delivers them on the mark like two game cocks, nose to nose, and composes itself to view the sport.

All this was written in my accumulating pile of copy books at the end of each day, if convenient, or as soon afterward as possible.

All of this, too, was perpetrated on virgin paper before Monterey. But since those earlier and shocked hours, and with the hot and nauseating stench of sweat, and gangrene, and spilled entrails in my nostrils—in my clothing, in my very throat, stifling my breath and turning my stomach—since then I have learned more about this business of war, which is always hell, whether fought by fools or experts.

FILTH, disease, spurting blood, agony of men and animals; the sight of outraged and mutilated women sprawling naked, splashed with scarlet; dead men and horses, covered with gorged buzzards—all these may be a hellish evidence against war. But they are even a more terrible stimulation to make war in Christ's name. War against war! War to end wars. For only by war can war ever be ended.

This is my conclusion now, after many days of consideration, of argument and debate with soldier comrades.

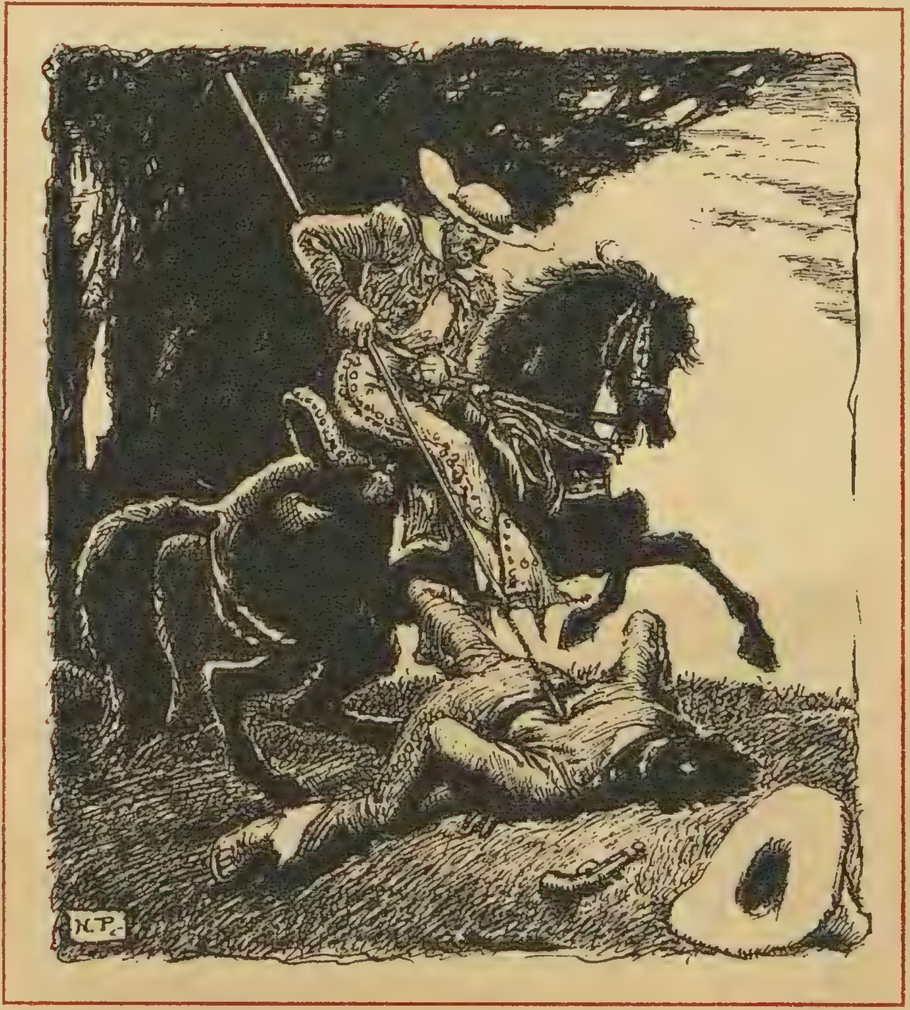
Such knightly and Christian characters as Captain E. Kirby Smith; such unstained paladins as Lieutenant Colonel May, as Colonel Edmund Kirby of the staff, as Colonel Davis of the Mississippi Rifles, have deeply influenced me. Colonel Davis believes that the conflict between evil and good is interminable; that always wrong will wage war against right; and that right must be armed and prepared for aggression. Colonel Kirby believes that the Sinister Intelligence is no other than that original evil, twin-born with the good within us since the first man stood upright on two hairy legs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-five

May says that the race which will not defend its beliefs against armed argument is destined to disappear. But he is a crusader, and believes in armed aggression for God's glory as he believes in surgery for the sickened body.

Colonel Davis agrees with him. Christ, he says, was no Prince of Peace. Once even He himself used violence to clear the Temple of evil. Christ, he says, was the militant head of His followers; His campaign was a campaign of aggression; His assaults were delivered against the citadel of the heathen world. He died leaving His orders for eternal battle—for perpetual advance and invasion—until all the world was conquered and of one mind.



Deserters were always being ambushed, robbed, or murdered by bandits and rancheros.

He said that to lay siege to, assault, and carry the human mind was an aggression more violent than any physical fight. After all, he said, it was aggression that was in question; and that aggression and defense, whether with spiritual or material weapons, could be right and holy, or wrong and inspired by hell.

ONE thing was certain, he said: that aggression and defense would last as long as the human race lasted—or as long as the last living creature of any order endured.

Kirby Smith had no doubt that there were two kinds of war, God's war and the devil's. He said that the most just war in history had been our defense against the bullying violence of England in 1812. He did not believe that the war of the Revolution was as defensible. Matters could have been accommodated after the Ministry and Parliament had agreed to all our contentions which had before been denied us.

Of course it was better that we were free of England and her petty tyranny and sneers. But we *could* have endured without war until we had become the greater nation—which we were fast becoming—when all bullying must have automatically ceased.

Colonel Garland, who sometimes joined our debate, spoke of unjust wars, mentioning the late Seminole conflicts and western fights—all of which, he asserted, were due to the infamous selfishness of politicians.

He also cited the monstrous Napoleonic wars, which have ruined Europe's manhood for generations.

Captain Sherman also, often a listener but seldom voicing any view, quietly asked how we regarded the war in which we all were at present involved.

We all agreed that it could easily have been avoided, and that Mexico, with her back to the wall, was fighting now only for her own.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Sherman, "are entitled to their opinions, but gentlemen who are soldiers have only one course to pursue. Which is to fear God, fight like hell, and keep their bowels open."

. . . . .

Well, at this writing, here in Monterey, I have altered my earlier opinion.

I believe in war as a step in ultimate solution; I believe in armed aggression upon evil; I believe in armed defense against it when it comes armed.

Like fire, which is cruel but sears wounds that might become mortally infected, a just war is a great purifier; a cruel one—for with the dross much gold is burned. Nevertheless, as in the early days of medicine, so, in our still early civilization, rough and primitive methods must prevail until the kinder centuries teach gentle methods and until somebody finally discovers the vaccine and formula of prevention.

Meanwhile, whatever I think of the right or wrong of this Mexican War, I am a soldier in the regular army of my native land, which educated me in my profession free of all expense. There is a debt I could not choose but pay—and shall pay it to the last drop of blood and sweat within my body.

Slowly, oh, slowly, human knowledge of world surgery advances—with much malpractice, many honest mistakes; too much cutting, too much blood, too many deaths.

But there continues always the blind seeking, the almost imperceptible advance, spite of the bawling of bigots on the one hand and the fierce yelling of freethinkers on the other—always a creeping progress toward better surgery, better diagnosis, and finally, perhaps, a measurable approach toward that divine knowledge of the tired world's griefs which may end in the discovery of a prevention for all war on earth. Credo; I believe it.

Meanwhile, the stars do not pause in their courses; the poor old world totters on; and the world's doctors, with their scant knowledge, old-fashioned elixirs, and primitive instruments, must continue to prescribe for its maladies and do the best they can.

II

I HAD been watching a certain mixed brigade composed entirely of volunteer battalions from which there had been a shameful number of desertions.

Desertions still continued almost nightly. Old Zack had determined to disband the outfit and send it home unless this disgraceful business ceased.

There were two kinds of delinquents—those who at heart were no more than ruffianly adventurers, and who went off to the enemy with their arms, equipments, and horses; and those whom illness, privation, hardship, and vigor of military discipline, homesickness, or the tyranny of officers, or some sordid love affair induced to desert.

A number of these deserters were always being ambushed, robbed, or murdered by desert bandits and rancheros roaming along our lengthening line of communication; but this did not deter others.

From the first symptom of trouble I had sent my agents and spies into the ranks of these regiments as newly enlisted recruits. Both Bandara and Peep reported to me that the rotten state of the brigade was certainly due to Mexican spies who tampered with malcontents, whispered treason to malingerers, and slyly fomented discontent everywhere.

There was another matter even more serious to cope with. Messengers from my department, carrying dispatches in military cipher, had either deserted or been intercepted between Monterey and Matamoras; and I was convinced that the cipher employed had been decoded.

We used, of course, two systems: that in which the only keys were at headquarters and base could not be decoded by the enemy. Any other system could be solved with patience and experience. One type of code, I was sure, already had been translated.

On the other hand, we had the key to the Mexican secret cipher. They had used only the one, so far; and it contained no difficulties.

But the root of all our troubles lay in the inertia of Old Zack. Long ago we should have marched for Saltillo, where a large Mexican army was gathering. Now it was too late.

All the evils that arise in an idle army—especially an army quartered in and around an agreeable city—had infected our troops. Even the regulars suffered from the stagnation. But Old Zack's mind once more was obsessed with wagons, and the noise of creaking, bumping wheels filled his brain.

But that was not all. Other phantoms were swarming in the simple and plebeian brain of Old Zack.

He didn't like either the President of the United States or the Secretary of War. They didn't like him, either.

He was far enough away to ignore advice. He ignored it. He even disobeyed orders. Though at odds with the administration, he began to realize how popular he was becoming with the people of the United States.

He believed in himself and in his own methods. Far away to the eastward he heard a distant sound. It was the first faint buzzing of the Presidential bee.

That buzzing became louder when the administration, after vainly trying to discredit Major General Winfield Scott as it had tried to discredit Old Zack, finally concluded to save its prestige by adopting Scott's plan of invasion and by placing him in supreme command, with orders to seize Vera Cruz and march straight to the heart of Mexico—the Castle of Chapultepec.

That at least, thought the administration, would end Old Zack and his armistice and his sedentary disposition, and, it was hoped, his dawning political aspiration.

III

ONE day in November, conferring with Old Zack at headquarters, he told me with much simplicity that, as long as the administration had forced him to terminate the armistice, he might as well prepare to march; but he didn't know in what direction he had better start.

It had become too late to go to Saltillo; he had not now enough men to secure his communications and face a splendid and immense Mexican army under the highly praised General Santa Anna. The administration had pointed out this situation to him, and had forbidden him to lengthen his communicating lines.

"Maddox," he said, "I ain't a-going to let party politics push me and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Beware of Worn-out Tubes!

Even a single worn-out tube in a set of new ones can cause hum, distortion and poor tone! Remember—the eye can't tell the difference between a good tube and a worn-out tube. So tonight . . . take the tubes out of your set and have your radio dealer test them. They are as easy to remove as MAZDA lamps.

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Look for the red and black carton

RCA RADIOTRONS

The heart of your radio

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page sixty-seven

my army all over Mexico like they were playing checkers with me. No. I'm a-going to Saltillo to catch Santa Anna by his wooden leg."

"My people have reported twenty thousand Mexicans at Saltillo, General, and reënforcements arriving weekly."

"Maddox," he said amiably, "I don't care a cuss."

He slouched in his chair, an untidy figure in wrinkled civilian linen, sloppy carpet slippers, whittling a lead pencil.

"I got my wagons," he said. "I got enough men, too. If I don't go now, Scott will requisition half my army and send for my best regiments as soon as he reaches Tampico. Polk tells me to go and talk it over with Scott.

"If I'm at Saltillo when Scott gits to Camargo, I can't talk to him. And I ain't a-going to do it, anyway."

His nonchalant proposal to disobey orders amazed me. He continued to whittle his pencil to a point.

"Say, Maddox," he remarked, "I just wrote to Crittenden. I wrote him that I'm in the hands of my friends."

"Sir?"

He looked up amiably at me. "Senator Crittenden, you know," he repeated. "I told him that I'm a candidate for the Presidency."

I was too astounded to utter a word.

"The bones of the other were found where for three nights the coyotes were holding a full-moon council—"

He turned to the table, drew a sheet of paper toward him, and began to mark it with his pencil.

"Here's the situation, Maddox," he said. "Here's where we'll all be by New Year's Day—Patterson and Quitman at Victoria; Wool at Agua Nueva, Doniphan at El Brazito; Kearny and Cooke at or near San Diego in California; Butler here in Monterey; and Worth and me at Saltillo. . . . And Scott at Camargo, doing his own job without bothering me any. . . . I aim to beat Santa Anna before I start to play second fiddle to Winfield Scott. And I'm a-going to—Polk or no Polk."

After a few moments' absent-minded reflection, he indicated that the interview was at an end.

At parting I respectfully congratulated him upon his proposed candidacy and offered my cordial wishes for his nomination and election.

He took me by the hand in his genial, kindly way.

"By the way," he said, with a twinkle in his wrinkled eyes, "you better order a major's uniform, Maddox."

"Sir?"

"You don't know it," said he, laughing, "but a bunch of brevets has come in, and one of 'em is yours."

"What for?" I demanded in honest amazement.

"Bravery at Palo Alto and Resaca; peculiar courage displayed in Matamoras, Monterey, and on a mission to the Comanches; and rescuing a wounded cavalryman under fire when the Texan cavalry were ambuscaded on the Point Isabel road."

He began to chuckle. "Say, Maddox, didn't you do any of these things? You look at me like it was some other fella I'm talking about."

. . . . .

WHEN I got back to my quarters, I found Silver Knees in a silent and hostile mood, turning over the pages of a religious book I had bought for her at her request, and evidently awaiting my arrival to start trouble.

On the table, torn open, lay a note from Doña Maria Josefa Zozaya, directed to me. This, I knew at once, was the casus belli.

It was a serious enough offense—this opening a letter directed to me; but what further incensed me was to notice upon the paper a round spot of moisture, the size of a dollar, where the youngster had spat upon it.

Silver Knees gave me a sullen, defiant look.

"Are you going to take tea with her?" she asked.

"What the devil do you mean by daring to open a letter addressed to me?" I demanded.

"I don't want you to go—"

"You listen to me! I'm becoming tired of your ridiculous jealousy and absurd and filthy behavior. If you can't conduct yourself like a decent and sensible American girl, you'd better go back to the bear folki and dance for pennies!"

Tears of mortification and rage blinded her flashing azure eyes. "If you go to tea with her," she said, "you'll be sorry."

I paid her no further attention, but wiped and read the violated letter—a brief note of polite formality, bidding me to come to tea.

In reply I sent a formal acceptance by Calixto. Then, not noticing Silver Knees and her tantrums, I ordered my horse and rode into town to order a major's insignia for cap and uniform. This done, I came back to my office to confer with Peep and Bandara about the spy situation so annoying to Old Zack.

THERE was no slightest doubt, of course, that the entire native population of the city was hostile to us, no matter how polite their manners or how guileless their behavior. We were invaders and enemies to Mexico. There was not a soul, I think, in Monterey who did not pray for our destruction, and who did not believe it was already impending at the hands of General Santa Anna. The same Antonio López de Santa Anna who had run away at San Jacinto! But now he had become supreme head of the armies of Mexico. Also, he represented the supreme executive power in Mexico in the name of the provisional government of Don José Mariano de Salas, who, after the fall of General Parades, had assumed control amid the chaos of repeated revolutions.

Now the interception, robbery, and murder of several of our messengers carrying dispatches in military cipher had reduced us to a code the key to which lay only in two printed and similar volumes of a certain classical work—the one in Washington, the other in my office.

By a complicated system of letters and numbers designating page, column, line, and the position of the required letter or word, a rather ponderous but perfectly safe cipher could be employed between the army in the field and the government of the United States.

We knew already that attempts had been made in Washington to discover what book was used as the key to this cipher. There was even some talk of changing the key volumes and substituting two others—the Secretary of War having written to General Taylor in regard to the matter. But Old Zack, always indifferent to such things, merely mentioned the correspondence to me, remarking that the Secretary of War was an old fuss-budget.

. . . . .

To my inquiry, now, both Peep and Bandara replied that undoubtedly a very elaborate Mexican spy system existed in Monterey, and that I and my headquarters were constantly under secret surveillance. Suspicious loiterers were frequently chased away by the sentries, they asserted, and only a constant patrol kept trespassers from the garden walls and intruders out of the mews.

The majority of these, however, I believed were beggars or petty pilferers of fruit, or merely loafers satisfying their curiosity.

"Your honor," said Peep, "matters have changed since López de Santa Anna took command. You know, Don Juan, that López the Leopard is kin to Santa Anna; and it is to this fellow that Santa Anna has confided a special section of the Mexican Military Intelligence."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY]

"HAVANA, CUBA, WITH A PHILCO BABY GRAND"

"With our new Philco Baby Grand we have been logging stations all over the dial—CMK, Havana, Cuba, comes in wonderfully, also KFJZ at Fort Worth, Texas. It is a wonderful radio."

Sincerely, Mrs. R. J. Lacier, Newark, New Jersey.

Thousands of owners write us, testifying to the fact that Philco Baby Grand is a "big" radio in a compact cabinet—never to be confused with so-called "midget" sets . . .

The wonderful tone, distance, selectivity and sensitivity of this radio have made it the largest-selling set in the world. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of them are proving every day that you cannot buy Baby Grand performance for less — and many radios selling for *more* do not compare with it . . .

Just consider what is back of the big performance and gorgeous life-like tone of this set! — a *real* Screen Grid receiver with 7 tubes, three of them screen grid — a genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker built in—an illuminated Station Recording Dial on which you can record your favorite stations — and standard Philco Balanced-Unit construction which eliminates radio distortion and creates the true, clear "Philco Tone" . . .

Baby Grand is creating the two-radio home with added entertainment for all, because of its modest price. In the college dormitory, it is ideal. Business men are brightening the working hours with its music. You find it in the reception room of large offices; factories have discovered that Baby Grand actually speeds up industrial production. It is bringing in a new radio era . . .

Go now to your nearest Philco dealer and let him demonstrate these features for *you.* He has also the large Philco lowboy at $110, the 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus Radios at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonograph $198 and $272, less tubes; Philco Balanced Tubes; and the new Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio with Electro-Dynamic Speaker and Automatic Volume Control at $65, including tubes. All prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

Philco, Philadelphia, Pa.

BABY GRAND

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid) Genuine built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker, walnut and Quilted Maple Cabinet, 16 inches wide, 17½ inches high

$49.50 *less tubes*

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING AND MOST COMPLETE RADIO LINE

UNBALANCED RADIO
MEANS DISTORTED TONE
BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

At the left is pictured the distorted tone you get from a radio whose units are but *partially* balanced. At the right, the same picture represents the true, clear, undistorted tone you get from Philco because *all electrical units in the set are exactly balanced*

ALL-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

$99.50 *less tubes*

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid); Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker built in; Illuminated Station-Recording Dial; Phonograph takes full-size 12-inch records; electrically driven motor; self-starting turntable, and electrical pick-up; beautiful American walnut cabinet 39 ins. high, 23 ins. wide.

Similar lowboy cabinet, without phonograph . . $69.50 *less tubes*

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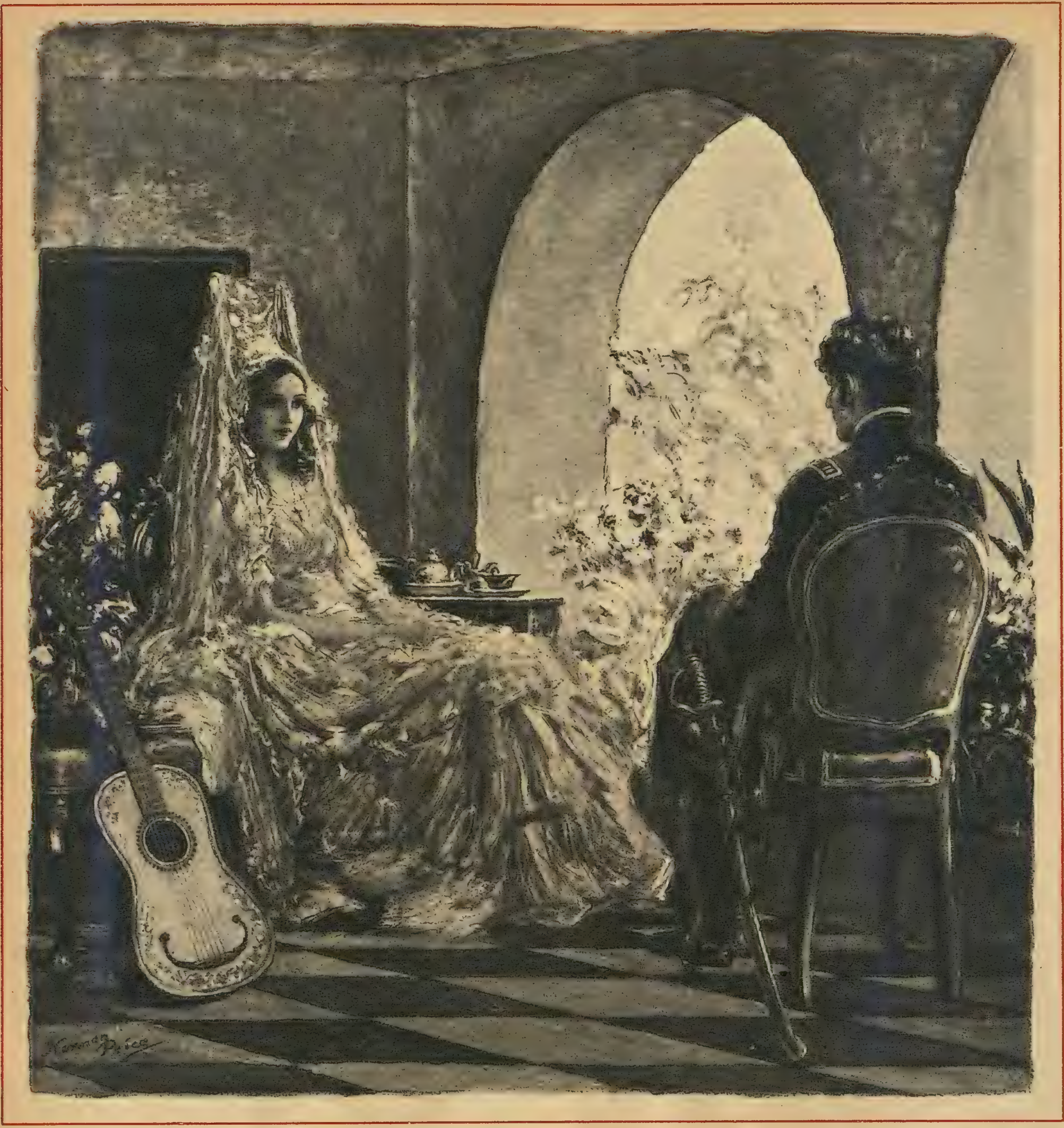


There followed the relaxation of a friendly intimacy which very subtly had been increasing between us for weeks.

SILVER KNEES

Continued from page sixty-eight

" López," added Bandara, " is as sly as old Red Paws himself, Señor Major; and if he smells the secrets in your office safe he will surely try to scratch his way into it."

" Which is why," I said, " I have had it removed to my own bedroom; and why I have doubled all sentries and patrols outside my villa."

" You ought to let Emilio and me sleep in your garden," said Peep. " In our serapes it would be comfortable—"

" Nonsense," said I, smiling.

So Bandara, who had just arrived from a reconnaissance beyond Saltillo, gave me the substance of what he had seen and heard in the enemy' country.

Of his report—for he could neither read nor write—I made shorthand notes.

Peep's daily report was in the laborious handwriting characteristic of the self-taught, but clear enough.

When I gathered together my papers and rose to go, Bandara said with a grin: " López pays the Jicarilla Apaches for news; but I am half Apache, and they give me real news for nothing."

" Nevertheless, pay them," said I, smiling. " Good will depends upon the heart, but both depend upon a full belly."

" It may be so with Indians," said Peep, after Bandara had departed, " but the good will of those who love you, prala, dies not in the body's death but lives on in God forever."

I was surprised and touched by the unwonted emotion in his voice, and I said so.

" Ei," said he, " do you think your Mistec Indian, Calixto, is the only soul who loves you blindly, prala? Well, then, I am another. And so is Emilio Bandara. And so is your little Gitana, Silver Knees. Ca! What magic does your honor possess that inspires such devotion? God knows. Even the Romanicel are your friends—the Ursari—"

"Affection begets affection," said I. "Therein lies the magic, prala. . . . Are the bear folki still encamped beyond the Teneria Brook?"

"Ei."

"Does anybody use them ill?"

"Na, prala. They know they are safe while your honor watches." He began to laugh. "Two from the Leopard's spies have tried to buy them, prala! Can you imagine? And one they poisoned with pig poison, and the bones of the other were found where for three nights the coyotes were holding a full-moon council—"

"Why the devil didn't you report this?" I demanded.

He shrugged. "López will send more spies. How should anybody know how the Zincali treated them? A trap is best baited without talk. Let the Romanicel take care of the spies of Red Paws—"

"Yes, but I wish to question them—"

"Then others will smell your honor's touch upon the trap and will become too wary to be caught. Better leave it to the Zincali to grease the trap with Gypsy bait alone, and so destroy in secret all the little cat folki that come from old Red Paws."

"DID the bear folki learn nothing from these spies before they murdered them?" I asked, annoyed and perplexed.

"Only that López knew your honor has taken Silver Knees into your own household. The little cats wanted the bear folki to steal her from you for López."

I looked at Peep in troubled astonishment.

"Your honor remembers how López acted with her," he remarked. "It is plain that she has bewitched him as she has bewitched the lancer General Torrejon, and Romano, and others. That is why the Ursari poisoned the one with drao and offered the other to the wolves of the Loma."

I said: "If another spy from López appears among the Ursari, I want an opportunity to question him."

"Then, prala, it were safest for your honor to dress in Gypsy dress and go to the Ursari camp and there question this doomed person as though it were a Rom and no Gajo who confronted him."

"A spy ought to be executed in the regular way—not murdered—"

"It is wiser that the bear folki attend to the business after their own fashion, prala. Then more little red cats will continue to come to the trap, and old Red Paws will never know why none returns."

Peep counseled wisdom. It was highly irregular, but crafty.

"I will consider the matter," said I, pocketing my papers.

When again I arrived at my villa, the door of Silver Knees' bedroom was shut, and she remained invisible while I copied the reports of Bandara and Pacheco for General Taylor, and sent them off by orderly to headquarters. Then I unlocked my safe, dragged out the volume, and began to prepare, in code, the dispatch to be sent to the War Department.

I heard Silver Knees open her door and come into the room, but did not turn my head.

"Prala," she said in a whimpering voice, "I am wretchedly unhappy because I love you."

"Yes," said I; "you prove it by opening my letters and spitting upon them."

"But I can't endure it when Doña Maria looks at you with tender eyes—"

"She doesn't! Don't be a fool."

"Please don't take tea with her—"

"I'm writing, Encarnación. Please do not interrupt me."

"You are breaking my heart, prala—"

"We can discuss that later—"

"No! I can't stand it any longer. My heart already is in several pieces—"

"Will you keep quiet?"

"If you treat me cruelly I shall go back to the Ursari!"

I was silent.

"—And dance for p-pennies," she sobbed out.

No word from me.

"Prala—"

I continued to write.

"You *are* in love with her! You are—" Rage choked her and she stamped her foot in fury. A moment later her bedroom door slammed.

When I had finished my code work it was time to go to Doña Maria's. So I locked up the big leather-bound volume, placed the cipher dispatch in my breast pocket, washed my hands, and walked out across the garden toward the fountain-set patio which, during these latter weeks in Monterey, I had come to know so well.

AT that time I honestly did not know whether or not I was beginning to fall in love with Doña Maria Josefa Zozaya. She was lovely beyond words, this exquisite aristocrat of Monterey—spiritual, accomplished, charmingly sophisticated; and though I knew of her courage and daring on the ramparts, and her flaming patriotism and devotion, it had become certain to me that hers was a lofty and generous character, and that in her mind there was no room for the petty animosity that includes individuals in her natural attitude of racial and national hostility.

When I came into the patio we greeted each other with the invariable formalities which good usage demands.

But, these once fulfilled, there followed the relaxation of a friendly intimacy which very subtly had been increasing between us for many weeks. She had heard, it seemed, of my new brevet rank, and she rallied me gently, bidding me beware lest I exchange my oaks for willow leaves when General Santa Anna came out of the west.

"Señor Major," said she, pouring tea in the English manner, "I dreamed last night that I saw a very pretty flag

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Morning Mouth
Everybody has it... Astring-o-sol corrects it

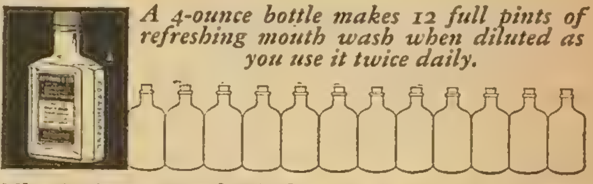
Penetrates and Protects Your Mouth and Throat

Astring-o-sol instantly rids you of that dry, disagreeable taste you wake up with. Makes your mouth feel cool, refreshed and clean. Peps you up. Purifies your breath. Leaves a sparkling after-taste. And it also combats those germs that cause colds and sore throat.

Astring-o-sol's unusual effectiveness in correcting Morning Mouth is due to the fact that it penetrates deep into the tissues. Exerts a positive antiseptic action. Kills the germs embedded there. Is harmless to delicate tissues. Produces a mild astringent action inhibiting the growth and activity of bacteria. Leaves an antiseptic effect that remains for hours.

Concentration Makes It More Effective and Economical

Because Astring-o-sol is a *concentrated* preparation, it: 1. Does More; 2. Tastes Better; 3. Costs Less to Use; 4. Takes up Less Space. Dentists everywhere use it at the chair and prescribe it. All druggists have it. Get a bottle today. You'll like its delightfully different flavor and tingling action.



A 4-ounce bottle makes 12 full pints of refreshing mouth wash when diluted as you use it twice daily.

The Antiseptc Mouth Wash
ASTRING-O-SOL
Protects Because It Penetrates

Frederick Stearns & Co., Manufacturing Pharmacists
Windsor, Ont. DETROIT, MICH. Sydney, Australia

Please send me a trial bottle of Astring-o-sol.
I enclose ten cents in stamps to cover postage.

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Mercolized Wax
Keeps Skin Young

Absord all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

MONEY FOR YOU
AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-one

flying over the Obispado. Could you guess its color?”

“ Señora,” I said smilingly, “ it was red, white, and—”

“ And what?”

“ Blue.”

“ You are color-blind, I fear, Don Juan. It was red, white, and green. And upon its beautiful folds was an eagle.”

“ Señora,” said I, “ that certainly is a beautiful and noble flag, and I have the honor to salute it.”

“ A salute from the enemy is always acceptable,” she said. “ Even Lucifer saluted Jesus.”

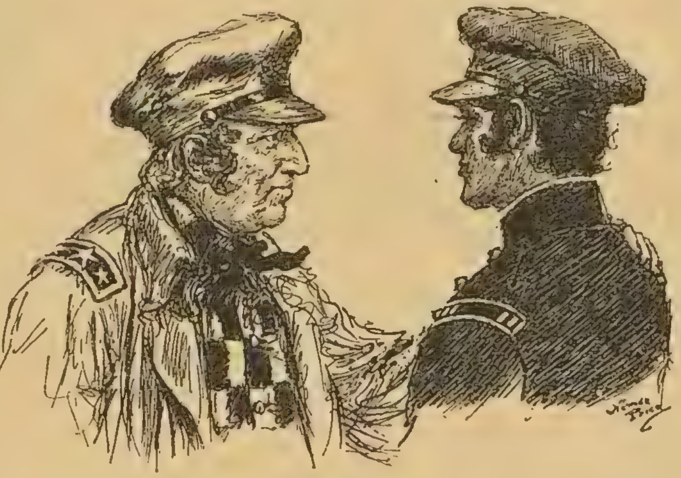
“ Heavens,” said I, “ what an analogy!”

“ A compliment, Don Juan. Was ever angel more glorious than Lucifer—before he fell and turned Yankee?”

“ I admit,” said I, “ that at least one angel is Mexican.”

“ See how you disarm me,” said she, “ whose sole weapon is a saucy tongue!”

“ It proved rather terrible on the ramparts, señora.”



“ Say, Maddox, didn't you do any of these things?”

She shrugged her beautiful shoulders. “Oh, that! Do you really believe all you hear about me?”

“ The city is quite ready to canonize you.”

“ My poor, darling compatriots! If they weren't such credulous children I should not have the honor today of drinking tea with an American major.”

“ Madam, it is the only blessing I ever heard of that war has yet brought to anybody.”

“ Do you consider it a blessing to drink tea with a poor Mexican girl?”

“ I would renounce the treasure of the world to be here with you.”

“ You are very gallant, Don Juan. . . . So was the other.”

“ The other?” I repeated, perplexed.

“ The other and sadly celebrated Don Juan.”

“ Oh, madam, what a comparison!”

“ He also was extremely attractive, they say. Doña Elvira thought so, anyway. And, like you, he was courageous. Yes. He was not even afraid to shake hands with the statue of the Commander. . . . Fortunately, I am a widow.”

Such charmingly malicious raillery made me laugh, but left me wondering a little as to how much was really meant. Evidently she had plagued me enough to suit her, for now her fancy altered and she began to speak of other things—of Spain, of Spanish music and literature.

“ DON QUIXOTE, translated, is all I know of Spanish literature,” said I.

“ Oh, I never have seen it in English!” she exclaimed. “ Would you let me look at your copy?”

I felt myself turning red. I managed to say that the volume was not, at present, in my possession. Which was true: it belonged to the government.

I felt her beautiful dark eyes were resting on me intently, but she said nothing more about Don Quixote, nor did I.

She spoke of Spanish music and its beauty, and a moment later she picked up her guitar to illustrate a Moresque theme of which she had been speaking.

Time fled like the shadows of flying clouds. It was the hour for departure—with every ceremony—and she let me kiss her hand after every compliment was said.

Going, I heard her say, “ Don Juan,” in a voice that was almost a whisper; and I turned on the step, cap in hand.

“ How do friends in America say good-by?” she asked in the same soft, husky voice.

“ They shake hands, señora.”

“ Take my hand, señor.”

I took it. It was like a rose petal.

“ Always remember,” she said, “ I am your friend—as far as my country allows.”

“ And I yours, señora.”

“ One's country and her welfare come first, Don Juan.”

“ Always, Doña Maria.”

“ Friendship must bow and retire until one's country is first served.”

“ Yes, that is true.”

“ Even if friendship die of it, Don Juan.”

“ Even if friendship die, señora. . . . Even if love die.”

“ Yes, even love must stand aside while the altar is served. . . . Will you always remember that?”

“ Always. And—will you?”

“ Always, Don Juan.”

I kissed her hand again. I was halfway across the garden before I recovered my senses. Could there be any doubt at all that I was in love?

IV

WHEN I came into my quarters across the garden, still under the spell of Doña Maria and preoccupied with thoughts of her, I heard Silver Knees' guitar in the parlor, the ominous tinkle of strung sequins, and the light thud and stamp of barefooted dancing. And I was extremely annoyed, when I went in, to find her clad in flamboyant Tzigane finery, barefooted, and slightly intoxicated. She gave me an impudent, reckless look; then, continuing her goat dance and strumming her ribbon-slung guitar, she continued to bucket and caper with indescribable wild grace and abandon, singing the crazy bastard air of the dantza mutchikoaka:

“ Two horns has my Ro,
  And four hoofs for prancing—
I give him drao
  To set him dancing.
Chibar un chivo,
  En el avér pinré—
Dilo! Dilo!
  We both are crazy!”

“ What have you been drinking?” I interrupted angrily.

“ Horchatas, your honor—”

“ You have been drinking pulque!”

“ Oh, no, only almond water,” she insisted, laughing, flinging her bare feet about as she played and sang:

“ Two eyes has my Ro,
  And a beard entrancing,
Or—bajando
  Has set us dancing.
Dance, my chivo,
  Thy legs are lazy!
Liló! Liló!
  The world's gone crazy!”

“ Where did you get that Gypsy dress, Encarnación?”

“ Vaya, Don Juan, I went to the bear folki and bought it. Did you suppose I stole it like a true Gitana?” And she danced away with a flash of her snowy knees and thighs under her gaudy, tossing skirts.

“ Liló! Liló! The world's gone crazy!” she sang.

“ Go into your room,” I said angrily.

“ I wish to dance my goat dance, seño'.”

“ What devil possesses you, Silver Knees?”

“ No devil, seño', but a great gayety of heart. Did your honor enjoy your tea?”

“ Why have you been drinking pulque here all alone—”

“ Why not? I had no tea.”

“ Was that a reason to drink too much pulque?”

“ Did you make love to your lady, Don Juan? They say tea is a great love philter—”

I turned on my heel, went into my room, seated myself at the desk in a rage, and tried to prepare my code dispatch for the express packet.

The poignant drama of Major Maddox, Doña Maria, and little Silver Knees reaches its climax in next week's installment of the story.

Laughter and APPLAUSE

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 min. 45 sec.)

WHEN radio first came into general use (I can remember the first electric light, too—or, rather, the first electric light we ever had in our house. It had probably been done somewhere else before), it looked for a while as if broadcasting was going to put a stop to the old-fashioned scarf dance which public speakers had been indulging in under the head of public speaking. When a speaker could face his audience and flash those fiery black eyes or shake those wavy locks and get that business-like sex appeal into play, it didn't make much difference what his speech consisted of. He could be saying "Hill-dill come-over-the-hill-or-else-I'll-catch-you-standing-still" and his audience wouldn't know the difference. A great many elections were won in this manner.

It certainly seemed that radio would put a stop to all this. When a man gets up in front of a microphone it doesn't make any difference whether he has got great, big, brown eyes or no eyes at all. Unless he cares what the musicians think, he doesn't even have to shave. But his talk has got to be worth listening to or there is going to be a general turning of dials all over the civilized world, leaving him hanging in the middle of a four-syllable word. Or, at least, that is what we all hoped would be the result. I am not so sure now.

When a speaker could face his audience, it didn't make much difference what his speech consisted of.

A while ago I listened in on a speech being made in London by George Bernard Shaw, who is a clever guy, too. He was introducing Professor Einstein at some banquet or something—possibly a hand-out for the unemployed. I couldn't hear what Professor Einstein said, because just at that time the nest of field mice which live in my radio set began gnawing their way out, getting a couple of beavers to help them. But I did hear Mr. Shaw, and I heard the effect he was having on his audience. There is an old superstition that the English are slow at getting a joke, but I want to tell you that the Englishmen at that banquet were in a laughing mood which bordered on nervous hysteria. They were laughing at commas. All Mr. Shaw had to do was to say, "And, furthermore—" and the house came down. Of all the push-over audiences I have ever heard, they had the least gag resistance.

What they would have done if they had heard a *real* gag is rather terrifying to think about. Blood vessels would have been bursting like toy balloons and the salvage of collar buttons and dress ties which would have flown to the floor might easily have filled twelve baskets.

I thought at first that something (more than usual) was wrong with my radio, and that I wasn't getting the last few words of the witty sallies which were being received with such a din. But the next day the papers carried the Shaw speech verbatim, and I found to my horror that I had heard every word. Here is a sample of what set London by the ears that night, with my own italics to indicate its effect on the listeners:

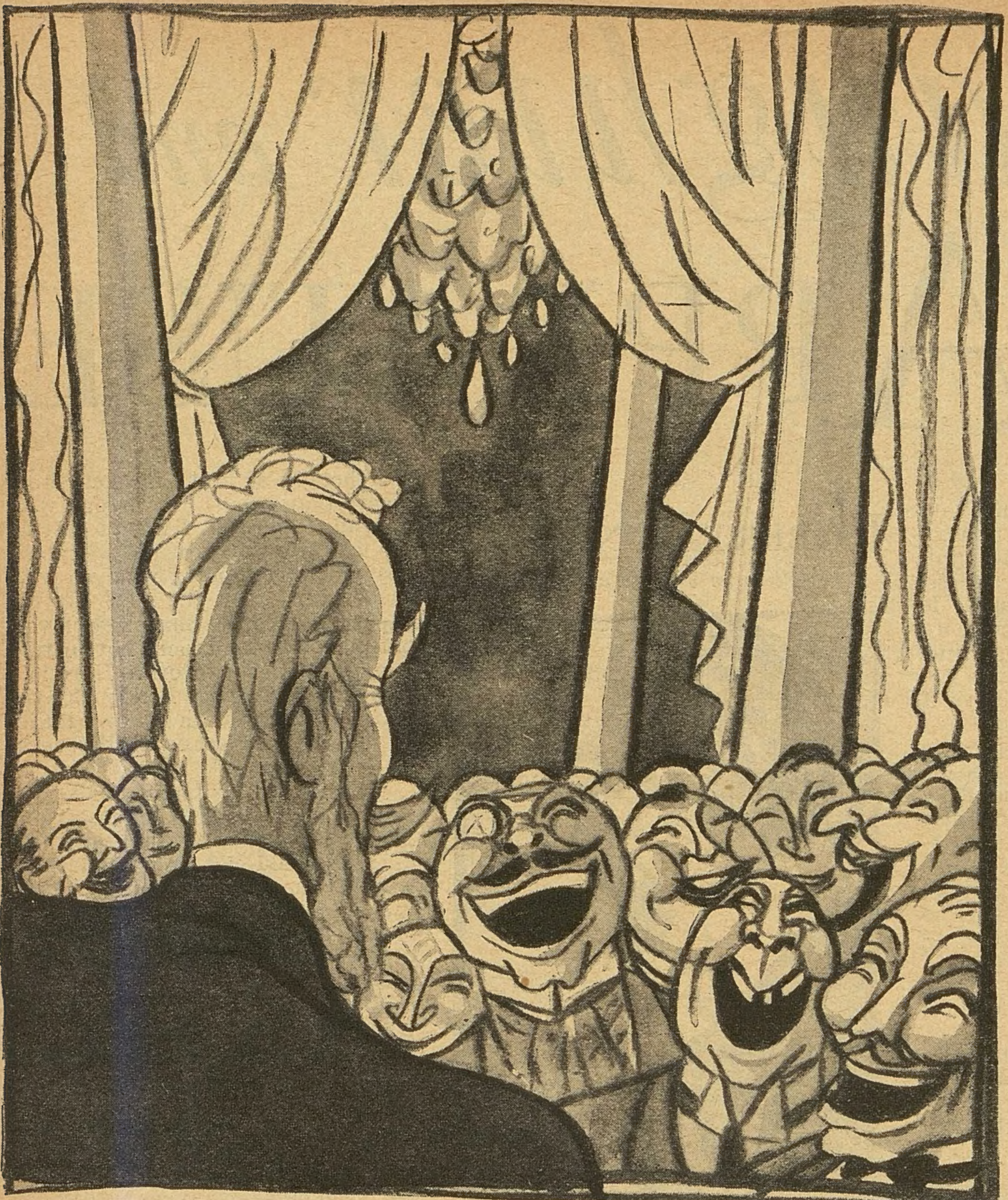
MR. SHAW: "Ladies and gentlemen *(laughter)*: When my friend Mr. Wells asked me to take this duty, I could not help wondering whether he realized the honor he was conferring upon me *(prolonged laughter)*, and whether I was able to discharge it adequately. *(Three minutes of hysteria.)* I felt I could only do my best. *(Crashing applause.)* Here in London we are still a great factor, but no doubt presently that will be transferred to the United States. *(The first real gag, throwing the place into pandemonium.)* . . . We have a string of great financiers, great diplomats, and even occasionally an author *(intermission while half a dozen listeners with weak hearts are carried out)*, and we make pictures as we talk." *(Complete collapse of roof, as the diners beat each other in a frenzy.)*

This, then, was the opening of Mr. Shaw's speech, and I had, with my own ears, heard what it was doing to the hand-picked audience in front of him. There were two possible explanations: first, that it was over my head; and, second, that the entire London group had been up in Room 211 before the banquet commenced and were cockeyed drunk.

I like a laugh as well as anyone, and I am accustomed to laugh loudly at Mr. Shaw's plays, occasionally because I am amused, but more often because by laughing at Mr. Shaw's plays one lets the rest of the audience know that one is on the inside and gets the subtler meanings. But as I listened to the speech of the great man on this occasion, I felt that what few giggles I might be able to throw out would be so inadequate in the face of what was going on in London that I had much better just listen quietly and mind my own business.

Now this sound effect of an audience in a fever heat of enthusiasm is what is going to save radio speakers. And it has given rise to an entirely new trade, the professional Applause-Donor or Audience-Sitter. They sit in the radio studio—at so much a sit—and on signal from

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



I did hear Mr. Shaw, and I heard the effect he was having on his audience. They were laughing at commas.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

a director, laugh, sob, or beat their hands together. If a really good effect is desired they can be induced to ring cowbells and twirl policemen's rattles. It is barely possible that Mr. Shaw had a couple of hundred of these at work for him.

I once made a speech over the radio (there must have been a ship sinking at sea that night, for I never could find anyone who heard it) and, when I entered the studio, I was surprised to see about fifteen people of assorted ages and get-ups sitting very grimly over against the wall. I thought at first that they constituted some choir or team of Swiss bell ringers who were going to follow me on the program, but the announcer told me that they were my audience and that, whenever he gave the signal, they would burst into laughter and applause so that my larger audience in radioland would think that they were listening in on a wow. All that this did was to make me nervous. Furthermore, I could feel that my professional laughers had taken an immediate and instinctive dislike to me.

I began on my speech, after a few salvos of applause from the benches, and for the first couple of times, on signal from the overseer, got a pretty fair assortment of laughs. But as the gags kept getting thinner and thinner I detected a feeling of mutiny stirring through the ranks of my professional audience, and the director had harder and harder work to get anything resembling a genuine-sounding laugh out of his crew.

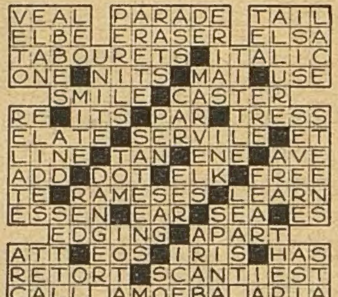
He was furious, but, owing to the necessity for silence, was unable to bawl them out or even say, "Come on now, louder!" At last the revolt broke and, just as he had given the signal for a round of laughter and applause, three of the workers got up and tiptoed from the room, automatically resigning from their jobs as they went. Even my paid audience was walking out on me. They were followed by half a dozen others, who evidently felt that, money or no money, there was such a thing as personal pride, even in their profession. By the time I had finished there was only one of the claque left, and she was asleep.

THE announcer told me, when we got outside, that such a thing had never happened before, and that the company would start suit against the mutineers the next day, as they were all under contract. He added that it might be better if I left the building by the back entrance, where he would have a cab waiting for me to duck into. I promised that the next time I made a radio speech I would bring my own applause-donors, relatives of mine, if possible, but he said that we would discuss that when the time came.

So whenever you hear a speech over the air which seems to be knocking the audience cold, you needn't feel that it is your fault if you don't like it yourself. Just picture a row of disgruntled workers sitting against the wall of the studio, muttering under their breaths.

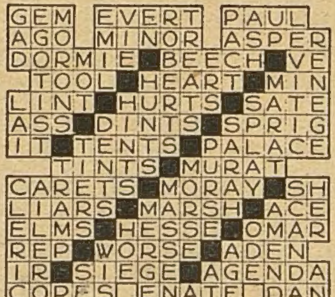
It doesn't seem possible that Mr. Shaw could have hired so many "supers" as there seemed to have been at his London dinner, but the unemployment situation in London is much worse than it is here and you can probably get people to do anything for money. I'd like to get about a dozen of them over here for my next radio appearance. I'd be a riot.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley on the weighty problems of the day will appear in an early issue.



VEAL PARADE TAIL
ELBE ERASER ELSA
TABOURETS■ITALIC
ONE■NITS■MAI■USE
SMILE■CASTER
RE■ITS■PAR■TRESS
ELATE■SERVILE■ET
LINE■TAN■ENE■AVE
ADD■DOT■ELK■FREE
TE■RAMESES■LEARN
ESSEN■EAR■SEA■ES
EDGING■APART
ATT■EOS■IRIS■HAS
RETORT■SCANTIEST
CALL AMOEBA ARIA
SLED SANDAL NEAR

Answer to the puzzle on page 58

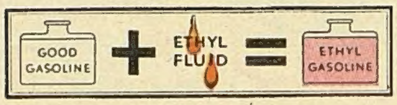


GEM EVERT PAUL
AGO MINOR ASPER
DORMIE■BEECH■VE
TOOL■HEART■MIN
LINT■HURTS■SATE
ASS■DINTS■SPRIG
IT■TENTS■PALACE
TINTS■MURAT
CARETS■MORAY■SH
LIARS■MARSH■ACE
ELMS■HESSE■OMAR
REP■WORSE■ADEN
IR■SIEGE■AGENDA
COPES ENATE DAN
NINE DAMES SLY

Answer to the puzzle on page 59

Smoothly — Swiftly — Surely —

Watch wild geese against the sky. The power in their wings is under perfect control. To put the power in your automobile under better control, leading oil companies add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. The fluid regulates combustion in the motor, preventing uneven explosions that cause power waste, "knock" and overheating. Ethyl makes such a difference in car performance that one pump in five now bears the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.



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ETHYL GASOLINE

When you get up, take a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica

KEEP a bottle of Sal Hepatica in the bathroom cabinet.

Any morning when you wake feeling dull, sluggish, headachy, pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of clear cold water—and drink down the sparkling mixture. Promptly, gently, your digestive tract is cleared of toxins and wastes . . . your head clears . . . and in less than half an hour you're your own man again.

But for men who want to keep *always* fit, and for women who want lovely clear complexions, there's nothing like the *regular* use of Sal Hepatica—at least once a week.

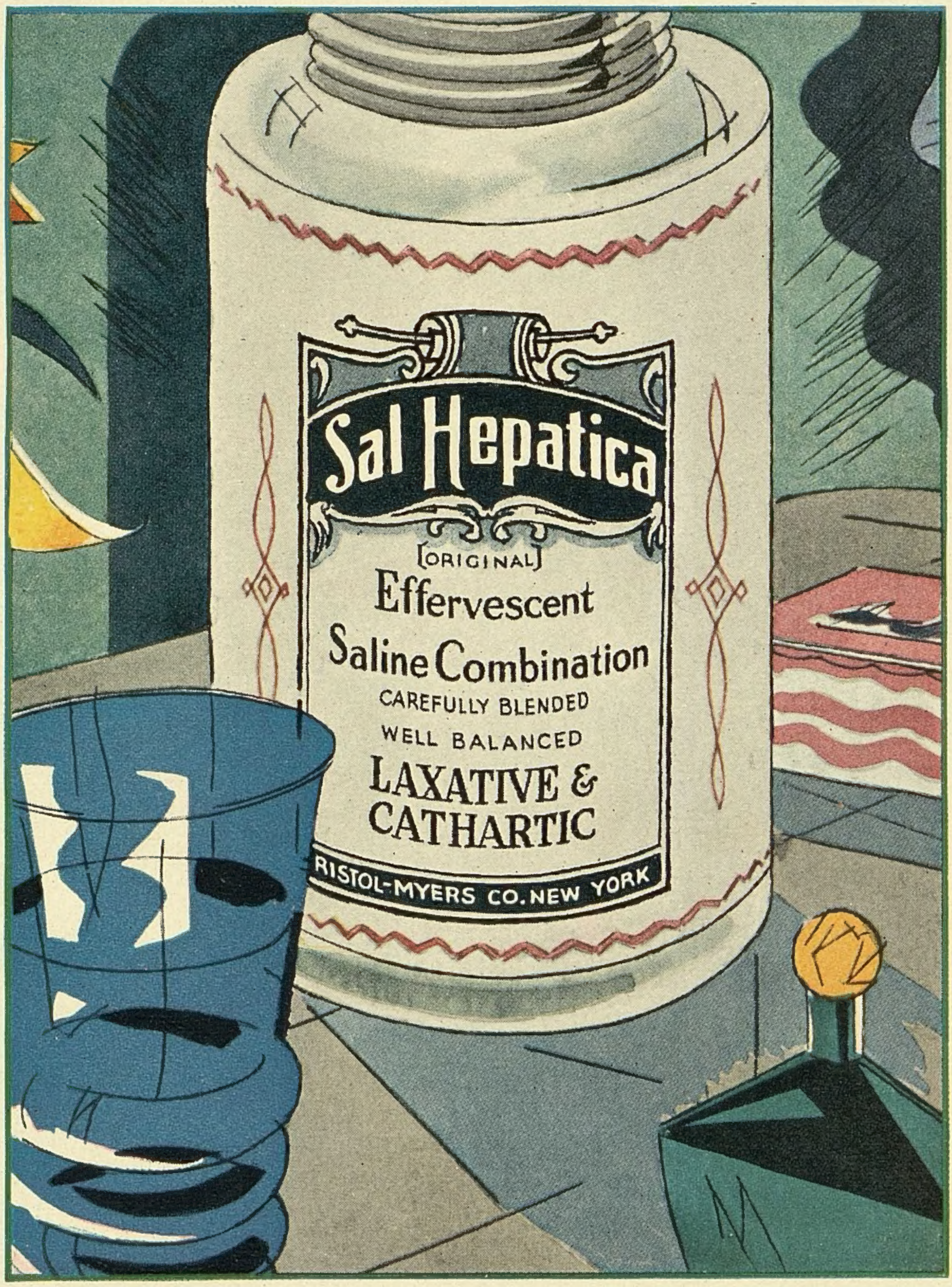
Sal Hepatica is the equivalent of European Spas

Sal Hepatica is far more than a prompt laxative. It is the American equivalent of the health springs of the famous European spas, which year after year are thronged with the rich and fashionable continentals come to "take the cure".

Like the world-famous waters of Wiesbaden and Carlsbad and Aix, Sal Hepatica is a *saline.* It is not only a prompt and thorough laxative, but it tones the entire system to fresh health and vitality *because it purifies the bloodstream.*

Its saline contents keep you free from constipation, from headaches and colds, from rheumatism and digestive ills. They clear the complexion of blemishes and sallowness.

Today—get *your* bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning—at 7 A. M.—take your first glass of bubbling Sal Hepatica. Take it as often as you feel you need it. You'll feel keen, vigorous, clear-headed. Your skin will take on new clarity, new freshness—and that clear fresh color is the outward indication of a purified bloodstream. Try it tomorrow. You'll feel a lot better.



Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, and $1.20